

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.



THE BIBLE UPON WHICH WASHINGTON TOOK THE OATH AS PRESIDENT. (COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY ST. JOHN'S LODGE NO. 1, NEW YORK CITY.)

THE requisite number of States having adopted the Constitution, Congress reported an act for putting the new Government into operation. It was decided that presidential electors should be chosen on the first Wednesday in January of 1789, that the electors should choose a Presi-

dent on the first Wednesday in February, and that the two Houses of Congress should assemble in New York on the first Wednesday in March. The last days of the old Congress were now numbered. It had been kept barely alive during the winter of 1788-89—sometimes less than half a dozen members being in the city. In fact, the last real meeting had taken place October 10, 1788. It was indeed a

Rump Congress. After the 1st of January there was never a quorum present.

At sunset on the evening of March 3 the old Confederation was fired out by thirteen guns from the fort opposite Bowling Green in New York, and on Wednesday, the 4th, the new era was ushered in by the firing of eleven guns in honor of the eleven States that had adopted the Constitution. The States of Rhode Island and North Carolina were now severed from the American Union and were as independent of each other as England and France.

Not only were guns fired and bells rung on the morning of March 4, but at noon and at sunset eleven more guns were fired and the bells were rung for an hour. The citizens of New York were happy. The new Constitution was considered a "sheet anchor of Commerce and prop of Freedom," and it was thought that "Congress would again thrive, the farmer meet immediately a ready market for his produce, manufactures flourish, and peace and prosperity adorn our land." "After a long night of political apprehension" was at length seen "the dawn of national happiness."

But where was the expected quorum? Only eight senators and thirteen representatives put in an appearance at 12 o'clock, the hour of meeting. The senators from New Hampshire were

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John Langdon and Paine Wingate. Langdon was forty-eight years old and was made president of the Senate till the arrival of John Adams. He had been a member of the Continental Congress and of the Constitutional Convention and a governor of New Hampshire. A Revolutionary patriot, he had pledged his plate and the proceeds of seventy hogsheads of tobacco to render possible General Stark's victory at Bennington. Paine Wingate was fifty, a graduate of Harvard, a Congregational minister, and a member of the old Congress. His letters from New York to his brother-in-law Timothy Pickering show him to have been a patriotic statesman. He survived all of the United States senators of 1789. Langdon left Portsmouth on the 16th of February, and after being escorted out of town several miles, where a collation was served, he proceeded on his journey to New York. Four days later he and Wingate passed through Worcester.

The only senator from Massachusetts present at the opening of Congress was Caleb Strong, forty-four years old, graduate of Harvard College, lawyer, member of the Massachusetts legislature during the Revolution, member of the great convention of 1787, afterwards eight years United States senator and ten years governor of the old Commonwealth. When he left his home at Northampton to go to New York his neighbors appeared before his door at sunrise and escorted him in sleighs to Springfield. Tristram Dalton, the other senator from Massachusetts, was also a Harvard graduate, fifty-one years of age, and a lawyer. He was prevented by illness from leaving home until early in April of 1789. He represented Massachusetts in the Senate nearly two years and was succeeded in 1791 by George Cabot.

Connecticut's two senators, William Samuel Johnson and Oliver Ellsworth, were both present at the opening of Congress. Johnson was sixty-one, a graduate of Yale and a brilliant scholar, lawyer, and orator. As a representative of Connecticut in the Convention of the Colonies in New York in 1765, he wrote most of the Remonstrance against the Parliament of Great Britain. In 1766 he represented Connecticut in England, where he received from the University of Oxford the degree of Doctor of Laws. While a member of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia he first proposed the organization of the Senate as a distinct body. While senator of the United States he held the position of President of Columbia College and presided at the annual Commencement of the college in St. Paul's Church a week after the inauguration of Washington. Oliver Ellsworth, a student at Yale and a graduate of Princeton, a lawyer of forty-three, a member of the Continental Congress, one of the framers

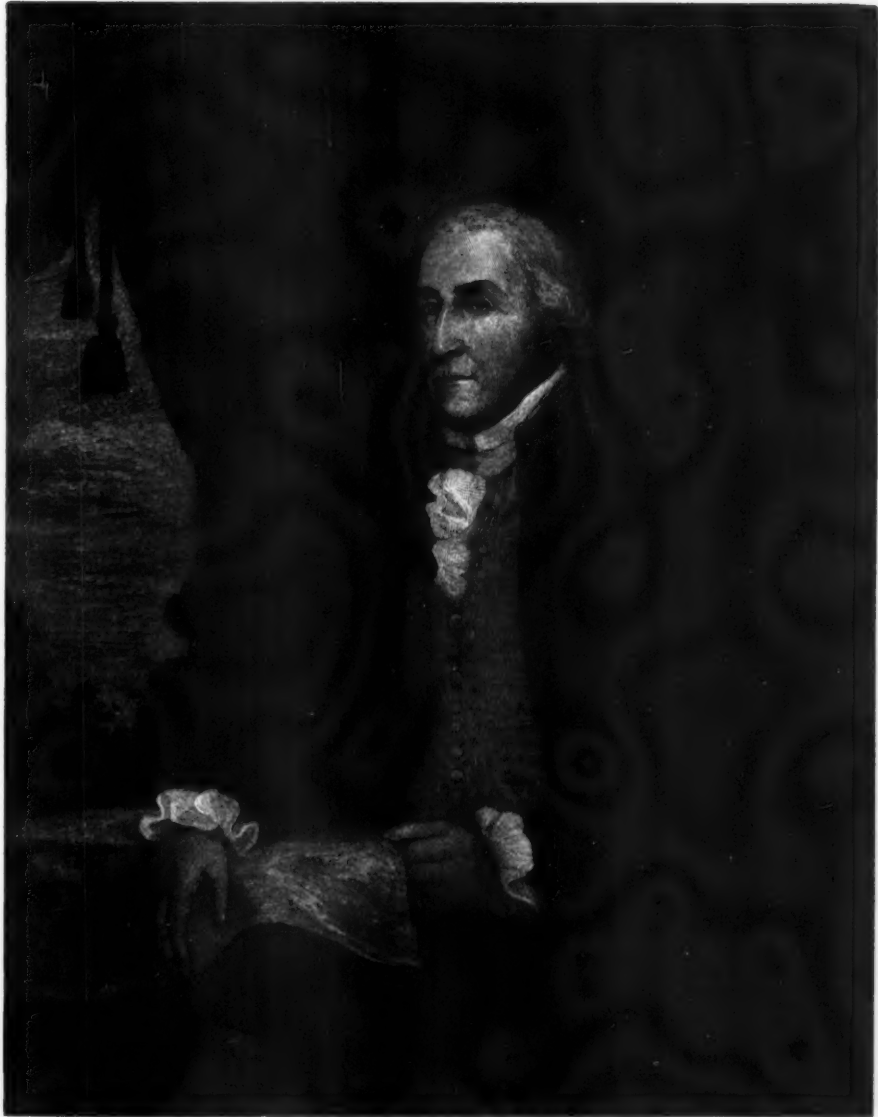
of the Constitution, and later Chief-Justice of the United States, was a gentleman remarkable for his intellectual gifts and absolute purity of character. John Adams called him the firmest pillar of Washington's whole administration. He organized the judiciary of the United States.

The sixth senator present was Robert Morris of Pennsylvania, fifty-six years old, a signer of the Declaration, a framer of the Constitution. During the Revolution and the years immediately succeeding it his services in rendering financial aid to the Government were invaluable. "I want money," said Morris during the war to a Quaker friend, "for the use of the army." "What security can thee give?" asked the lender. "My note and my honor," responded Morris. "Robert, thee shall have it," was the prompt reply. Morris's colleague in the Senate was William Maclay. He was fifty-two, was born in Pennsylvania, and had married a daughter of John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg. He was a lawyer and held various offices of trust in the State of Pennsylvania. But he is best known for his "Sketches of Debate," one of the few books that give an insight into the character of the Congress of 1789.

The only Southern State represented in the Senate at the opening of Congress was Georgia, in the person of William Few, a man of forty-one, a Revolutionary officer, a delegate to the Continental Congress, and a member of the Federal Convention.

Of the thirteen members of the House present, the delegations from Massachusetts and Connecticut were the most distinguished: George Thacher, Fisher Ames, George Leonard, Elbridge Gerry, Benjamin Huntington, Jonathan Trumbull, and Jeremiah Wadsworth. George Thacher, a Harvard man of thirty-five, had been a member of the old Congress. Fisher Ames entered Harvard College when twelve years old and the first Congress under the Constitution at thirty-one. He was the brilliant orator and leader in debate. George Leonard graduated from Harvard and was sixty years old. Elbridge Gerry, a Harvard graduate of forty-five, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Constitutional Convention, later an ambassador to France, governor of Massachusetts, and vice-president of the United States, was listened to with the utmost confidence in the Congress of 1789 when he spoke on the great financial questions of the day. Benjamin Huntington was a Yale man of fifty-three and a member of the old Congress. Jeremiah Wadsworth had also been a member of the Continental Congress. Jonathan Trumbull was a graduate of Harvard College, was forty-nine years old, had a good record in the Revo-





[This portrait was painted by the artist Joseph Wright during Washington's first administration and was exhibited in the New York Museum, or Gardner Baker's Museum, as it was called after 1795. After the death of Gardner Baker, in 1798, the picture came into the possession of a creditor, John Bailey, in whose family it remained for three generations, until bought in 1887 by Clarence Winthrop Bowen of Brooklyn. The portrait represents Washington in civil dress as President of the United States, with the badge of the Society of the Cincinnati on his coat and with one hand resting on the plan of

the future city of Washington. An engraving of a portrait of Washington by the same artist, called the "Powel portrait," appeared in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for November, 1887. Wright painted other portraits of Washington, one for the Count de Solms's gallery of military heroes in Europe, another which belongs to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and another owned by Mrs. Biddle of Philadelphia. Wright's portraits, though unideal, have always been pronounced faithful likenesses. He never flattered. Wright was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1756, and died in Philadelphia, in 1793.]

lution, was the son of the old war governor "Brother Jonathan," and became Speaker of the House, United States senator, and governor of his native State. Of Pennsylvania's four representatives present Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, president of the State convention of Pennsylvania which ratified the Constitution, was thirty-nine and was soon to be elected the first Speaker. His brother, Peter Muhlenberg, was forty-three, was ordained in England by the Bishop of London, and at the end of the Revolution was a major-general. Thomas Hartley of Pennsylvania, a colonel in the Revolution and a lawyer; Daniel Hiester, also of Pennsylvania; Alexander White of Virginia, a member of the Continental Congress; and Thomas Tudor Tucker of South Carolina, likewise a delegate of the old Congress, completed the list of representatives in their seats at the opening of Congress.

The Senate waited from day to day for more members to appear, and on the 11th of March addressed a circular letter to the absentees, urging their immediate presence in New York. A similar summons was sent out a week later. The first senator to respond was William Paterson of New Jersey, forty-four years old, a graduate of Princeton College, a lawyer, a governor of his State for three years, and afterwards for thirteen years one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. In the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia he was the author of the New Jersey plan for the preservation of the sovereignty of the States in the new Government. On the 21st of March, or two days after Paterson's arrival, Richard Bassett of Delaware took his seat in the Senate. A member of the Continental Congress, of the Annapolis Convention, of the Constitutional Convention, he afterwards became Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas and governor of his native State. He was the great-grandfather of Thomas F. Bayard. Jonathan Elmer of New Jersey, forty-four years old, and an eminent physician, was prevented by illness from taking his seat in the Senate until the 28th of March. Before leaving home a banquet was given him by the gentlemen of his county.

Though Richard Henry Lee of Virginia left Baltimore March 2 he did not arrive in New

York until Sunday, April 5, so difficult was the traveling. In fact, the great quantity of ice in the rivers to the southward of New York made the passage of boats across them dangerous, and was one of the reasons for the tardiness of gentlemen from the South. Indeed, a congressman was obliged to go nearly a hundred miles up one of the rivers before he could cross on the ice. Lee's arrival in Congress was notable for two things: because he was the twelfth senator—enough to make a quorum—and because he

was a man of the greatest distinction. He was fifty-seven years old. He received a classical education in England. As a member of the House of Burgesses he made a brilliant speech opposing the institution of slavery. He became famous in 1766 under the leadership of Patrick Henry. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1774. In 1775, as chairman of the committee, he drew up the commission and instructions to George Washington as Commander-in-Chief.



ELBRIDGE GERRY. (FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF ELBRIDGE T. GERRY OF NEW YORK.)

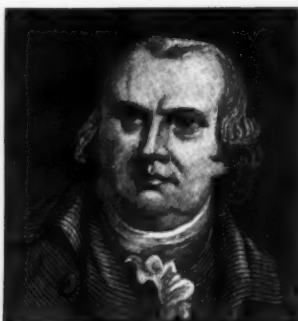
In 1776 he moved the great Declaration of Independence. He afterwards signed the Articles of Confederation. He was president of one of the Continental Congresses and served on all the important committees in most of the other Congresses under the Confederation. He was not a member of the Convention in Philadelphia in 1787, and he was opposed to the Constitution of the United States because he thought it would destroy the independence of the States. But it was a noble patriotism that inspired him to accept the position of senator, and he introduced certain amendments to the Constitution that seemed to remove much of the threatened danger.

Meanwhile the House of Representatives had likewise formed a quorum. Of the 59 members 17 were needed besides the 13 present on the first day to make the required quorum of 30. Let us look at these seventeen.

On the day after the opening Nicholas Gilman of New Hampshire, Benjamin Goodhue of Massachusetts, Roger Sherman and Jonathan Sturges of Connecticut, and Henry Wynkoop of Pennsylvania made their appearance. Gilman had been in the old Congress the two previous years and was only twenty-seven—



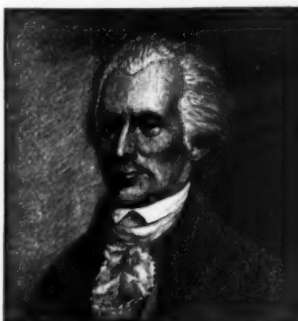
OLIVER ELLSWORTH.  
(FROM A MINIATURE BY TRUMBULL IN  
THE YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.)



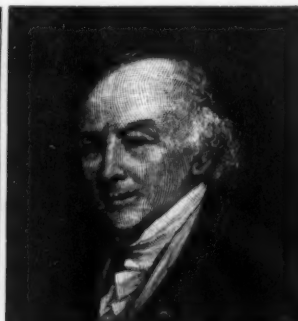
ROBERT MORRIS.  
(FROM "THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT  
GALLERY," PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK.)



FISHER AMES.  
(FROM "THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT  
GALLERY.")



RICHARD HENRY LEE.  
(FROM A PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION  
OF DR. T. A. EMMET.)



SAMUEL A. OTIS.  
(FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF  
DR. T. A. EMMET.)



ELIAS BOUDINOT.  
(FROM DURAND'S ENGRAVING OF A PAINT-  
ING BY WALDO AND JEWETT.)

the youngest member present. Goodhue, a Harvard man of forty-one, represented the Essex District, and was afterwards United States senator. Roger Sherman of New Haven began life as a shoemaker, and was sixty-eight years old. He was the only man who had signed the four great state papers of his day—the Articles of Association of the Congress of 1774, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of the United States. Wynkoop and Sturges, the latter a Yale man of forty-nine, had both been in the old Congress.

On Saturday, March 14, three Virginians—James Madison, John Page, and Richard Bland Lee—took their seats in the House. The most notable of them all—in fact, the leader of the House—was James Madison, a Princeton graduate of thirty-eight. The services he rendered in the formation of the Constitution of the United States can never be forgotten. Patrick Henry had kept him out of the Senate, but he was of more value to the country where he now was. A week after the organization of the

House he introduced a resolution regarding the revenue, in order to rescue "the trade of the country in some degree," he said, "from its present anarchy."

Following Madison came straggling into the House through the remainder of the month other members in the following order: Andrew Moore of Virginia, Elias Boudinot of New Jersey, William Smith of Maryland, Josiah Parker of Virginia, George Gale of Maryland, Theodoric Bland of Virginia, James Schureman of New Jersey, and Thomas Scott of Pennsylvania. The most distinguished of them all was Elias Boudinot, forty-nine years old, Commissary-General of the prisoners during the Revolution, one of the presidents of the old Congress, and widely known at the beginning of the present century as a philanthropist and the President of the American Bible Society.

On Wednesday, the 1st of April, the House of Representatives formed a quorum and immediately proceeded to the transaction of business, the most important of which was the counting



OLD CITY HALL, WALL STREET, 1776. (FROM "VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

of electoral votes for President and Vice-President of the United States.<sup>1</sup> George Washington of Virginia was the unanimous choice for President, having received sixty-nine, or the total number of votes cast. The next highest number, or thirty-four votes, were cast for John Adams of Massachusetts, and he was declared elected Vice-President of the United States. The electoral votes of ten States only were cast for the first President and Vice-President. North Carolina and Rhode Island, as has been before stated, would not ratify the Constitution. New York, owing chiefly to Governor Clinton's Anti-Federalism, had neglected to appoint Federal electors. None of New York's representatives were in the House at the counting of the electoral votes, nor were her senators in their seats at the time of the inauguration. The State Senate of New York appointed in January General Philip Schuyler and Robert Yates as senators, but the Assembly would not agree, and in July James Duane was substituted for Yates. Finally Philip Schuyler and Rufus King were elected to represent the State of New York in the Senate.

Only one man was thought of to carry the notice of election to Mount Vernon, and he was Charles Thomson. Several messengers were suggested to go to Braintree in Massachusetts, the home of the Vice-President; but the question was left to the Senate, who selected Syl-

1 April 6.

vanus Bourne, "a young man of handsome abilities."

While these gentlemen are on their way let us look at the new Federal Hall occupied by Congress. The building stood on historic ground. The Common Council of New York presented a petition to the provincial authorities in 1699 asking that the old fortifications on Wall street and the bastions which had been erected upon them might be torn down in order that a new City Hall could be speedily built. The stones from the bastions were immediately appropriated in building the second City Hall of New York. On Broad street, nearly opposite, stood the whipping-post,

cage, and pillory. Up to the end of the last century the old City Hall was the center of political life. The building served as the municipal and Colonial Court House, the debtors' and county jail, and the capitol of the province. It also contained the public library. Here in 1735, at the trial of John Zenger, was established the freedom of the American press. The protest against the Stamp Act was here made in 1765, and on the same spot was also read to the people of New York, in 1776, the Declaration of Independence. The Continental Congress sat here. Here, in the last years of the old Congress, the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, L.L. D., visited the building and wrote a description worth quoting:

Congress chamber is an apartment in the second story of the City Hall. This Hall is a magnificent pile of buildings in Wall street, at the head of Broad street, near the center of the city. It is more than

VIEW OF THE FEDERAL EDIFICE IN NEW YORK.  
(FROM THE "MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE," MAY, 1789.)

CUSTOM-HOUSE, WALL STREET, BUILT ON SITE OF FEDERAL HALL IN 1831. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")



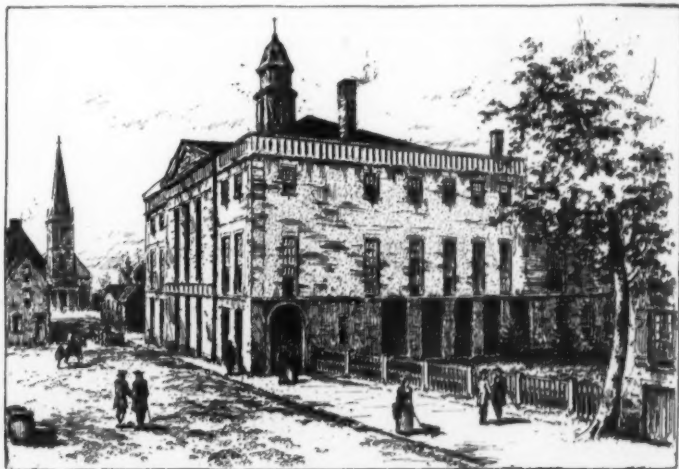


VIEW OF FEDERAL HALL, 1797. (FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF DR. T. A. EMMET.)

twice the width of the State House in Boston, but I think not so long. The lower story is a walk; at each corner are rooms appropriated to the Mayor and Aldermen of the City and the City Guards. Between the corner rooms, on each side and at the ends, it is open for a considerable space, supported by pillars. In front is a flight of steps from the street, over which is a two-story piazza, with a spacious walk, which communicates with Congress chamber at the east end, and with the chamber where the Mayor and Aldermen hold their courts at the west end.

After the city of New York had been selected by the old Congress for the meeting of the new Congress, it was at once determined to transform the old City Hall into the new Federal Hall. A number of wealthy gentlemen advanced the thirty-two thousand dollars needed for repairs, and the architect chosen was a French officer of engineers, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, the architect of St. Paul's Church and of some of the public buildings at Washington. The jail prisoners

were removed to the "new jail in the park." The transformation of the building was eagerly watched and its progress duly recorded in the newspapers of the day. When thrown open for the inspection of the public, a short time before the inauguration, it was seen to be an imposing structure. The arched basement on Wall and Nassau streets formed a promenade for citizens. There were seven openings to the basement in Wall street. The four heavy Tuscan columns in the center extended to the second story, or grand balcony, where the inauguration oath was administered. These col-



"A PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE CITY HALL IN NEW YORK, TAKEN FROM WALL STREET."  
(FROM A PRINT IN POSSESSION OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)



DESK IN FEDERAL HALL USED BY WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, NOW IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, N. Y.

umns supported four high Doric pillars, over which, in the pediment, were ornamental figures and a great American eagle carrying thirteen arrows and the arms of the United States. Within the building were the Representatives' room, the Senate Chamber, the committee rooms, audience room and antechambers, a library, and a marble-paved hallway extending from the bottom to the top of the building and roofed by a glass cupola so that a strong light might be thrown down upon the lobby adjoining the Senate Chamber.

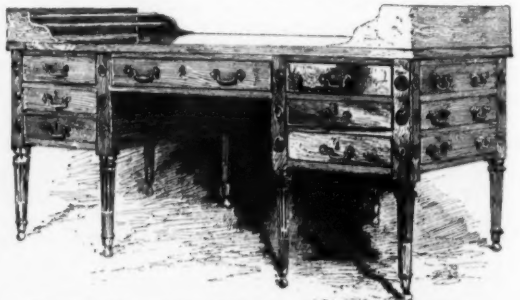
The Senate Chamber was forty by thirty feet and fifteen feet high, with fireplaces of American marble of "as fine a grain as any from Europe." On the ceiling were a sun and thirteen stars.

The Representatives' room, or Federal Hall proper, was 61 feet deep, 58 wide, and 36 high, and contained four fireplaces. On the Broad street side were two galleries for spectators; at the north end was the Speaker's chair, and arranged in circular form in the room were seats for the fifty-nine representatives. The most elegant and most talked-of ornament of the building was the eagle on the outside. The day it was reared, a troop of horse, a company of grenadiers, and a company of light infantry attended, so memorable was the occasion. On the 22d of April news was sent from New York to the Salem *Mercury* as follows: "The Eagle in front of the Federal State House is displayed. The general appearance of this front is truly august." After Congress had begun the transaction of business the building was crowded with visitors, so eager were all to inspect this wonderful structure. It might

be added that after Congress moved to Philadelphia, Federal Hall was altered to receive the courts and the State Assembly, and was taken down in 1813 to make way for buildings which in turn gave way to the old Custom-house and to the United States Sub-Treasury building of to-day.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 7, the day after the counting of the votes, Sylvanus Bourne "set out in a packet-boat, with a fair wind and a brisk gale, for Boston," bearing official notification of election to John Adams and letters and dispatches to gentlemen and newspapers in Massachusetts.

Late Wednesday evening the packet, under the command of Captain Fairbanks, arrived at Warwick Neck in Rhode Island, and by traveling overland the rest of the journey Sylvanus Bourne was able to reach Braintree at 6 o'clock on Thursday evening, making the journey from New York in fifty hours—express time indeed one hundred years ago. The following Monday morning at 10 o'clock Mr. Adams started for New York, not forgetting to take with him an elegant suit of broadcloth manufactured in Hartford in which to make his appearance as Vice-President of the United States. A troop of horse came out from Boston to serve as escort, and in returning through Dorchester with Mr. Adams the party was saluted with a "Federal discharge" of artillery. On the arrival of the procession at the fortification gates of Boston the bells began to ring, and a large body of gentlemen on horseback met Mr. Adams and accompanied him to the residence of Governor Hancock, where a collation was served. Here there was another discharge of artillery, and the citizens "with loud huzzas" testified their appreciation of "the great republican virtues"



WASHINGTON'S WRITING-TABLE, NOW IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, N. Y.

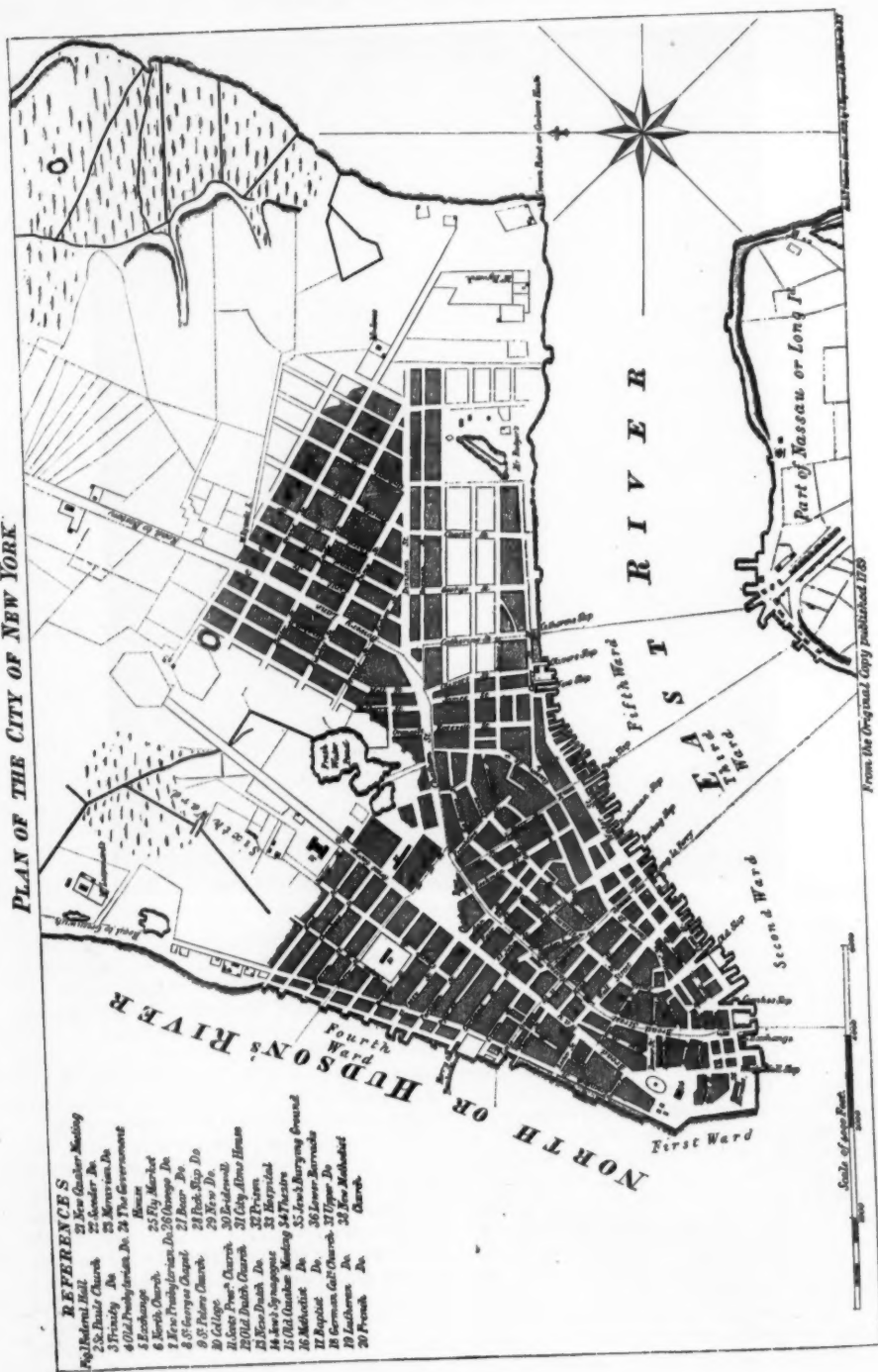


ALEXANDER HAMILTON. (FROM THE PAINTING BY TRUMBULL, 1792; NOW OWNED BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, N. Y.)

of John Adams. At half-past one the Vice-President entered his carriage and continued his journey under military escort. The procession was indeed imposing, and included an advanced corps of uniformed horse, a hundred and fifty gentlemen on horseback, the Middlesex Horse, the Roxbury Blues, forty carriages containing the governor, the French and Dutch consuls, the President of Harvard College, and other gentlemen of distinction. At Charlestown he was welcomed with another "Federal discharge" of cannon, and in passing through Cambridge, Watertown, Sudbury, and other towns he received proofs of the highest consideration. Though a part of the procession that started at Boston dropped off at Cambridge, and other parts at points beyond, the military escort, with frequent changes, accompanied Mr. Adams, under orders of the governor, through the counties of Middlesex and Worcester. The next day, Tuesday, April 14,

Mr. Adams passed through Worcester, where he received the customary salute of eleven guns and dined at the United States Arms. On Wednesday he left Springfield behind him, and on Thursday reached Hartford, where "an escort of the principal gentlemen in town, the ringing of bells, and the attention of the Mayor and Aldermen of the Corporation marked the Federalism of the citizens and their high respect for the distinguished patriot and statesman." At 6 o'clock Friday morning President Stiles and the professors and tutors of Yale College, the clergymen, and a large body of the citizens of New Haven assembled at the State House steps and went up the Hartford road six miles to meet Mr. Adams and escorted him into town amid the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells. Though Mr. Adams tarried but a short time in New Haven, he was presented at the City Tavern with the "diplomatic freedom" of the city by Pierrepont Edwards, Esq., who

# PLAN OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK





the previous day at a meeting of citizens had been especially commissioned to prepare the diploma. The same escort accompanied the Vice-President three miles out of New Haven. He was attended by the Light Horse of Westchester County from the Connecticut line to King's Bridge, and here he was met by more troops, many members of Congress, and citizens in carriages and on horseback, who amid the firing of salutes escorted him to the house of Hon. John Jay at 52 Broadway, near the corner of Exchange Place, where he arrived about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, April 20. But John Adams's permanent residence in New York was the celebrated mansion located on Richmond Hill,<sup>1</sup> afterwards the residence of Aaron Burr at the time he killed Alexander Hamilton, and subsequently bought by John Jacob Astor. The mayor and corporation called to congratulate the Vice-President the morning succeeding his arrival in town. He was next waited upon by Caleb Strong of Massachusetts and Ralph Izard of South Carolina, who in behalf of the Senate escorted him to the Senate Chamber to take the oath of office. "I was in New York," said John Randolph of Virginia forty years afterwards, "when John Adams took his seat as Vice-President. I recollect I was a schoolboy at the time, attending the lobby of Congress when I ought to have been at school. I remember the manner in which my brother was spurned by the coachman of the then Vice-President for coming too near the arms emblazoned on the scutcheon of the vice-regal carriage." Senator Langdon of New Hampshire, the president *pro tempore* of the Senate, met the Vice-President on the floor of the Senate, and after congratulating him conducted him to the chair, where the Vice-President delivered his inaugural address.

Meanwhile Charles Thomson had been executing a commission vastly more important than that performed by Sylvanus Bourne. A native of Ireland, a school-teacher in Philadelphia, a friend of Benjamin Franklin, Charles Thomson was now living the fifty-ninth of his ninety-four years. In 1774, when he was elected Secretary of the Continental Congress,—which office he held for fifteen consecutive years,—he had just married a young woman of fortune,<sup>2</sup> who was the aunt of President William Henry Harrison and the great-aunt of President Benjamin Harrison. He left New York Tuesday morning, April 7, and on Thursday evening he was in Philadelphia. Friday morning he continued his jour-

ney, passing through Wilmington the same day and reaching Baltimore on Sunday evening. Monday morning, April 13, he left Baltimore and arrived at Mount Vernon at half-past twelve o'clock Tuesday afternoon, being more than a week in making the journey from New York. After Mr. Thomson had presented to the President-elect the certificate of election which the President of the Senate had given him and had made a formal address stating the purpose of his visit, Washington at once replied, accepting the appointment, and said:

I am so much affected by this fresh proof of my country's esteem and confidence that silence can best explain my gratitude. While I realize the arduous nature of the task which is imposed upon me and feel my own inability to perform it, I wish that there may not be reason for regretting the choice; for indeed all I can promise is only to accomplish that which can be done by an honest zeal.

Upon considering how long time some of the gentlemen of both Houses of Congress have been at New York, how anxiously desirous they must be to proceed to business, and how deeply the public mind appears to be impressed with the necessity of doing it speedily, I cannot find myself at liberty to delay my journey. I shall therefore be in readiness to set out the day after to-morrow, and shall be happy in the pleasure of your company; for you will permit me to say that it is a peculiar gratification to have received this communication from you.

And yet Washington's correspondence during the fall and winter preceding his inauguration shows how reluctant he was to accept the Presidency. To Benjamin Lincoln he wrote: "I most heartily wish the choice to which you allude may not fall upon me. . . . If I should conceive myself in a manner constrained to accept, I call Heaven to witness that this very act would be the greatest sacrifice of my personal feelings and wishes that ever I have been called upon to make."<sup>3</sup> To Samuel Hanson he said: "The first wish of my soul is to spend the evening of my days as a private citizen on my farm."<sup>4</sup> To Lafayette he said: "I shall assume the task with a most unfeigned reluctance and with a real diffidence, for which I shall probably receive no credit from the world."<sup>5</sup> To Benjamin Harrison he wrote: "Heaven knows that no event can be less desired by me, and that no earthly consideration short of so general a call, together with a desire to reconcile contending parties as far as in me lies, could again bring me into public life."<sup>6</sup> "My movements to the chair of government," he wrote, finally, to Henry Knox,<sup>7</sup> "will be accompanied by feelings not

<sup>1</sup> Near Lisperard's Meadows, corner Varick and Van Dam streets.

<sup>2</sup> Thomson was the father-in-law of Elbridge Gerry.

<sup>3</sup> Washington used almost the same language to

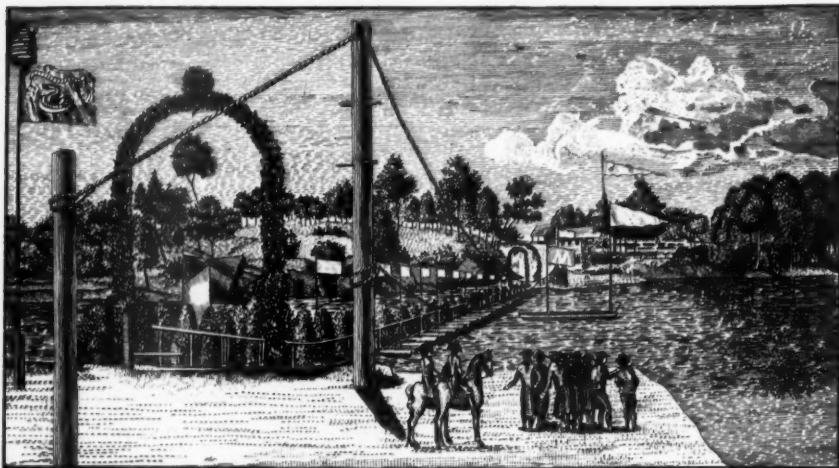
Governor Trumbull in a letter dated Mount Vernon, December 4.

<sup>4</sup> January 18.

<sup>5</sup> March 9.

<sup>6</sup> January 29.

<sup>7</sup> April 1.



PREPARATIONS FOR WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION AT GRAY'S FERRY, APRIL 20, 1789. (FROM "COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE," MAY, 1789.)

unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution. . . . Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men; for of the consolations which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me."

The correspondence was brought to a close by Hamilton, who insisted that Washington's acceptance was indispensable and that circumstances left no option. Having paid a visit of farewell as "the last act of personal duty" to his aged mother at Fredericksburg, and having borrowed five hundred pounds of a gentleman at Alexandria to discharge all his personal debts and another hundred pounds to help defray "the expenses of his journey to New York," Washington was ready to leave his home on the Potomac on Thursday the 16th of April. "About 10 o'clock," as he wrote in his diary, "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express set out for New York in company with Mr. Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."<sup>1</sup>

Washington had scarcely left his home be-

fore he was met by his neighbors and friends of Alexandria, who escorted him into town and gave him an early dinner at Mr. Wise's tavern. The thirteen toasts that were drunk at the dinner seemed to tell the history of the times. "The King of France," "The Federal Constitution—may it be fairly tried," "The Memory of those Martyrs who fell in Vindicating the Rights of America," "American Manufacturers," "American Ladies—may their manners accord with the spirit of the present Government," were a few of the sentiments expressed. "Farewell," said the mayor in behalf of the people of Alexandria. "Go and make a grateful people happy—a people who will be doubly grateful when they contemplate this recent sacrifice for their interests." Washington's emotions could with difficulty be concealed. "Unutterable sensations," said he in closing his reply, "must then be left to more expressive silence, while from an aching heart I bid you all, my affectionate friends and kind neighbors, farewell."

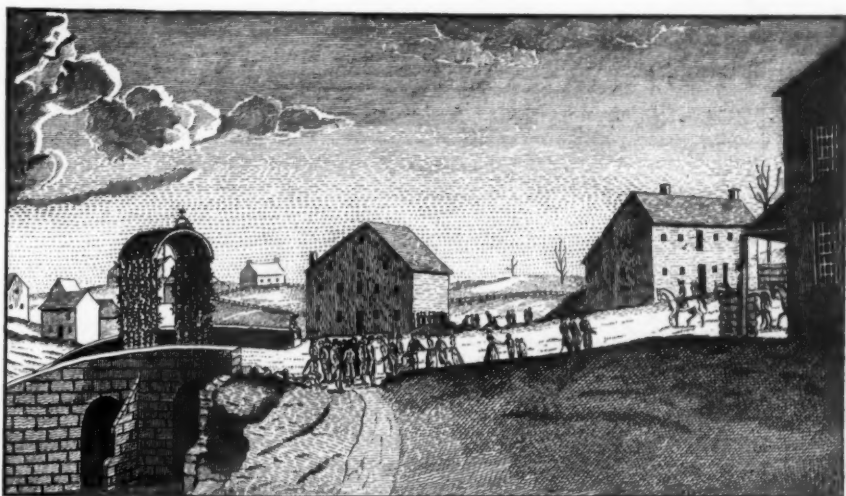
From Alexandria to Georgetown the President was attended by his neighbors and friends and even by children—a company that did "more honor to a man" (so reads a letter of the day from Georgetown) "than all the triumphs that Rome ever beheld; and the person honored is more illustrious than any monarch on the globe." The gentlemen of Georgetown met Washington on the banks of the Potomac and

<sup>1</sup> Martha Washington left Mount Vernon May 19 with her two children. At Baltimore she was met by a body of citizens on horseback, and in the evening she was serenaded and fireworks were discharged in her honor. Seven miles from Philadelphia she was met by ladies in carriages, and a collation was served at Gray's Ferry. Amid the ringing of bells and the firing

of cannon she was escorted into Philadelphia in the same carriage with Mrs. Robert Morris, whose guest she was while in Philadelphia. The President met Mrs. Washington at Elizabethport, N. J., in the same barge that was used by him on April 23. As the party approached New York they were saluted with a discharge of thirteen cannon.

accompanied him north until they met the gentlemen from Baltimore. Some miles out of Baltimore the next day a large body of citizens on horseback met the Presidential party, and "under a discharge of cannon" Washington was conducted "through crowds of admiring spectators" to Mr. Grant's tavern. At 6 o'clock he received an address of welcome and was accorded a public reception. Instead of a dinner, for which it was impossible to arrange on such short notice, an invitation to supper was accepted. He retired at a little after 10 o'clock, and at half-past five the next morning, Saturday, he left Baltimore, as he had entered it, amid the firing of artillery. After being con-

Philadelphia proceeded as far as the Delaware line. Other troops followed, and early Monday morning, when Washington was met, he received the customary salutes and congratulations and was escorted into Chester, where all breakfasted and rested two hours. On leaving Chester, Washington ordered his carriage to the rear of the line and mounted a beautiful white horse. Charles Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, also on horseback, were near him. As the procession advanced it received large accessions, including a body of Philadelphia citizens, at whose head was the patriot and soldier General Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the North-west Territory.



RECEPTION OF WASHINGTON AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, APRIL 21, 1789. ("COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE," MAY, 1789.)

ducted seven miles north he alighted from his carriage and insisted that his mounted escort should return home.

He was met on the borders of Delaware on Sunday by a company from Wilmington, where instead of illuminating the houses, as some wished, even if it was Sunday evening, "the decoration of a vessel in the Delaware opposite to Market street was substituted." Before leaving Wilmington the next morning Washington received an address from the burghesses and common council of the borough. Delaware saw its guest to the Pennsylvania line.

Philadelphia had been preparing a royal welcome. The State authorities had appropriated a thousand dollars to defray the expenses of a military escort. Thomas Mifflin, President of the Supreme Executive Council of the State, Richard Peters, Speaker of the Legislature, and the old City Troop of Horse of

At Gray's Ferry on the Schuylkill, the point next reached, the scene was indeed imposing. The most elaborate preparations had been made. Triumphal arches decorated with laurel and other evergreens; on one side eleven flags with the names of the eleven States that had adopted the Constitution; other flags with mottoes like "The Rising Empire," "The New Era," "Don't Tread on Me!" "May Commerce Flourish"; boats in the river gayly trimmed with flags; the cheering of the assembled thousands as the illustrious Washington came down the hill about noon to the ferry—all made the scene a memorable one. When Washington passed under one of the arches a wreath of laurel was lowered upon his brow by Angelica Peale, the young daughter of the artist of the Revolution, Charles Willson Peale.<sup>1</sup> At least twenty thousand people lined the road from Gray's Ferry

<sup>1</sup> Related in 1858 to Benson J. Lossing by Miss Peale's brother, Rembrandt Peale.

General Washington cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgments, to the Matrons and Young Ladies who received him in so royal & grateful a manner at the Triumphal Arch in Trenton, for the exquisite sensation he experienced in that affecting moment. — The astonishing contrast between his former and actual situation at the same spot. — The elegant taste with which it was adorned for the present occasion — and the innocent appearance of the White-robed Chorus who met him with the gratulatory song, have made such impressions on his remembrance as, he assures them will never be effaced. —

54  
Trenton April 21  
1789

FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO THE LADIES OF TRENTON, NOW OWNED BY MRS. CALEB S. GREEN OF TRENTON, N. J.

to Philadelphia, and everywhere the President was saluted with "Long live George Washington!" "Long live the Father of his People!" The procession swelled as he approached the city. There were three regular discharges of thirteen rounds each from the artillery. Salutes were also fired from the beautifully decorated ship *Alliance* and a Spanish merchantman moored in the river. As the procession moved down Market street the bells of Christ Church were rung. Amid unbounded joy Washington was conducted to the historic City

Tavern on Second above Walnut street, where a banquet was given him. At the tavern, where were gathered in 1774 the members of the first Continental Congress, now came, besides distinguished citizens, "all the clergy and respectable strangers in the city" to honor the man they loved. "A band of music played during the whole time of the dinner," says one of the newspaper accounts. Three of the fourteen toasts were to "His Most Christian Majesty, our great and good Ally,"<sup>1</sup> "His Catholic

<sup>1</sup> Louis XVI., King of France.



Majesty,"<sup>1</sup> and "The United Netherlands." Nearly every institution in the city presented Washington with an address before he left town at 10 o'clock the next morning.

The city troops intended to escort him to Trenton; but as the morning was rainy, Washington insisted upon declining that honor, for he would not drive in his carriage while the troops on horseback were exposed to the rain. The clouds, however, broke about noon, and at 2 o'clock the party were taken across the Delaware River at Colvin's Ferry. At the Trenton landing he was met by a distinguished party of citizens, a troop of horse, and a company of infantry, and escorted amid the booming of cannon and the huzzas of the people into Trenton village. Horses were provided for Washington and his suite. A memorable sight greeted the procession at the bridge at Assunpink Creek, over which Washington had retreated during the Revolutionary War to fall on the British forces at Princeton. A triumphal arch twenty feet wide and supported by thirteen columns, all entwined with evergreens, was raised over the bridge, upon which was inscribed in large gilt letters: "The Defender of the Mothers will also Protect their Daughters."

Over this inscription on a square ornamented with evergreens and flowers were those historic dates, "December 26, 1776—January 2, 1777," and on the summit was a large sunflower designed to express the motto, "To you alone."<sup>2</sup> The evening before the ball that had just been given at Princeton, the ladies—among whom was Mrs. Annis Stockton, widow of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and sister of Elias Boudinot—had determined to greet in a beautiful and affectionate manner President Washington. The ladies stood at the end of the bridge which Washington first approached, and in front of them were their daughters, in white dresses decorated with leaves and chaplets of flowers. Six of them held baskets of flowers in their hands. When the President was near, the ladies sang the following ode:

Welcome, mighty chief, once more!  
Welcome to this grateful shore!  
Now no mercenary foe  
Aims again the fatal blow,  
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,  
Those thy conquering arms did save,  
Build for thee triumphal bowers.  
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers.  
Strew your hero's way with flowers!

<sup>1</sup> Charles IV., King of Spain.

<sup>2</sup> This same arch was placed in front of the State House when Lafayette visited Trenton in 1824, and part of the arch is still preserved.

<sup>3</sup> Washington had intended to spend Tuesday night

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During the singing of the last two lines the ground in front of the President was strewn with flowers by the young ladies. Washington stopped his horse. The scene was truly beautiful, and many were affected to tears.

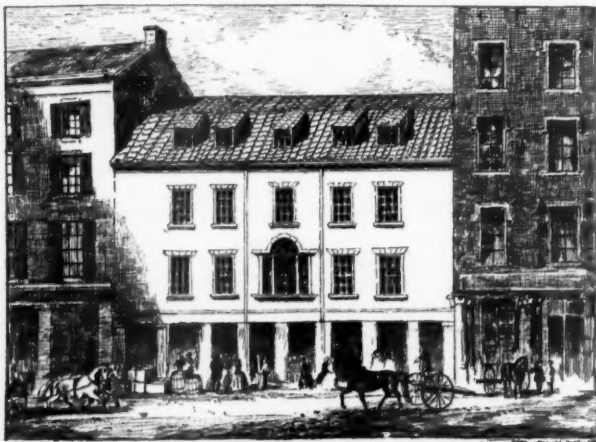
Washington dined at Samuel Henry's City Tavern in Trenton, and drove to Princeton late in the afternoon to spend the night, it is supposed, with the President of the college, the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, not forgetting to write a note of thanks to the young ladies of Trenton.

At 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 22, Washington left Princeton under military escort and took the old road to New Brunswick,<sup>3</sup> where he was met by the war governor, William Livingston,<sup>4</sup> who drove with him to Woodbridge, where Wednesday night was passed. Thursday, April 23, was an eventful day to Washington. At Bridgeton his military escort was augmented, and as he approached Elizabethtown, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, he received "a Federal salute from the cannon" and stopped at the public-house of Samuel Smith, where he received the congratulations of the town and the committee of Congress. Here he breakfasted, and then waited upon the congressional committee at the residence of Elias Boudinot, chairman of the committee. From Dr. Boudinot's house he proceeded to Elizabethtown Point under a large civic and military escort, which included companies from Newark and vicinity. At Elizabethtown Point Washington stepped aboard a magnificent barge which had been made to convey him up the bay to New York. The boat cost between two hundred and three hundred pounds and was rowed by thirteen masters of vessels dressed in white uniforms and black caps ornamented with fringes. Commodore James Nicholson<sup>5</sup> was commander and Thomas Randall acted as coxswain. In the President's barge and the six others accompanying were the congressional committee, John Langdon, Charles Carroll, and William Samuel Johnson of the Senate, Elias Boudinot, Theodor Bland, Thomas Tudor Tucker, Egbert Benson, and John Lawrence of the House; Chancellor Livingston; John Jay, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee, and Walter Livingston, Commissioners of the Treasury; General Henry Knox, Secretary of War; Ebenezer Hazard, Postmaster-General; Colonel Nicholas Fish, Adjutant-General of the forces of New York State; Richard Varick, Recorder of the city; and other dignitaries. A discharge of artillery was given on the em-

at Trenton and Wednesday night at New Brunswick. [Letter written by Washington to committee of Congress, dated Philadelphia, April 20, 1789.]

<sup>4</sup> Own cousin to Chancellor Livingston.

<sup>5</sup> Father-in-law of Senator William Few of Georgia.



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR GEORGE CLINTON, IN PEARL STREET OPPOSITE CEDAR STREET—WASHINGTON'S QUARTERS ON ASSUMING COMMAND OF THE ARMY IN NEW YORK. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

barkation of the President at 12 o'clock. But better than the accounts given in the newspapers is the letter descriptive of the sail up New York harbor to the foot of Wall street, written the next day by Elias Boudinot to his wife:

You must have observed with what a propitious gale we left the shore and glided with steady motion across the Newark Bay, the very water seeming to rejoice in bearing the precious burden over its placid bosom. The appearance of the troops we had left behind and their regular firings added much to our pleasure. When we drew near to the mouth of the Kills a number of boats with various flags came up with us and dropped in our wake. Soon after we entered the bay General Knox and several other officers in a large barge presented themselves with their splendid colors. Boat after boat, sloop after sloop, gayly dressed in all their naval ornaments, added to our train and made a most splendid appearance. Before we got to Bedloe's Island a large sloop came with full sail on our starboard bow, when there stood up about twenty gentlemen and ladies, who with most excellent voices sung an elegant ode, prepared for the purpose, to the tune of "God Save the King,"<sup>1</sup> welcoming their great chief to the seat of government. On its conclusion we saluted them with our hats, and then they with the surrounding boats gave us three cheers. Soon after, another boat came under our stern and presented

us with a number of copies of a second ode, and immediately about a dozen gentlemen began to sing it, in parts, as we passed along. Our worthy President was greatly affected with these tokens of profound respect. As we approached the harbor, our train increased, and the huzzaing and shouts of joy seemed to add life to this brilliant scene. At this moment a number of porpoises came playing amongst us as if they had risen up to know what was the cause of all this happiness.

We now discovered the shores to be crowded with thousands of people—men, women, and children; nay, I may venture to say tens of thousands. From the fort to the place of landing, although

near half a mile, you could see little else along the shore, in the streets, and on board every vessel but heads standing as thick as ears of corn before the harvest. The vessels in the harbor made a most superb appearance indeed, dressed in all their pomp of attire. The Spanish ship-of-war the *Galveston* in a mo-

<sup>1</sup> New York "Packet," May 1: "Ode sung on the arrival of the President of the United States. Tune, 'God Save, &c.' Composed by Mr. Low:

Far be the din of arms.  
Henceforth the Olive's charms  
Shall war preclude:  
These shores a head shall own  
Unswayed by a throne:  
Our much loved Washington,  
The Great, the Good."

The New York "Packet" said regarding the singing: "The voices of the ladies were as much superior to the flutes that played with the stroke of the oars in Cleopatra's silken-corded barge as the very superior and glorious water-scene of New York bay exceeds the silvery Cydnus in all its pride."



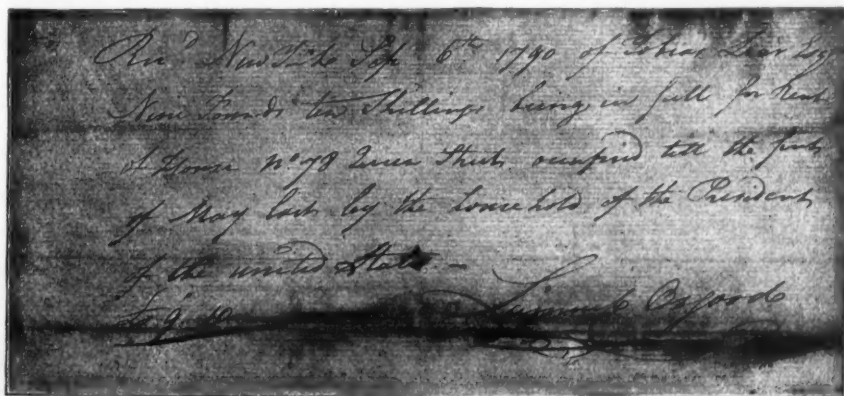
WASHINGTON'S HOUSE, FRANKLIN SQUARE. (FROM A PICTURE MADE IN 1836.)



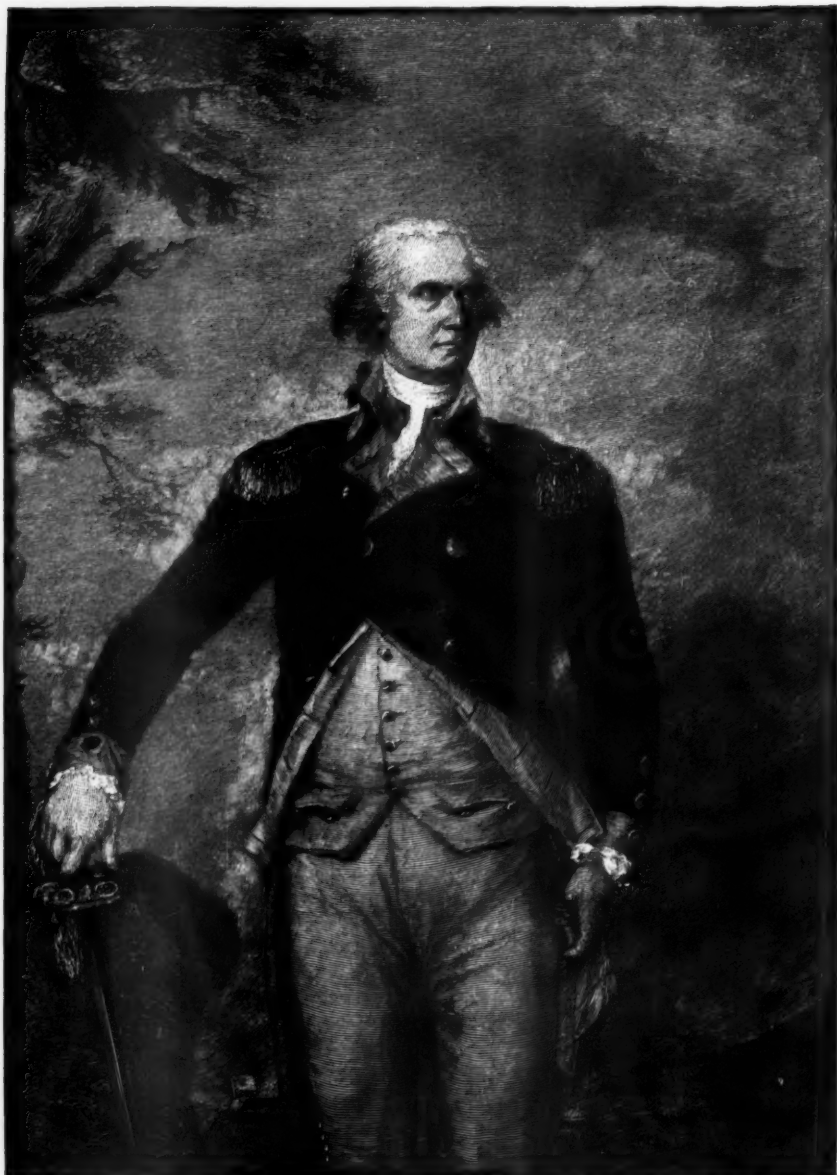
MCCOMB HOUSE, ON BROADWAY—WASHINGTON'S SECOND RESIDENCE. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL.")

ment, on a signal given, discovered twenty-seven or twenty-eight different colors, of all nations, on every part of the rigging, and paid us the compliment of thirteen guns, with her yards all manned, as did also another vessel in the harbor, the *North Carolina*, displaying colors in the same manner. We soon arrived at the ferry stairs, where there were many thousands of the citizens waiting with all the eagerness of expectation to welcome our excellent patriot to that shore which he regained from a powerful enemy by his valor and good conduct. We found the stairs covered with carpeting and the rails hung with crimson. The President, being preceded by the committee, was received by the governor and the citizens in the most brilliant manner. He was met on the wharf by many of his old and faithful officers and fellow-patriots, who had borne the heat and burthen of the day with him, who like him had experienced every reverse of fortune with fortitude and patience, and who now joined the

universal chorus of welcoming their great deliverer (under Providence) from all their fears. It was with difficulty a passage could be made by the troops through the pressing crowds, who seemed incapable of being satisfied with gazing at this man of the people. You will see the particulars of the procession from the wharf to the house appointed for his residence in the newspapers. The streets were lined with the inhabitants, as thick as they could stand, and it required all the exertions of a numerous train of city officers, with their staves, to make a passage for the company. The houses were filled with gentlemen and ladies, the whole distance being about half a mile, and the windows to the highest stories were illuminated by the sparkling eyes of innumerable companies of ladies, who seemed to vie with each other in showing their joy on this great occasion. It was half an hour before we could finish our commission and convey the President to the house prepared for his residence. As soon as this was done, notwithstanding his great fatigue of both body and mind, he had to receive the gentlemen and officers to a very large number, who wished to show their respect in the most affectionate manner. When this was finished and the people dispersed, we went (undressed) and dined with his Excellency Governor Clinton, who had provided an elegant dinner for us. Thus ended our commission. The evening, though very wet, was spent by all ranks in visiting the city, street after street being illuminated in a superb manner. I cannot help stat-



RECEIPT GIVEN BY OWNER OF HOUSE ON FRANKLIN SQUARE OCCUPIED BY WASHINGTON IN 1789-90.



GOVERNOR GEORGE CLINTON. (FROM A PAINTING BY TRUMBULL, 1791; IN GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL, NEW YORK.)

ing now how highly we were favored in the weather. The whole procession had been completely finished and we had repaired to the governor's before it began to rain. When the President was on the wharf an officer came up, and addressing him said he had the honor to command his guard, and that it was ready to obey his orders. The President answered that, as to the present arrangement, he

should proceed as was directed, but that after that was over he hoped he would give himself no farther trouble, as the affection of his fellow-citizens (turning to the crowd) was all the guard he wanted.

As the barge drew up to Murray Wharf, near the Coffee House, about 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, cannons were again fired, the bells



of the city began to ring and continued for half an hour. Washington was dressed in a plain suit, consisting of blue coat and buff waistcoat and breeches.

Miss Quincy, looking out of a window in a store on the wharf, wrote :

Carpets were spread to the carriage prepared for him, but he preferred walking through the crowded streets and was attended by Governor Clinton and many officers and gentlemen. He frequently bowed to the multitude and took off his hat to the ladies at the windows, who waved their handkerchiefs, threw flowers before him, and shed tears of joy and congratulations. The whole city was one scene of triumphal rejoicing. His name in every form of decoration appeared on the fronts of the houses,<sup>1</sup> and the streets through which he passed to the governor's mansion were ornamented with flags, silk banners of various colors, wreaths of flowers, and branches of evergreens. Never did any one enjoy such a triumph as Washington, who indeed "read his history in a nation's eyes."

The procession, headed by Colonel Morgan Lewis, consisted of music, a troop of horse, artillery officers off duty, the grenadiers that served as a guard of honor to the President, the governor and officers of the State, the congressional committee, the Mayor and Corporation, the clergy, the French and Spanish ambassadors, and citizens. The whole passed through Queen street,<sup>2</sup> by Governor Clinton's house at the foot of Cedar street, and stopped at the Franklin House, which had been fitted up as a residence for Washington.<sup>3</sup> From 7 till 9 o'clock in the evening, while Washington was dining with a distinguished company at Governor Clinton's house, the city was brilliantly illuminated. The day had indeed been a glorious one. On all sides was heard the expression, "Well, he deserves it all!" and many who were in the crowd said that "they should now die contented, nothing being wanted to complete their happiness, previous to this auspicious period, but the sight of the

Savior of his Country."<sup>4</sup> It had been "a day of extravagant joy."

Of the 23d of April Washington wrote in his diary :

The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board, the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies as I walked along the streets, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing.

In turning for a moment to the two houses of Congress it should be said that after count-



RALPH IZARD. (FROM "CORRESPONDENCE OF RALPH IZARD," FRANCIS & CO. 1844.)

ing the electoral votes on the 6th of April they at once plunged into the business of preparing rules and orders for themselves, in discussing the tariff,<sup>5</sup> in making a beginning towards or-

House, and subsequently the Mansion House and Bunker's Hotel.

Washington's Diary, February 1, 1790: "Agreed on Saturday last to take Mr. McComb's house, lately occupied by the Minister of France, for one year from and after the first of May next, and would go into it immediately if Mr. Otto, the present possessor, could be accommodated; and this day sent my secretary to examine the rooms to see how my furniture could be adapted to the respective apartments."

Colonel John May's Journal, April 22, 1788: "Went to see a pile of new buildings, nearly completed, belonging to a Mr. McComb, by far the finest buildings my eyes ever beheld, and I believe they excel any on the continent. In one of the entries I traveled up five flights of stairs—the rail continuous from top to bottom. I still left one flight unexplored."

<sup>4</sup> "Gazette of the United States," April 25.

<sup>5</sup> The tariff was discussed in the Congress of 1781, but the subject became a most important question in

<sup>1</sup> "God Bless your Reign," etc.

<sup>2</sup> Now Pearl street—in 1789 a mile and a half in length, and with buildings from four to six stories high. It was considered a remarkable fact at that time, as the Rev. Manasseh Cutler wrote, that the sides of Queen street within the posts were "laid principally with free stone, sufficiently wide for three persons to walk abreast." (Cutler's Life, Vol. I., p. 306.)

<sup>3</sup> This house was owned by Samuel Osgood, one of the Treasury Commissioners, and was until 1856, when the building was taken down, at the junction of Cherry and Pearl streets on Franklin Square. The Franklin House had been occupied by the President of the old Congress, but had been fitted up by order of the new Congress for Washington. For particulars regarding Osgood see "History of the City of New York," by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, Vol. II., p. 330. Washington occupied in 1790 a house on Broadway, near Bowling Green, which had been used by the French ambassador and was called the McComb



FRAUNCES TAVERN, ON BROAD AND PEARL STREETS. ("VALENTINE'S MANUAL," 1854.)

ganizing the judiciary, in arranging for a house for the President, and in preparations to receive him and the Vice-President in New York. Each day brought new members into Federal Hall. From the second day of April, the day after a quorum had been formed, until the last day of the month, the House of Representatives received nineteen new members, ten of whom it is necessary to mention by name only. Lambert Cadwalader of New Jersey, Isaac Coles of Virginia, Joshua Seney and Benjamin Contee of Maryland, Ædanus Burke,<sup>1</sup> Daniel Huger,<sup>2</sup> and William Smith of South Carolina, Peter Sylvester and John Hathorn of New York, and Jonathan Grout of Massachusetts. Of the other nine, however, something more should be said. Two were noted Pennsylvanians: George Clymer, fifty years old, a signer of the Declaration, and a framer of the Constitution of the United States; and Thomas Fitzsimmons, born in Ireland, forty-eight years old, and a member of the old Congress and of the Constitutional Convention. One of the most distinguished men from the South was Abraham Baldwin of Georgia, thirty-five years old, graduate of and tutor in Yale College, chaplain in the Revolution, lawyer, founder and president of the University of Georgia, member of the Continental Congress and Constitutional Convention, and afterwards United States senator. The remainder in the

1785 in Virginia and Maryland, in connection with the navigation of the Potomac. The discussion of the question led to the Annapolis Convention in 1786, which resulted in the Constitutional Convention in 1787. The first Congress under the Constitution discussed at length the tariff question under the leadership of Madison. To Madison is due the greatest credit for following up the question to the logical result of forming a new government out of the United States.

list of representatives who were present at the inauguration of Washington were George Partridge of Massachusetts, forty-nine years old, graduate of Harvard, delegate to the Continental Congress; John Lawrence of New York, born in England thirty-nine years before, lawyer, soldier during the entire Revolution, member of the old Congress; Egbert Benson of New York, forty-two, graduate of

Columbia College, member of the Continental Congress, and first president of the New York Historical Society; Thomas Sinnickson of New Jersey, a man of classical education and a captain in the battles of Trenton and Princeton; James Jackson of Georgia, native of England, thirty-one years old, Revolutionary soldier, lawyer, and afterwards United States senator; and William Floyd of New York, fifty-five, a member of the old Congress for nine years, and one of the immortal band of signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Six senators made their appearance in the Senate Chamber in the interval between the formal organization and the inauguration of Washington: Ralph Izard of South Carolina, Charles Carroll and John Henry of Maryland, George Read of Delaware, Tristram Dalton of Massachusetts, and James Gunn of Georgia. Of these it should be said that Henry was a Princeton graduate, member of the old Congress, and governor of Maryland; and Read was a lawyer of fifty-five, who enjoyed the distinction, as a delegate of the Congress of 1774, of having signed the petition to George III., as a member of the Congress of 1776, the Declaration, and as a member of the Federal Convention of 1787, the Constitution. Izard, educated at Christ College, Cambridge, was forty-seven. While in England he endeavored without success to impress upon the British ministry

The tariff was chiefly discussed in the new Congress by Madison, Sherman, Fitzsimmons, Boudinot, Bland, Lee, White, Thacher, Tucker, Hartley, and Lawrence. [N. Y. "Packet," April 10, 1789; "James Madison," by Sidney Howard Gay, pp. 54-62.]

<sup>1</sup> Burke was born in Ireland in 1743, and was widely known on account of a pamphlet he wrote against the Society of the Cincinnati.

<sup>2</sup> Member of the Continental Congress.

the folly of the policy towards the American colonies. He always refused the honor of a presentation at court, because he would have been obliged to bow the knee, which he never would do, he said, to mortal man. While in Europe he was appointed by the Continental Congress commissioner to the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. When the agent of South Carolina was sent abroad to purchase ships of war, Ralph Izard pledged the whole of his ample fortune as security for payment.<sup>1</sup>

It was a proud distinction of the first Congress under the Constitution that one of its members was Charles Carroll of Carrollton — fifty-two years old, educated at several universities in Europe, the wealthiest man in the colonies at the breaking out of the Revolution, the great advocate of liberty, the survivor of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence.<sup>2</sup>

On the very day that Washington arrived in New York a discussion took place in the Senate regarding the manner of receiving the President. Thereupon John Adams asked what title should be used in addressing the Chief Magistrate — "Mr. Washington," "Mr.

President," "Sir," or "May it please your Excellency."<sup>3</sup> A committee was appointed to confer with the House on the subject and also on the subject of the inauguration ceremonies, and the joint committee decided that the title should simply be, "The President of the United States." The Senate disagreed, and the new committee reported in favor of the title, "His Highness, the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties." The Senate accepted the report and the House rejected it, and the agitation of the subject was allowed to drop.<sup>4</sup>



FRAUNCES TAVERN IN 1889.

<sup>1</sup> Izard married in 1767 the beautiful Alice De Lancey, niece of the lieutenant-governor of the Province of New York, and while in America was in the habit of spending his winters in South Carolina and his summers in New York.

<sup>2</sup> He died in 1832, aged 95.

<sup>3</sup> "James Madison," by Gay, pp. 129-134.

<sup>4</sup> The question of titles, however, as Madison wrote to Jefferson, "became a serious one in the two houses. J. Adams espoused the cause of titles with great earnestness. His friend R. H. Lee, although elected as a republican enemy to an aristocratic Constitution, was a most zealous second. . . . Had the project succeeded, it would have subjected the President to a serious dilemma and given a deep wound to our infant Government." And Senator William Grayson of Virginia wrote to Patrick Henry, New York, June 12, 1789 (*vide* Lyon G. Tyler's "Letters and Times of the Tylers," Vol. I., p. 169): "Is it not still stranger that John Adams, the son of a tinker, and the creature of

the people, should be for titles and dignities and pre-eminences, and should despise the herd and the ill-born? It is said he was the *primum nobile* in the Senate for the titles for the President, in hopes that in the scramble he might get a slice for himself."

A letter by John Armstrong to General Gates, dated New York, April 7, 1789 (Griswold's "Republican Court," pp. 122, 123), says: "All the world here are busy in collecting flowers and sweets of every kind to amuse and delight the President in his approach and on his arrival. Even Roger Sherman has set his head at work to devise some style of address more novel and dignified than 'Excellency.' Yet, in the midst of this admiration, there are skeptics who doubt its propriety, and wits who amuse themselves at its extravagance. The first will grumble and the last will laugh, and the President should be prepared to meet the attacks of both with firmness and good nature. A caricature has already appeared called 'The Entry,' full of very disloyal and profane allusions. It repre-

The arrangements for the inauguration proceeded rapidly. In the preliminary report of the congressional committee of arrangements, offered on Saturday, the 25th of April, it was declared that the President should be formally received by both houses in the Senate Chamber on Thursday, the 30th of April, and that both houses should then move into the Representatives' Chamber, where the oath was to be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York. Two days later the place for taking the oath was changed to the "outer gallery adjoining the Senate Chamber," and it was decided that the President, the Vice-President, and both houses should proceed after the ceremony to St. Paul's Church to hear divine service.

The idea of holding services in St. Paul's Church created considerable discussion. Senator William Maclay of Pennsylvania said in his journal, on the Monday before the inauguration:

A new arrangement was reported from the joint committee of ceremonies. This is an endless business. Lee offered a motion to the chair that after the President was sworn (which now is to be in the gallery opposite the Senate Chamber) the Congress should accompany him to St. Paul's Church and attend divine service. This had been agitated in the joint committee, but Lee said expressly *that they would not agree to it*. I opposed it as an improper business, after it had been in the hands of the joint committee and rejected, as I thought this a certain method of creating a dissension between the houses.

The question of holding services on the day of the inauguration had been agitated by the clergymen in town.<sup>1</sup> When Bishop Provoost was applied to on the subject he replied, so Ebenezer Hazard wrote, that the Church of England "had always been used to look up to Government upon such occasions, and he thought it prudent not to do anything till they knew what Government would direct. If the good bishop never prays without an order from Government," added Hazard, "it is not probable that the kingdom of heaven will suffer much from his violence." It must have been a relief to Bishop Provoost, therefore, when

sents the General mounted on an ass, and in the arms of his man Billy Humphreys [Colonel David Humphreys, aide-de-camp, who accompanied Washington from Mount Vernon to New York] leading the jack, and chanting hosannas and birthday odes. The following couplet proceeds from the mouth of the devil:

"The glorious time has come to pass  
When David shall conduct an ass."

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, Presbyterian, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost, Episcopal bishop, and the Rev. Dr. William Linn, Presbyterian, and

Congress agreed to the services in St. Paul's Church.<sup>2</sup>

Meanwhile Washington had been waited upon by the two houses of Congress, who offered him their congratulations. Similar congratulatory calls were made by other bodies, including the Chamber of Commerce, whose members met at the Coffee House at half-past eleven o'clock one morning, and proceeded to the presidential mansion, where they were introduced by John Broome, the president of the Chamber.

The long-expected day was now at hand. The copestone was about to be placed on the structure the foundations of which had been laid thirteen years before. It was the 30th of April, 1789, and the first President of the United States was to take the oath of fidelity to the new Constitution. Crowds were pouring into New York. "For nearly a fortnight," wrote Griswold, "the taverns and boarding-houses in the city had been thronged with visitors, and now every private house was filled with guests, from all parts of the Union, assembled to witness the imposing ceremonial which was to complete the organization of the Government. 'We shall remain here, even if we have to sleep in tents, as so many will have to do,' wrote Miss Bertha Ingersoll to Miss McKean; 'Mr. Williamson had promised to engage us rooms at Fraunces's,'<sup>3</sup> but that was jammed long ago, as was every other public house; and now, while we were waiting at Mrs. Vandervoort's in Maiden Lane till after dinner, two of our beaux are running about town, determined to obtain the best places for us to stay at which can be opened for love, money, or the most persuasive speeches.'"

With a discharge of artillery at sunrise from old Fort George near Bowling Green began the ceremonies of the day. At 9 the bells of the churches rang for half an hour, and the congregations gathered in their respective places of worship "to implore the blessings of Heaven upon their new Government, its favor and protection to the President, and success and acceptance to his Administration." The military were meanwhile preparing to parade, and at 12 o'clock marched before the President's house on Cherry street. A part of the procession came

afterwards Low Dutch, were made chaplains of Congress. Dr. Provoost was Bishop of New York from 1787 to 1801.

<sup>2</sup> The Senate agreed to the St. Paul's service April 27, and the House April 29.

<sup>3</sup> Fraunces Tavern, built in 1710. In this house was instituted in 1768 the New York Chamber of Commerce, with John Cruger as president, and the same place was Washington's headquarters in 1783. Here, too, Washington bade farewell to his officers, December 4, 1783. The building is still standing at 101 Broad street, corner of Pearl street.





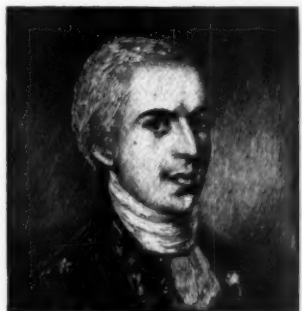
ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



C. THOMSON. (LENT BY DR. T. A. EMMEY.)



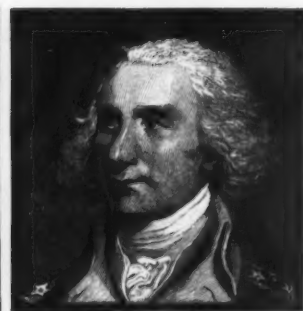
JOHN ADAMS. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



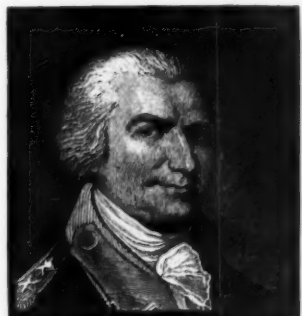
SAMUEL WEBB. (LENT BY GEN. A. S. WEBB.)



NICHOLAS FISH. (LENT BY MON. HAMILTON FISH.)



PHILIP SCHUYLER. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



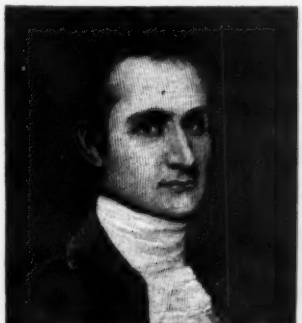
ARTHUR ST. CLAIR. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



HENRY KNOX. (THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)



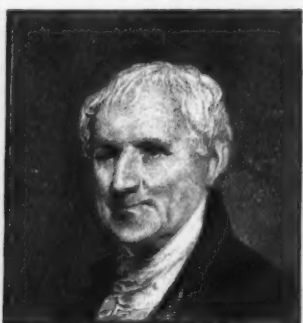
MORGAN LEWIS. (PAINTING BY TRUMBULL, N. Y. CITY HALL.)



JOHN JAY. (PAINTING BY JOSEPH WRIGHT, 1796. PRESENTED TO N. Y. HIST. SOC. BY JOHN PINTARD, 1817.)



STEBEN. (FROM A PAINTING IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, N. Y. CITY HALL.)



ROBERT BENSON. (AFTER ENGRAVING BY CHARLES BERT FROM PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, N. Y. HIST. SOC.)





CHAIR USED BY WASHINGTON AT HIS INAUGURATION, NEW YORK CITY. (COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. B. SOUTHWICK.)

direct from Federal Hall. Following Captain Stakes with his troop of horse were the "assistants"—General Samuel Blatchley Webb,<sup>1</sup> Colonel William S. Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas Fish,<sup>2</sup> Lieutenant-Colonel Franks, Major L'Enfant, Major Leonard Bleecker,<sup>3</sup> and Mr. John R. Livingston. Following the assistants were Egbert Benson, Fisher Ames, and Daniel Carroll, the committee of the House of Representatives; Richard Henry Lee, Ralph Izard, and Tristram Dalton, the committee of the Senate; John Jay, General Henry Knox, Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee, Walter Livingston, the heads of the three great departments; and gentlemen in carriages and citizens on foot. The full procession left the presidential mansion at half-past twelve o'clock and

<sup>1</sup> Aide-de-camp to Generals Putnam and Washington, Colonel 3d Connecticut Regiment, and one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati. After the Revolutionary War, General Webb settled in New York and lived at 25 Broadway, and "was a leader of fashion and one of the most elegant men of the day." David S. Jones told the late James Watson Webb that one of his "amusements as a boy was regularly and daily to watch Gouverneur Morris and General Samuel Webb make their appearance about midday from the fashionable barber shop of the city, near Courtlandt street, and with powdered hair and hats in hand commence their daily walk on the fashionable lounge which extended from Courtlandt street to Morris street on the west side of Broadway, the front of old Trinity being the point of attraction where the loungers most lingered." [Reminiscences of General Samuel B. Webb, by his son J. Watson Webb. Privately printed.]

<sup>2</sup> He was Major of the 2d New York Regiment and brigade inspector, and "possessed to a high degree the confidence of Washington, Schuyler, Lafayette, and Hamilton, and with the army the character of an excellent disciplinarian and a gallant soldier." (John

proceeded to Federal Hall via Queen street,<sup>4</sup> Great Dock, and Broad street. Colonel Morgan Lewis<sup>5</sup> as Grand Marshal, attended by Majors Van Horne and Jacob Morton as aides-de-camp, led the way. Then followed the troop of horse; the artillery; the two companies of grenadiers; a company of light infantry and the battalion men; a company in the full uniform of Scotch Highlanders with the national music of the bagpipe; the sheriff, Robert Boyd, on horseback; the Senate committee; the President in a state coach, drawn by four horses, and attended by the assistants and civil officers; Colonel Humphreys and Tobias Lear,<sup>6</sup> in the President's own carriage; the committee of the House; Mr. Jay, General Knox, Chancellor Livingston; his Excellency the Count de Moustier, and his Excellency Don Diegode Gardoqui, the French and Spanish ambassadors; other gentlemen of distinction, and a multitude of citizens. The two companies of grenadiers attracted much attention. One, composed of the tallest young men in the city, were dressed "in blue with red facings and gold-laced ornaments, cocked hats with white feathers, with waistcoats and breeches and white gaiters, or spatterdashes, close buttoned from the shoe to the knee and covering the shoe-buckle. The second, or German company, wore blue coats with yellow waistcoats and breeches, black gaiters similar to those already described, and towering caps, cone shaped and faced with black bear skin."

When the military, which amounted to "not more than five hundred men," and whose "appearance was quite pretty," arrived within two hundred yards of Federal Hall, at 1 o'clock, they were drawn up on each side, and Washington and the assistants and the gentlemen especially invited passed through the lines and proceeded to the Senate Chamber of the "Federal State House." The building had been

Schuyler's "The Society of the Cincinnati of New York," p. 202.) The inscription on the tablet to his memory in St. Mark's Church, New York City, is:

"NICHOLAS FISH,  
Lieutenant-Colonel of the Army of the American Revolution.

Born August 28, 1758; Died June 20, 1833.  
The Faithful Soldier of Christ and of his Country."

Colonel Fish was the father of Hon. Hamilton Fish.

<sup>3</sup> In battles of Long Island and Princeton, and at surrender of Yorktown.

<sup>4</sup> Now Pearl street.

<sup>5</sup> Born October 16, 1754; died April 7, 1844. A graduate of Princeton, student in the law office of John Jay, Revolutionary patriot, and afterwards governor of New York. He was present at the fiftieth anniversary of Washington's inauguration in 1839, when the oration was delivered by John Quincy Adams, and the ode, sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," was written by William Cullen Bryant.

<sup>6</sup> The President's private secretary.

crowded since 10 o'clock, and when the Senate met at half-past eleven all was excitement. The minutest details were considered matters of gravest moment. In the most solemn manner John Adams said: "Gentlemen, I wish for the direction of the Senate. The President will, I suppose, address the Congress. How shall I behave? How shall we receive it? Shall it be standing or sitting?" Then began a long discussion. Richard Henry Lee had been in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords and before the King, and the result of his information was that "the Lords sat and the Commons stood on the delivery of the King's speech." Then Ralph Izard, who had also visited Parliament, made this "sagacious discovery, that the Commons stood because they had no seats to sit, on being arrived at the House of Lords." John Adams replied that he had been in Parliament too; but "there was always such a crowd and *ladies along*, he could not see how it was." Then the Senate drifted off into a discussion as to the manner of receiving the Clerk of the House of Representatives, and during the discussion the Speaker and the House arrived at the Senate door. Confusion reigned. Members left their seats. When Lee rose to speak again he could not be heard. At last the lower House entered the Senate Chamber, and there the two houses sat for an hour and ten minutes. The delay was owing to the Senate committee, "Lee, Izard, and Dalton, who," said Senator McClay, "had staid with us until the Speaker came in, instead of going to attend the President." At last the joint committee of the two houses, preceded by their chairman, introduced Washington, who advanced between the senators and representatives, bowing to each. He was at once conducted to the chair by John Adams. On the right were the Vice-President and the Senate, and on Washington's left the Speaker and the House of Representatives. The Vice-President then said that "the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States were ready to attend him to take the oath required by the Constitution, and that it would be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York." The President replied that he was ready to proceed, and was immediately conducted to the open gallery in front of the Senate Chamber, which looked out upon Broad street.

Miss Eliza Quincy wrote:

I was on the roof of the first house in Broad street, which belonged to Captain Prince, the father of one of my school companions, and so near Washington that I could almost hear him speak. The windows and the roofs of the houses were crowded, and in the streets the throng was so dense that it seemed as if one might literally walk on the heads

of the people. The balcony of the hall was in full view of this assembled multitude. In the center of it was placed a table with a rich covering of red velvet, and upon this, on a crimson velvet cushion, lay a large and elegant Bible. This was all the paraphernalia for the august scene. All eyes were fixed upon the balcony, where at the appointed hour Washington entered, accompanied by the Chancellor of the State of New York, who was to administer the oath, by John Adams, Vice-President, Governor Clinton, and many other distinguished men. By the great body of the people he had probably never been seen except as a military hero. The first in war was now to be the first in peace. His entrance on the balcony was announced by universal shouts of joy and welcome. His appearance was most solemn and dignified. Advancing to the



ROGER SHERMAN. (AFTER AN ETCHING BY A. ROSENTHAL OWNED BY THE CONSTITUTIONAL CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE, FROM A PAINTING BY EARLE IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.)

front of the balcony, he laid his hand on his heart, bowed several times, and then retired to an arm-chair near the table. The populace appeared to understand that the scene had overcome him, and were at once hushed in profound silence. After a few moments Washington arose and came forward. Chancellor Livingston read the oath, according to the form prescribed by the Constitution, and Washington repeated it, resting his hand upon the table. Mr. Otis, the Secretary of the Senate, then took the Bible and raised it to the lips of Washington, who stooped and kissed the book. At this moment a signal was given by raising a flag upon the cupola of the hall for a general discharge of the artillery of the Battery. All the bells in the city rang out a peal of joy, and the assembled multitude sent forth a universal shout. The President again bowed to the people, and then retired from a scene such as the proudest monarch never enjoyed.

Besides Adams, Clinton, and Livingston, who stood near Washington on the balcony, were Roger Sherman and Richard Henry Lee, Generals Henry Knox and Arthur St. Clair, Baron Steuben<sup>1</sup> and Samuel A. Otis, Secretary of the Senate, and in the rear the senators, representatives, and other distinguished officials. Alexander Hamilton viewed the cere-

<sup>1</sup> President and one of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati.



PAGES UPON WHICH WASHINGTON TOOK THE OATH ON INAUGURATION

mony from his residence opposite, at the corner of Wall and Broad streets.

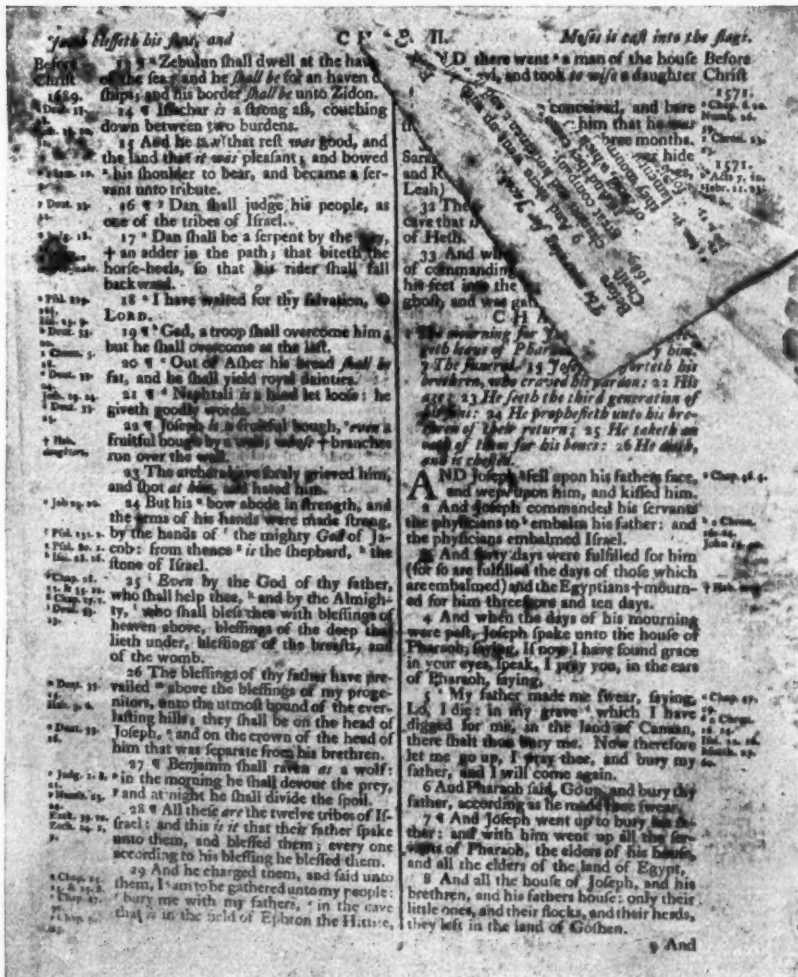
Washington was dressed in a full suit of dark brown cloth manufactured in Hartford, with metal buttons with an eagle on them, and "with a steel-hilted dress sword, white silk stockings, and plain silver shoe-buckles. His

hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day and worn in a bag and solitaire."<sup>1</sup> Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, one of the committee of five to draft the Declaration of Independence, thirteen years before, was dressed in a full suit of black cloth and wore the robe of office.<sup>2</sup> Just before the oath was

<sup>1</sup> Irving's "Life of Washington," Vol. IV., p. 474. Irving told Dr. Francis and Rufus W. Griswold that he remembered as a boy of six looking from the corner of New and Wall streets upon the inauguration scene. (Griswold's "Republican Court," p. 142.) John Randolph of Virginia, then a boy of sixteen, was also present, and afterwards wrote, "I saw the coronation (such in fact it was) of General Washington in 1789." See also Dunlap, "School History," Vol. II., p. 263. Regarding the clothes of the President, the follow-

ing is taken from the New York "Journal and Weekly Advertiser" of May 7, 1789: "The President on the day of his inauguration appeared dressed in a complete suit of homespun clothes, but the cloth was of so fine a fabric and so handsomely finished that it was universally mistaken for a foreign manufactured superfine cloth."

<sup>2</sup> The ancestor of the Livingstons in this country was John Livingston, a preacher of the Reformed Church of Scotland, who was banished in 1663 for non-con-



DAY. (COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY ST. JOHN'S LODGE NO. 1, NEW YORK CITY.)

to be administered it was discovered that no Bible was in Federal Hall. Luckily Livingston, a Grand Master of Free Masons, knew that

formity with prelatial rule. He died at Rotterdam in 1672. A son named Robert emigrated from Holland, settled in Albany in 1675, and became lord of Livingston Manor. A grandson of the last named was Robert R. Livingston, a member of the Stamp Act Congress in 1765. Robert R. Livingston's eldest son was Chancellor Livingston, a graduate of King's (Columbia) College, law partner of John Jay, under the Crown recorder of New York City, delegate to Congress in 1776, Chancellor of the State of New York from 1777 to 1801, Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the Confederation from 1781 to 1783, Minister Plenipotentiary to France at the time of the cession of Louisiana by France to the United States in 1803, and the originator, with Fulton, of steam navigation, which resulted in the launching of the *Clermont* on the Hudson in 1807.

there was one at St. John's Lodge in the City Assembly Rooms near by,<sup>1</sup> and a messenger<sup>2</sup> was dispatched to borrow the Bible, which is

Livingston was called by Franklin "the Cicero of America." He died February 26, 1813. The two statues which the State of New York is entitled by Congress to have in the Capitol at Washington are those of Governor George Clinton and Chancellor Livingston. See "Biographical Sketch of Robert R. Livingston," read before the New York Historical Society, October 3, 1876, by the President, Frederick De Peyster.

<sup>1</sup> Where the Boreel building now stands on Broadway.

<sup>2</sup> This messenger was Major Jacob Morton, the Grand Secretary of the Masonic Fraternity of New York State, and also, as above stated, aide-de-camp to the Grand Marshal, Colonel Morgan Lewis. [Statement of Colonel Ehlers, Grand Secretary of Masonic Fraternity, New York State.]



to-day the property of St. John's Lodge No. 1, the third oldest Masonic lodge in the United States.<sup>1</sup>

Secretary Otis of the Senate held before him a red velvet cushion, upon which rested the open Bible of St. John's Lodge. "You do solemnly swear," said Livingston, "that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." "I do solemnly swear," replied Washington, "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." He then bowed his head and kissed the sacred Book, and with the deepest feeling uttered the words, "So help me God!" The Chancellor then proclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"<sup>2</sup> The instant discharge of thirteen cannon followed, and with loud repeated shouts and huzzas the people cried, "God bless our Washington; long live our beloved President!" The President bowed to the people, and the air again rang with acclamations. Washington, followed by the company at the balcony, now returned to the Senate

Chamber, where he took his seat and the senators and representatives their seats. When Washington arose to speak all stood and listened "with eager and marked attention."

Said Senator Maclay, who heard the inaugural address:<sup>3</sup>

This great man was agitated and embarrassed more than ever he was by the leveled cannon or pointed musket. He trembled, and several times could scarce make out to read, though it must be supposed he had often read it before. He made a flourish with his right hand, which left rather an ungainly impression. I sincerely, for my part, wished all set ceremony in the hands of dancing-masters, and that this first of men had read off his address in the plain manner, without ever taking his eyes from the paper; for I feel hurt that he was not first in everything.

Fisher Ames, who also heard Washington's address, wrote:

It was a very touching scene, and quite of the solemn kind. His aspect grave, almost to sadness; his modesty, actually shaking; his voice deep, a little tremulous, and so low as to call for close attention—added to the series of objects presented to the mind, and overwhelming it, produced emotions of the most affecting kind upon the members. I, Pilgric, sat entranced. It seemed to me an allegory in which virtue was personified as addressing those whom she would make her votaries.

This important ceremony was  
Performed by the most worshipful Grand Master of  
Free and Accepted Masons,  
Of the State of New York,  
The Honorable  
Robert R. Livingston,  
Chancellor of the State.

Fame stretched her wings and with her trumpet blew: "Great Washington is near—what praise is due? What title shall he have?" She paused—and said: "Not one—his name alone strikes every title dead."

<sup>2</sup> Captain Van Dyck was stationed in Broadway at the head of Wall street with orders to fire the salute as soon as the waving of the signal-flag from Federal Hall indicated that the oath had been administered. At the fiftieth anniversary of Washington's inauguration Captain Van Dyck was living, and gave the following account of the firing of the salute to the editor of the New York *Spectator*, who said, in his issue of April 30, 1839:

Captain Van Dyck still survives, and we had the pleasure of a call from the veteran on Saturday. He is now in his eighty-fifth year, and has been an officer in the Custom-house twenty-five years, the duties of which he yet discharges. He mentioned to us that when Colonel Lewis gave him the order for the salute, he inquired, "But who is to pay for the glass I shall break?" "I will," replied the colonel. At the discharge of every gun, the captain says he could hear the jingle of the glass from the shattered windows. At the corner of the streets (Broadway and Wall) was a silversmith's shop owned by a Mr. Forbes, having large bow windows. From these the panes jingled merrily. Mr. Forbes ran into the street and implored the captain to desist firing, but, of course, to no purpose. The captain gave him a rebuke, which sent him back to his shop. "Who," he demanded, "would refuse a salvo of artillery on such an occasion, for a few paltry squares of window glass?" and from that day afterward the captain says he heard no more of the broken glass.

<sup>3</sup> Madison helped Washington prepare his inaugural speech, and the reply to that speech by the House was also drawn by Madison. (See Rives's "Life and Times of James Madison," and Washington's letter to Madison, dated May 5, 1789.)

<sup>1</sup> The Bible is bound in red morocco with gilt ornamentation and edges and silver clasps, and is 11 inches high, 9 wide, and 3½ thick. On the obverse and reverse covers are two inscriptions very nearly alike, the first of which is as follows:

GOD SHALL ESTABLISH  
ST. JOHNS LODGE CONSTITUTED  
5757  
REBUILT AND OPENED  
NOVEMBER 28 5770.  
OFFICERS THEN PRESIDING  
JONATHAN HAMPTON M  
WILLIAM BUTLER S W  
ISAAC HERON J W

The reverse cover is shown with first page of this article. The binding may be by Roger Payne.

The Bible was published in London by Mark Baskett in 1767 and contains a large picture of George II., besides being handsomely illustrated with biblical scenes. The page of the Bible which Washington kissed is also indicated by the leaf being turned down. A copper-plate engraving explanatory of the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis is on the opposite page. On one of the fly-leaves is the following description of what was done on April 30, 1789—written so indistinctly that it is almost impossible to photograph it:

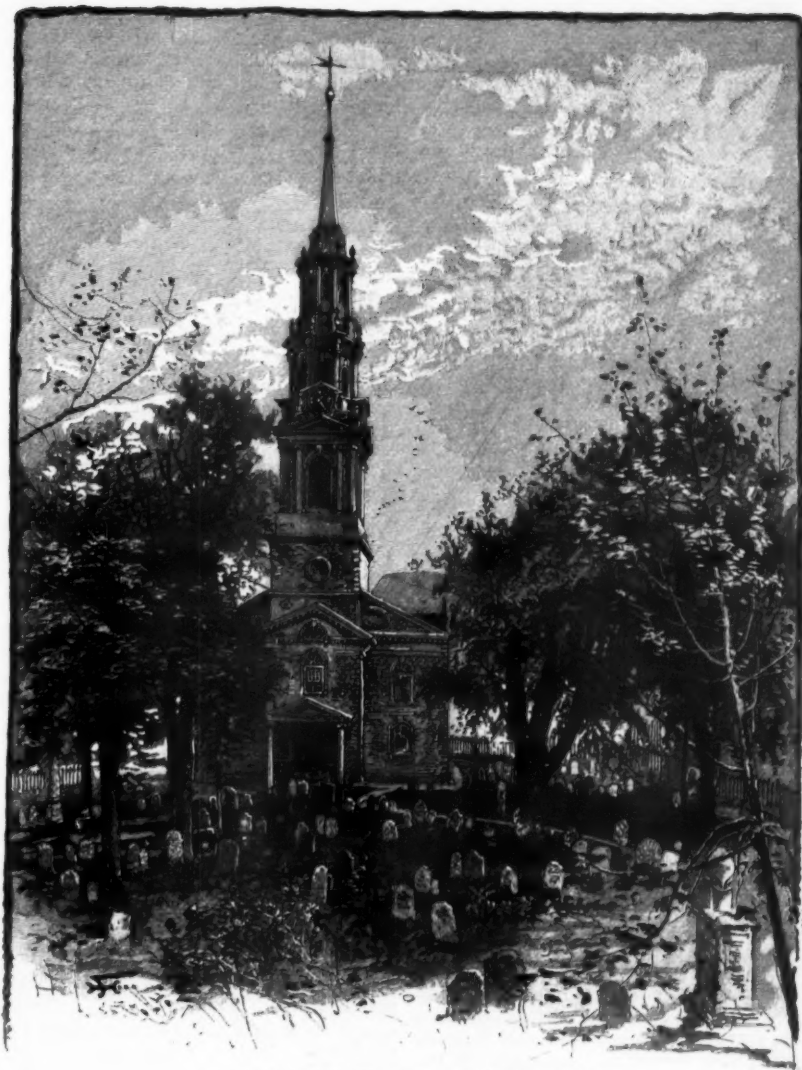
On	A picture of Stuart's Washington.	This
Sacred		Volume,

On the 30th day of April, A. M. 5789,  
In the City of New York,  
was administered to

GEORGE WASHINGTON,  
The first President of the United States of America,  
The Oath!

To support the Constitution of the United States.





ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, FROM CHURCH STREET.

Her power over the heart was never greater, and the illustration of her doctrine by her own example was never more perfect.

After delivering his address, the President, accompanied by the Vice-President, the Speaker, the two houses of Congress, and all who attended the inauguration ceremony, proceeded on foot to St. Paul's Church. The same order was preserved as in the procession from the President's house to Federal Hall. The military "made a good figure" as they lined the street near the church. The services in the church

were conducted by the Chaplain of the Senate, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost, Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New York.

Said Fisher Ames, in the letter already quoted :

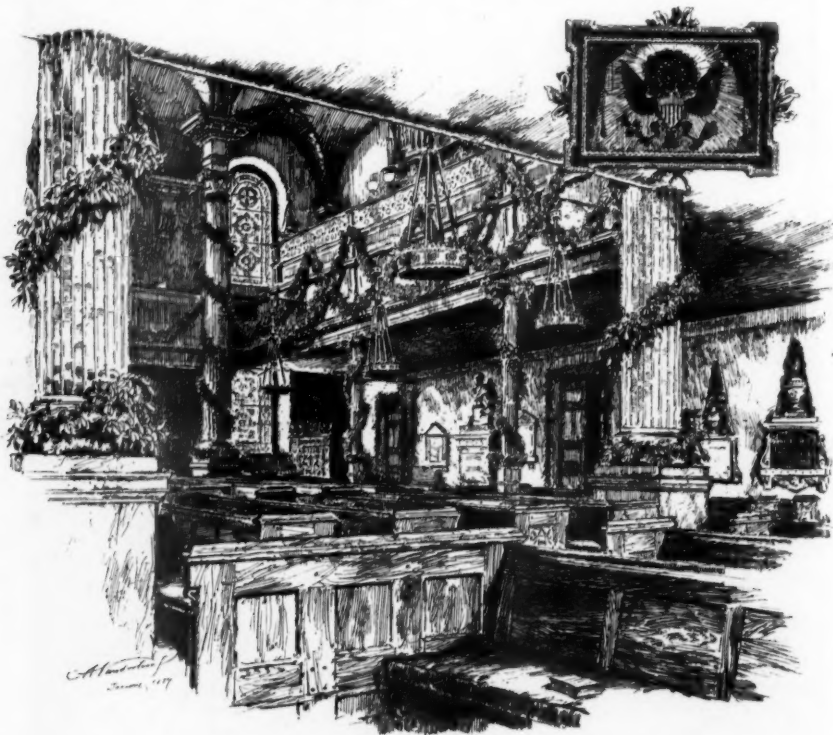
I was present in the pew with the President, and must assure you, that after making all deductions for the delusion of one's fancy in regard to characters, I still think of him with more veneration than for any other person. Time has made havoc upon his face. That, and many other circumstances not to be reasoned about, conspired to keep up the awe I brought with me.

After prayers had been read and the "Te Deum" sung, Washington entered the state coach and was escorted home.

That evening there was a gorgeous display of fireworks, provided through private subscriptions. There were illuminations of private residences and transparencies in front of the theater

tains of fire, crackers, serpents, paper-shells, cascades, Italian candles, and fire-letters in memory of the day. But listen to Colonel John May, whose letter to his wife describes the illuminations of the evening:

The Spanish ambassador's house was illuminated so as to represent Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, Sun,



WASHINGTON'S PEW IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AS IT IS TO-DAY.

on John street, and at Fly Market, at the foot of Maiden Lane. The ship *Carolina* in the harbor, which at sunset had discharged thirteen cannon, formed a beautiful pyramid of stars. But the largest crowds were gathered in the lower part of Broadway, where were the residences of Senator Izard, Chancellor Livingston, and the French and Spanish ambassadors. From Livingston's house the fireworks were watched by Washington, who had driven there with Colonel Humphreys and Secretary Lear. Colonel Sebastian Bauman, who as commander of the State Regiment of Artillery had been busy through the day, superintended the fireworks from Fort George, opposite Bowling Green. With a flight of thirteen rockets and the discharge of thirteen cannon the fireworks began and ended. In the two-hours' interval was a display of fire-trees, tourbillions, Chinese foun-

tain, Moon, Stars, and Spanish Arms, etc. The French ambassador also illuminated handsomely. Federal Hall also presented a fine appearance. The likeness of our hero, illuminated, was presented in the window of a house at a little distance—the best likeness I have yet seen of him; so much like him that one could hardly distinguish it from life excepting for the situation, over a beer-house, a place he never frequents. The best thing of all was a picture of the United States, the President at full length the central figure; on his right, Justice; over his head, Fortitude; on his left, Wisdom. High over his head were two female figures in gay colors and supporting on their arms the American Eagle. The fireworks were brilliant and greeted with tumultuous applause.

At 10 o'clock Washington returned home on foot, "the throng of people being so great as not to permit a carriage to pass through it."

On the morning after the inauguration the

President received calls from Vice-President Adams, Governor Clinton, John Jay, General Henry Knox, Ebenezer Hazard, Samuel Osgood, Arthur Lee, the French and Spanish ambassadors, "and a great many other persons of distinction." But Tuesday and Friday afternoons, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, were appointed by the President for receiving formal visits. He discouraged complimentary calls on other days, and particularly on Sunday. The ball which it was intended to give on the evening of Inauguration Day was postponed that the wife of the President might attend. But when it was learned that she would not arrive in New York until the last of May, it was decided to give the ball on the evening of Thursday, May 5.<sup>1</sup> It was a brilliant assembly. Besides the President, Vice-President, many members of Congress, the governor and the foreign ministers, there were present Chancellor Livingston, John Jay, General Knox, Chief-Justice Yates of New York State, James Duane (the mayor), Baron Steuben, General Hamilton, Mrs. Langdon, Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Mrs. Livingston of Clermont, Mrs. Chancellor Livingston, Mrs. Gerry, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Beekman, Mrs. Dalton, Mrs. McComb, Mrs. Lynch, the Marchioness de Bréhan,<sup>2</sup> Lady Stirling and her two daughters, Lady Mary Watts and Lady Kitty Duer, Lady Temple, Madame de la Forest, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Hous-

ton, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Provoost, the Misses Livingston, and the Misses Bayard. About three hundred were present. It is related that the President, who had danced repeatedly while Commander-in-Chief, danced in the cotillon and the minuet at this ball. "The company retired about 2 o'clock, after having spent a most agreeable evening. Joy, satisfaction, and vivacity was expressed in every countenance, and every pleasure seemed to be heightened by the presence of a Washington."

Washington's correspondence at the beginning of his presidency shows how strong was his conviction of duty, and how great were the difficulties surrounding him. But modesty, fidelity, and patriotism were virtues too strong to be resisted. The nobility of his character overcame all obstacles. "The cares and labors of the President," said Fisher Ames, "were incessant; his exhortations, example, and authority were employed to excite zeal and activity for the public service; able officers were selected only for their merits, and some of them remarkably distinguished themselves by their successful management of the public business. Government was administered with such integrity, without mystery, and in so prosperous a course that it seemed to be wholly employed in acts of beneficence. Though it has made many thousand malcontents, it has never by its rigor or injustice made one man wretched."

*Clarence Winthrop Bowen.*

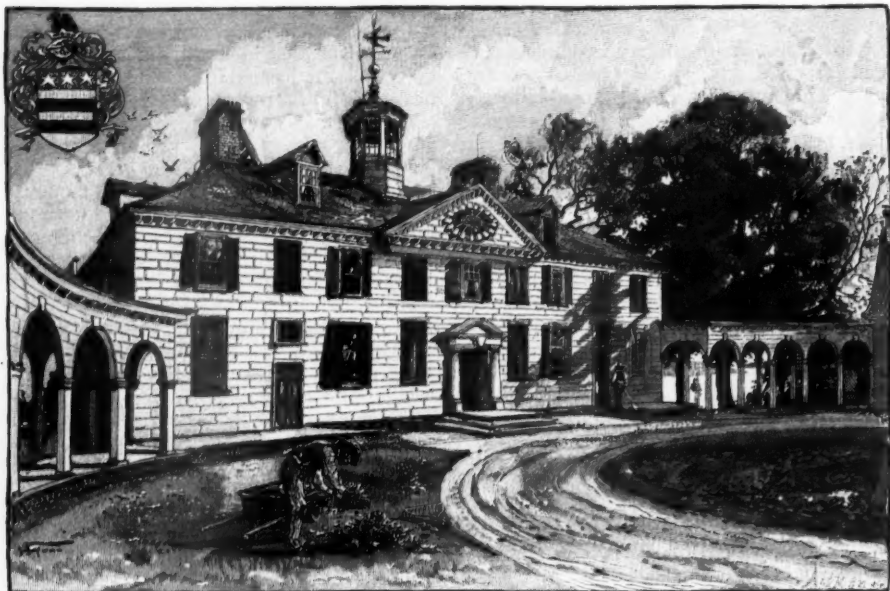
<sup>1</sup> The ball was given in the City Assembly Rooms, which were "in a large wooden building standing upon the site of the Old City Hotel," or at 115 Broadway, where the Boreel building now is.

<sup>2</sup> Sister of Count de Moustier, the French minister, who was now living in the McComb house on Broadway, where the week following (May 14) a ball was given in honor of Washington.

[Previous articles on kindred subjects in this magazine are "New York in the Revolution" (January and February, 1876), by John F. Mines, author of the charming series signed "Felix Oldboy" recently published in the "Evening Post" of New York; "The Stuart Portraits of Washington" (July, 1876), by Miss Jane Stuart; "A Little Centennial Lady" (July, 1876), "My Lord Fairfax of Virginia" (September, 1879), "The Home and the Haunts of Washington" (November, 1887), by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Old New York and its Houses" (October, 1883), by Richard Grant White; "The New York City Hall" (April, 1884), by Edward S. Wilde; and "Mount Vernon As It Is" (November, 1887), by Mrs. Sophie Bledsoe Herrick. A few of the most appropriate pictures from these articles and a portrait of Martha Washington from "St. Nicholas," in addition to much new material, are printed in the following articles.—EDITOR.]



# WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON AFTER THE REVOLUTION.



MOUNT VERNON—SOUTH FRONT.

**T**HERE are two seasons of the year when the hilly shores of the lower Potomac River become an earthly paradise wherein, till summer heats return to coax him from his lair, the serpent of malaria lies torpid and restrained from active demonstration. One of them is the late autumn, after frost has set the woods afire and filled the pale red globes of the tricky persimmon with luscious sweetness. Then the sleepy sun lingers upon the landscape loath to leave, and life is a delight. The other "time of joyance" is in early spring, when the swelling slopes on each side the broad silver river are first re clad in verdure. Who that has ever known it can forget the jubilee of Nature in Virginia's woods in April—the self-assertion of every growing thing in whose green veins the sap is running; the riotous blossoming of trees and shrubs close of kin to Virginia's soil, and nurtured accordingly by the Virginian climate; the singing of innumerable birds?

Viewed from the high ground around Mount Vernon, and from the openings in the wood-road along which, just a century ago, Washington was wont to take his daily gallops,

the scene that met his eyes was as fair as man could ask to look upon. Many acres of the wide, rolling country were his own, and for years had known his care. Hither, while in camp or afield, throughout the turmoil of the war, his fancy had continually turned. All the poetry of his self-contained nature went out to these familiar haunts. None of the more grandiose scenery in Western solitudes, nothing he had seen while in command of the army, had disturbed his dream of Mount Vernon sitting like a queen enthroned on grassy hilltops, her feet laved by the beautiful Potomac.

As is inevitable to the survivor of early associations, there was an element of sadness in these rides of the spring of 1789. Every rock and tree spoke to him of old pleasures of the chase, with old friends, neither to be recalled. Truly there had been seen in the county no such sport as that before the war, the memory of which, while under fierce fire at Princeton, made Washington, at sight of the enemy in full retreat downhill, put spurs to horse and, uttering the view halloo of the Fairfax hunt, leap over a stone wall, crying out exultingly, "A perfect fox-chase!"

Good to look at still when in the saddle was

he whom Lafayette thus described, long after the brave knight was dust: "Our beloved chief, mounted on a splendid charger, rode along the ranks at Monmouth amid the shouts of the soldiers, and I thought I had never seen so superb a man." Jefferson, too, spoke of him in a letter to Dr. Walter Jones as "the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback."

Although somewhat faded was the huntsman's bravery of blue and scarlet worn in the gala-days of yore, the man inside of it sat with the old ease upon his fiery "Blue-skin"—Will Lee, on "Chinkling," closely following. These two rode straight forward, over brake and brier, from sunrise, when the gray fox of Virginia was unkenneled, till—no matter what hour—the fate of her ladyship was settled, and her followers drew rein before one house or the other of their belongings, to seek pot-luck. Custis says that Washington required of a horse "but one good quality, and that was to *go along*. He ridiculed the idea that he could be unhorsed, provided the animal kept on his legs."

The hounds used in these latter days of chase were a pack sent, in 1785, to Mount Vernon by Lafayette. A fierce, big-mouthed, savage breed, absurdly disproportioned to their prey, were the French dogs, built to grapple with the stag in his death-agony or with the maddened boar. Mrs. Washington never

fancied having such monsters near the house, and after one of them, Vulcan by name, was discovered in the act of carrying off a ham, just out of the oven, their reign was short. The general soon after "parted with" his pack!

Other causes there were for the decline of hunting. Time and war had lessened

the number of the riders. The stalwart old lord of Greenway Court, chief leader in the chase, who knew not fatigue in saddle or weariness in sport, had been laid these eight years back under a great stone in Winchester church chancel. It would need more than the music of horn and hounds to break the sleep he slept. Of the other Fairfaxes, Washington's constant comrades, only Bryan was left, and that good gentleman was getting on in life, and was making up his mind to take orders in the Church. I found but recently a pleasant letter to him,



THOMAS, SIXTH LORD FAIRFAX, OF GREENWAY COURT. (FROM AN OLD PAINTING AT WASHINGTON LODGE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.)



GUNSTON HALL, RESIDENCE OF GEORGE MASON.





dated 1786, sent with willow cuttings from Mount Vernon, and discoursing upon the death of a litter of hound puppies, of which one had been promised to Bryan Fairfax.

But the friend most missed of all was the one who in boyhood had slept under the same blanket side by side with him by light of stars or before wigwam fire in the Shenandoah wilderness—George William Fairfax, whose father had been as a father to him, who had married Sally Cary, the lady of Washington's first love, the true "lowland beauty" of his boyish sighs. Fairfax, a loyalist in sympathy, had gone with his wife, before the actual clash of arms, to England, where, taking possession of an estate in Yorkshire coming to him by inheritance, he had resided until his death, in 1787. Washington's deep regret at the severance of their families tinges many of his letters of the time. Belvoir House—the old mansion, built by the sturdy colonel, who, except his uncle's son, the lord of Greenway Court, was the only Fairfax to settle in America in whose veins ran the blood of the hero of Marston Moor, and at whose lips Washington had learned his first lessons of how a soldier may serve his country—had been destroyed by fire in 1783, after the departure of its owners to live in England. Its melancholy ruin faced the master of Mount Vernon whenever he looked from his river portico southward across Dogue Creek, which like a glistening ribbon ran between. In a letter written in the last year of his life to his old love, Sarah Fairfax, then at Bath in England, Washington dwells upon the prin-

cipal circumstances of the twenty-five years of his career since their parting, and ends with these words: "None of these events, nor all of them put together, have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I have enjoyed in your company at Belvoir."<sup>1</sup>

Of Washington's other neighbors, the most important one still living within easy reach of



MRS. HERBERT'S HOME IN ALEXANDRIA. (THE OLD CARLYLE HOUSE IN ALEXANDRIA.)

Mount Vernon was George Mason of Gunston Hall, a patriot of the finest type, the author of that noble paper "The Virginia Bill of Rights," and who in the intervals of distinguished service in the Continental Congress returned to his home on the Potomac. To this old manor-house of the Masons, built, in 1739, of Scotch brick brought to the colony as ballast in empty tobacco-ships, and richly ornamented inside with wood-carvings, the Washington family was accustomed to resort for tea-drinkings and "dining-days," returned in kind before the week was out.

To the lover of old times and houses it may be of interest to know that Gunston Hall still

<sup>1</sup> This letter is published in Sparks's "Writings of George Washington."

Here I may say, in answer to repeated inquiries upon the subject of Belvoir, that the house was never rebuilt. The property descending to my grandfather, Thomas, eldest grandson of William Fairfax, and afterwards ninth lord, was for reasons unexplained to his children forsaken in favor of his other places, Ashgrove and Vauluse. Clements Markham, Esq., the English historian, who is a connection of the family of Fairfax, visited the ruins of Belvoir a year or two ago, and wrote to me of it as follows: "All was a tangle

of brushwood and fallen trees, but such an enchanting view over the river! There were some heaps of bricks and a poor old fig-tree in the clearing, which, I suppose, was once the garden." Among these heaps of bricks was found, about twelve years ago, an antique fire-back of wrought iron, bearing the Fairfax monogram, which was transferred to the house of a member of the family, Colonel Arthur Herbert of Muckross, in Fairfax County. It is to be regretted that such a relic of colonial days as old Belvoir is no longer standing, to tell its own story of the early life of Washington.

stands, although no longer in possession of the Mason family. The ancient tobacco-fields that surround it are now blossoming with the April snow of apple, peach, and pear trees; and some of the Potomac boats stop at Gunston Landing, below Alexandria, to take on to Washington the excellent milk, cream, and poultry for which Fairfax County farmers are renowned. Indeed, this business is a survival of the days when Washington set his neighbors a good example by running a market cart be-

beneath the eye of the master. All the busy life of the negro world was regulated by his personal directions to overseers and bailiff. No item was too insignificant to bring before his notice. The minutest contract for work agreed upon was put into writing. How curious, for example, the agreement with Philip Barter, the gardener, found among Washington's papers, wherein Philip binds himself to keep sober for a year, and to fulfill his duties on the place, if allowed



VIEW OF MOUNT VERNON. (PUBLISHED DECEMBER 18, 1798, BY I. STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY.)

tween Mount Vernon and the town. "These old Alexandrians," says Parson Weems, "filled their coach-houses with gilt carriages and their dining-rooms with gilt glasses, and then sat down to a dinner of salt meat and johnny-cake," because nobody had been found to furnish supplies for the market.

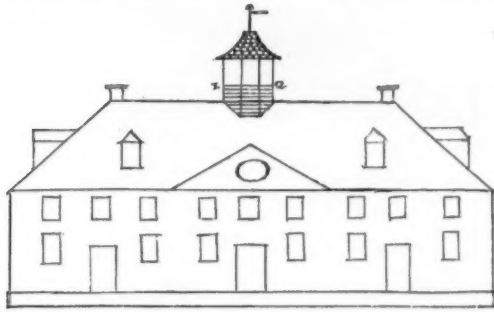
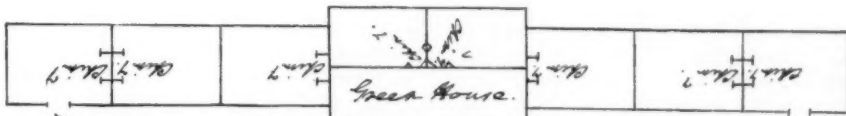
Good reason had M. Brissot de Warville, the traveler and author (the "brisk little Frenchman" who became chief of the Girondists and died by the guillotine in 1793), to cry out in astonishment at the general's success in farming, when he went the rounds of Mount Vernon in the autumn of 1788. The estates were then at the highest pitch of improvement they ever attained, crops of wheat, tobacco, corn, barley, and buckwheat "burdening the ground." What excited the Frenchman's chief surprise was that every barn and cabin, grove and clearing, field and orchard, passed daily

four dollars at Christmas, with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter, to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon. For the true and faithful performance of all these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands, this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini, 1787.

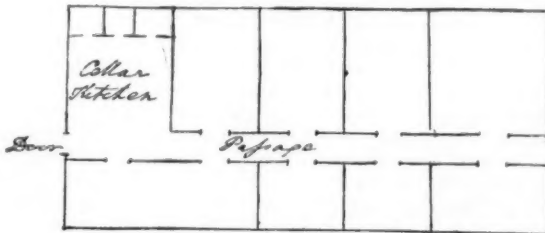
his  
PHILIP BARTER, X  
mark.  
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Witness:  
GEORGE A. WASHINGTON,  
TOBIAS LEAR.

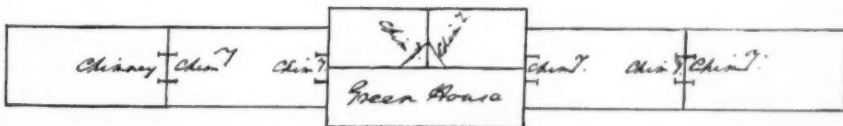
And now, forgetting, as did he, the leader world renowned, we may follow the Virginian squire, riding from mill to smithy, quaffing when thirsty the water of his favorite "gum spring"; stopping to note, here, the growth of a chestnut from the Monongahela, there, one

Plan N<sup>o</sup>. 1.

*Note, if this Plan should be adopted, the Doors where marked need not, as the walls already built be cut down at any be done hereafter*



*Door, which door will be a hole into the Pajapa - the head of door or as the end -*

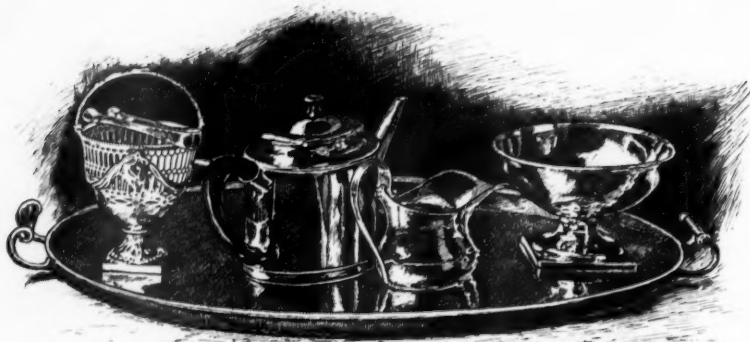
Plan N<sup>o</sup>. 2.

ORIGINAL SUGGESTION BY GEORGE WASHINGTON TO HIS ARCHITECT FOR DESIGN OF MOUNT VERNON.  
(OWNED BY S. L. M. BARLOW, ESQ.)

of "Dickey" Lee's honey-locusts from Chantilly. Here his eye lights on the slant of a cabin roof, soliciting repairs; now it is a furrow running crooked under a careless negro's hand; again, with a boy's agility, he dismounts to put in place a rail fallen from a "snake" fence.

In barn-yard, kennels, stables, there is continual interest. He makes experiments in breeding mules with the jacks sent him by the King of Spain; and Washington's letter of "homage to his Catholic majesty" for this "gift of jack-

asses," sent through the Prime Minister of Spain in 1785, has a diverting ring. So also has the correspondence between Gouverneur Morris and Washington in 1788, when Morris writes from Morrisania to announce that he will forward to Mount Vernon, if acceptable, a couple of Chinese pigs, "and in company with the pigs shall be sent a pair of Chinese geese, which are really the foolishest geese I ever beheld; for they choose all times for setting but in the spring, and one of them is



TEA-SET OF MARTHA WASHINGTON.

now [November] actually engaged in that business." To which Washington responds, "You will be pleased to accept my thanks for the *exotic animals* which you are meditating to send me."

In the summer of 1788 we find Washington endeavoring to capture or buy a healthy family of opossums to export alive to his friend Sir Edward Newenham ("exotic animals" these must have proved to the English climate); George Fairfax proposes to send him English deer; Lafayette had forwarded the boar-hounds already mentioned. Washington's care of his horses is too well known to need mention here. One ceremony of his daily round—for, rain or shine, he made the circuit of his farms, between twelve and fifteen miles—was, in season, never omitted by the chief. It was to lean over the fence around the field wherein a tall old sorrel horse, with white face and legs, was grazing luxuriously in the richest grass and clover Mount Vernon could afford. At the sight of him the old steed would prick up his ears and run neighing to arch his neck beneath his master's hand. This was "Nelson," the war-horse upon whose back, at Yorktown, the Com-

mander-in-Chief of the American armies had received the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The war ended, "Nelson's" work was over. Turned out to graze in summer, in winter carefully groomed and stabled, he lived to a good old age, but by his master's strict command was never again allowed to feel the burden of a saddle.

These stories are familiar enough to dwellers in and about Alexandria, who, as the common saying goes, were "brought up on" General Washington. My own early views of the great man and his family were tinged with familiarity through hearing them discussed across the table as if they still lived within driving distance. Some of the features of Mount Vernon life here revived were depicted by my grandmother and great-aunts, whose mother, Mrs. Herbert of Alexandria, was often asked, after the liberal fashion of the State, to fetch a coach-load of her offspring for a "staying visit" to the Washingtons.

In the happy years when Washington had settled down, as he believed and hoped, "to pass an unclouded evening after the stormy day of life," the house was greatly altered. Restored and extended, Mount Vernon was filled with trophies and souvenirs of its owner's glory.

Even the grand mantelpiece of Italian marble in the chief parlor had been sent by an admirer of the general in London, together with two vases of old blue Indian porcelain. But the habits of his family were unchanged, remaining always on the unostentatious old Virginian lines. After an early breakfast Madam Washington, a stout, kindly dame, wearing in

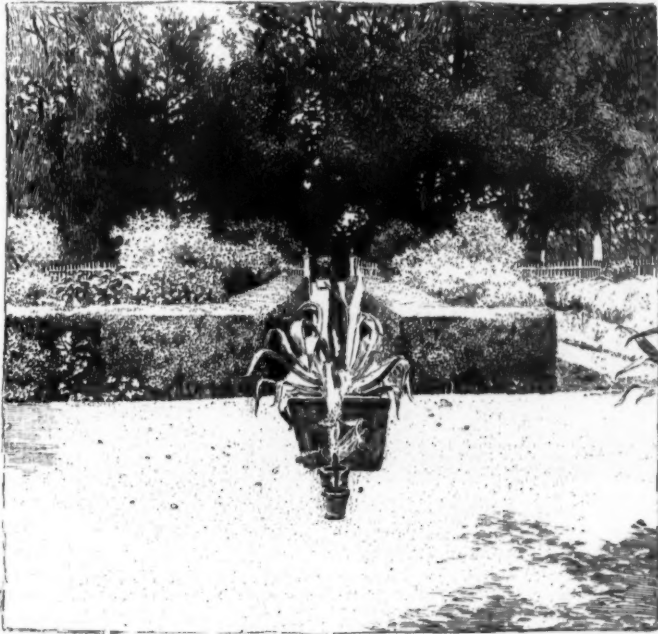


WASHINGTON'S INKSTAND, CANDLESTICK, SNUFFERS, ETC.



winter homespun, in summer a gown of crisp white dimity, went to her store-room. "My dear old grandfather,"<sup>1</sup> writes Miss Mildred Lee, "used to tell me, when I ran in from play with a dirty frock at Arlington, that his grandmamma, Mrs. Washington, wore always one white gown a week, and that when she

Afterwards the house was opened to visits from the "quarter." Disputes were settled, eggs and chickens bought at the valuation of the seller, advice and medicine given to a succession of grown-up children—a family, varying in hue from tawny brown to the black of darkness visible, the care of whose health and welfare,



IN THE GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON.

took it off it was as spotless as the day she put it on."

A mob-cap covering her gray hair, and key-basket in hand, the wife of Washington must have offered a pleasant picture of the days when housekeepers were not ashamed to weigh their own supplies, and butcher's books and lounging grocer's boys were not. In their stead were seen the black cook and her myrmidons, smiling, goggling, courtesying, holding their wooden pails and "piggins" to receive the day's allowance. If there were a "sugar loaf" to crack, a tall glittering monument like an aiguille of the Alps, emerging stainless from its dark-blue wrapper, it was the mistress of the house who brought her strength to bear on it; there were "whips" and "floating-islands" and jellies to compound; and to "tie down" the preserves was no small piece of work.

The rites of the store-room at an end, it was Mrs. Washington's practice to retire to her closet for the exercise of private devotions.

<sup>1</sup> The late G. W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington House.

however onerous, was accepted as naturally by generations of Southern housewives as was the responsibility for their own flesh and blood.

This business of reception went on intermittently during the morning hours; but it is not to be supposed that Madam Washington sat with idle hands the while. Scattered about the room were black women engaged in work that must be overlooked: Flavia cutting out innumerable garments of domestic cotton for "quarter" use, Sylvia at her seam, Myrtilla at her wheel—not to mention the small dark creatures with wool betwigged, perched upon crickets round about the hearth, learning to sew, to mend, to darn, with "ole miss" for a teacher. During the late war Mrs. Washington's boast had been that she had kept as many as sixteen wheels at a time whirling on the plantation. A favorite gown had been woven by her maids, of cotton, striped with silk procured by raveling the general's discarded stockings, and enlivened by a line of crimson from some worn-out chair-covers of satin damask.



G. W. P. CUSTIS WHEN A BOY. (FROM A PAINTING OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

In the intervals Madam was at leisure to chat with her guest about patterns, chickens, small-pox, husbands, and such like. The management of growing children was also a fruitful theme. There were the general's two Washington nephews, who had been put to school to Mr. Hanson in Alexandria. George had but lately run off to Mount Vernon, showing his stripes and vowing he'd be flogged by no schoolmaster. Little Washington, her own poor dear Jackey Custis's son, was as good as good could be; but Nelly—*girls*, you know! (Lovely Eleanor Custis, scarcely less beautiful in old age as Mrs. Laurence Lewis, was living, until just before the war between the States, near Berryville, in Clarke County, Virginia.) Mrs. Washington was greatly exercised because Miss Nelly preferred running in the shrubbery and mounting half-broken colts to practicing five hours a day upon the harpsichord. The anxious lady would ask Mrs. Herbert's advice as to the best method of inducing music where restless nature proved reluctant. Miss Nancy, doubtless, was more amenable; though, to be sure, Nelly was but a child yet, and was less wont to pout and cry than when first set to the spinet. And oh! *had* Nancy learned to make a shirt?

When these ladies did not drive out in the

afternoon, their custom was to take a discreet walk in the shrubbery. At the right time of the year they would gather rose leaves to fill the muslin bags that lay in every drawer, on every shelf; or sprays of honesty (they called it "silver shilling") to deck the vases on the parlor mantelpiece. After reading a bit out of the "Tatler," the "Sentimental Magazine," or the "Letters of Lady Montagu," they would take their forty winks—the beauty-sleep of a woman Southern born.

Everybody looked forward to the evening, when the general sat with them. This was the children's hour, when, by the uncertain twinkle of home-made candles, lighting but dimly the great saloon, while their elders turned trumps around the card-tables, the young people were called upon to show their steps, to strum their pieces, to sing their quavering little songs. The curled darling of the house was "Master Washington." Lafayette, during his last visit to America, told Mr. G. W. P. Custis he had seen him first on the portico at Mount

Vernon in 1784—"a very little gentleman, with a feather in his hat, holding fast to one finger of the good general's remarkable hand, which (so large that hand!) was all, my dear sir, you could well do at the time!"

All old Alexandrians remember kindly the master of Arlington House, simple and trustful, as chivalrous and as hospitable as a Spaniard of high degree, entertaining his guests with presents of the relics they admired. His reverence for his adoptive father amounted to a cult. He was fond of poetry and of painting, at times embellishing with heroic scenes so many yards of canvas that, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family piece, there was hardly room for it indoors. Mr. Custis was possessed of the true Southern gift of easy eloquence, and his orations on the birthday of Washington were events in Alexandria. His granddaughter tells me that she remembers his gentleness to all within his household and his devotion to cats, having frequently seen the old gentleman "sit on the edge of his chair to allow Pussy undisputed possession." Most of the Washington souvenirs used for the illustration of this paper were carried away by the Lee family in their hasty departure from Arlington at the outbreak of our war; what else they had—furniture, books, silver, china, prints, trunks of letters, Mrs.

Washington's wardrobe, etc.—became the spoils of war. Beautiful Arlington, as everybody knows, is now a vast graveyard for soldiers of the Union. The home and property of Washington's adopted son have passed—forever, and bitterly regretted—from his heirs.

In Grandmamma Washington's eyes this youngster was a paragon. The girls were glad when he was under notice, since it deferred their own dread hour of exhibition. Our great-aunt said she had never recovered from her alarm at being perched by Mrs. Washington upon a cross-stitch tabouret and bid to sing "Ye Dalian God" to the general, who gravely nodded time. Ah, me! the lapse of years! Hard it was to identify the "Miss Nancy" who romped and ran over corridors and lawns with Nelly Custis in the stern-visaged, hawk-eyed old lady—Miss Nancy still—who lived in the ancient brick house in King street, Alexandria, where her young relatives must needs leave their posies outside the street-door because their great-aunt could not abide the scent of any flower. Miss Herbert was a picturesque figure in the ante-bellum days of Alexandrian society; a social autocrat, kindly, despite her severity of mien. She had removed to live at Vaucluse, a few miles out of town, and shortly after the beginning of the war in 1861 was, with her sister and their servants, notified that the place would be used as a site for Union fortifications. When the time came to vacate the house, the old lady sat dumb and stricken in her chair, heedless of all entreaties to arouse herself to action. In this chair she was finally carried between two soldiers, and not ungraciously placed in the vehicle waiting at the door to conduct the sisters to a place of safety with friends in Alexandria. She died in Alexandria at an advanced age not long after this event.



SUGAR-BOWL BELONGING TO A DINNER-SET PRESENTED TO MARTHA WASHINGTON BY LAFAYETTE.



G. W. F. CUSTIS. (PAINTING OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

The chapter of Nelly Custis's relations with her adoptive father is a perfectly rounded whole, of which Washington's biographers have made less than it deserves. No one born among her Virginian relatives and the descendants of her contemporaries in Fairfax County could fail to be impressed with the softening and inspiring influence of her lovely life. Her niece, Mrs. Lee of Arlington, spoke of her as beautiful in face and form, tender and loving in disposition, and of a quick and active wit. However careworn or apparently unapproachable Washington might be, Nelly could always win a smile from him. Standing on tiptoe to hold the button of his coat, she would pour out her girlish confidences about balls and beaux, gowns and ribbons. His letter to her on the occasion of her first ball at Georgetown is Chesterfieldian in its stilted courtesy, yet practical enough in the matter of how "Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster," having caught her "hare," shall serve him. "When the fire is beginning to kindle," says he, "and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character—a man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? Is he a gambler, a spendthrift, a drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live," etc. All of these questions would seem to have



MRS. LAURENCE LEWIS (NELLY CUSTIS). (FROM A PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

been satisfactorily solved by the young beauty when she gave her hand to Laurence Lewis, son of Washington's sister Elizabeth. At their wedding, on February 22, 1798, Nelly pleaded with the general to grace the day by wearing his "grand embroidered uniform." To this request the chief, though smiling, shook his head, compromising with his tyrant by bestowing on her the splendid military plume given him by General Pinckney, as well as the harpsichord still standing now at Mount Vernon. When the hour came the tall majestic figure emerged from his bedroom clad in the old, worn Continental blue and buff, and Nelly, clinging to his neck, told him she loved him better so. Thus equipped he stood behind

the bride, and at the appointed moment gave the pretty, blushing creature, with her wild-rose cheeks and dark and liquid eyes, into the keeping of his trusted nephew Laurence.

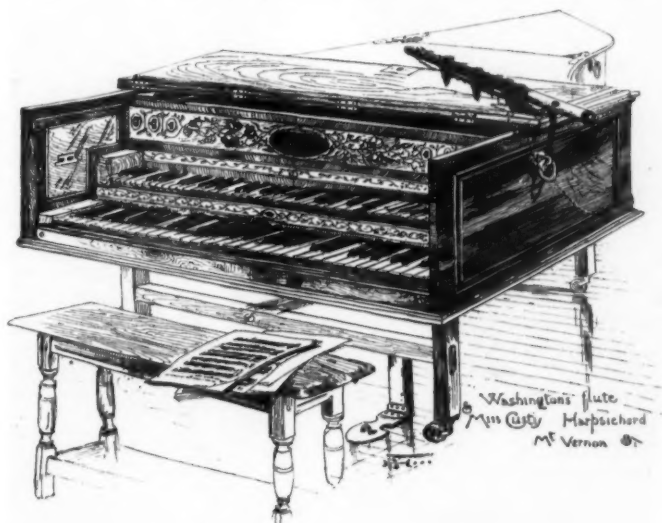
To assure his nephew of his devise to him by will of two thousand acres of land, on which he might at once (in September, 1799) begin to build, thus providing for the young couple a home near Mount Vernon, was one of the last acts of business in Washington's life. At his death, in the following December, his favorite Nelly, with her newborn babe beside her, lay in her chamber at Mount Vernon. There is no record as to whether the general had the pleasure of taking the child in his arms before he



lay down to his eternal sleep.<sup>1</sup> Such aspects of the character of Washington—the remembrance of his “dearest Patsey’s” miniature, worn through life around his neck; of the love, passing a brother’s, that he bore for Greene, for Knox, for Lafayette, for Nelson, for Robert Morris, for George Fairfax—incline one to think twice before accepting the modern creed that his was a heart of ice.

I do not purpose to enter into details about what we in the South call “family company” at Mount Vernon. As well attempt to impose

A life-long visitor at Mount Vernon had been that favorite divine and witty comrade, the Rev. Lee Massey of Pohick Church. He had succeeded Parson Green, first rector of Truro Parish, one of those card-playing, horse-racing representatives of the colonial Church over whom Bishops Meade and Johns, from the stronghold of their own pure religion and undefiled, used to lament in later days. Mr. Green had, nevertheless, his corner at the firesides of Mount Vernon, Belvoir, and Gunston, and, could Thackeray have captured him, would



upon an unoffending public a table of Virginian genealogy. Friends may come and go, but cousins go on forever in our State. Kinsmen there were who rode up to the gate, hallooed for grooms, and stabled their steeds with unshaken confidence in their own acceptability. Second cousins once-removed unpacked their hand-boxes in the spare chambers. Pretty Dandridges and Custises and Washingtons put on their patches before the high-swung mirrors. Occasionally was seen there Mrs. Fielding Lewis, Washington's "Sister Betty," a lady so like her illustrious brother that it was a family jest to throw around her a military cloak, put a cocked hat on her head, and file by, saluting her as "general." Her son Laurence it was who married Nelly Custis; and her great-grandson Colonel Edward Parke Custis Lewis is the present minister of the United States to Portugal.

<sup>1</sup> The mother of Mrs. Laurence Lewis and of G. W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington, who was the girl bride of John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's son, married Dr. Stuart of Virginia soon after her first

husband's death. She had two older daughters, married respectively to Mr. Law, a brother of Lord Ellenborough, and to Mr. Peter. All of these ladies, with their husbands, were frequently at Mount Vernon.



MARTHA WASHINGTON. (FROM AN ENGRAVING IN SPARKS'S "LIFE OF WASHINGTON," AFTER A PAINTING BY WOOLASTON.)

plant said to flourish best on the grave of a good Virginian—in other words, mint-julep. A sad lapse from clerical dignity caused the retirement into private life of poor Mr. Kemp, who proved a better pedagogue than preacher, successfully thereafter birching Latin and Greek into a couple of generations of F. F. V.'s. Ere this event, however, the Washingtons had betaken themselves to be parishioners of Christ Church in Alexandria, and were sitting under the hour-glass pulpit in which the Rev. Bryan Fairfax preached the sermons, now in their tawny old age more revered than read by his descendants. Mr. Fairfax was esteemed by the county ladies to have a very pretty taste in literature. He had made several translations in verse from the French tongue, and had written an Oriental love-tale in a series of letters to Usbek from his friend Nessir in Ispahan. This romance, handed about in manuscript among the elect, the good gentleman would, if urged, read aloud to the circle at Mount Ver-

non—his daughter, Miss Sally, snuffing the candles and leading in the claque. Parson Fairfax, when in 1798 he went to England to make good his claim to be the eighth Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, is thus described by one of his cousins at Leeds Castle: "He was a portly, handsome man, wearing a full suit of purple, the custom of the clergy of Virginia." The Rev. Bryan, Lord Fairfax, and his son Thomas were the last visitors to Mount Vernon who are mentioned in the general's diary but a few days before his short and fatal illness; they returned to lead the procession of mourners to the tomb.

But of all the clericos, particularly welcome to the young people were the meteoric appearances at Mount Vernon of the Rev. Mason Weems, whose arrival was sure to set house and plantation in a grin—poor, dear Parson Weems, whose claim upon the title-page of his quaint "Life of Washington, with curious anecdotes, equally honorable to himself and exemplary to his young countrymen," to style

himself "rector of Mount Vernon Parish" is gently but firmly demolished by Bishop Meade. First seen in the neighborhood of Alexandria as a book-peddler for a Philadelphia firm, driving his own chaise and fiddling at every stopping, by nothing was he so much pleased as when he could set roadside groups to capering. Once, hidden behind the calico curtain of a puppet show, the parson supplied the music for Punch and Judy. Weems was the ideal of a strolling preacher, having been actually ordained to be a clergyman.<sup>1</sup> The joy of Cuff and Cupid, some of his exhortations were alarmingly apt to plunge white hearers into mirth unquenchable. The black people fairly reveled in seeing him wag his pow, in pulpit or out of it. Although not always to be trusted as an historian of their proceedings, he was on terms of good-fellowship with the clergy and the gentry of the State. In addition to the "Washington," which contains the original story of the cherry-tree and the hatchet,—as well as that long religious conversation between little George and the gentleman frequently apostrophized with "High, pa!" on the subject of his name sown in cress upon the garden bed,—the "fiddling parson" published a "Life of Marion," also "The Drunkard's Mirror." He was a great interpreter of dreams, and could tell fortunes by coffee-grounds and cards. At the time of the French Revolution he parted with his pig-tail, and imported the tune of "Ça ira," to play upon his fiddle before the cross-roads audiences. Despite his eccentricity, Mr. Weems was recognized to be a good and self-denying man. Madam Washington, who in an adapted epitaph is by him extolled to the skies as his benefactress, was unfailingly kind to the queer gentleman—always contriving to give him a double spoonful of egg sauce when it fell to her to carve the chickens.

A sharp contrast to the country folk were the foreign visitors who from time to time brought letters of introduction to Mount Vernon. These courtiers, exhaling perfume, taking snuff with womanish finger-tips, putting their heels together for a bow, smirking, eulogizing, amused the Virginians mightily. After the Revolution there were frequent arrivals of statesmen and diplomatists from home and from abroad, though a journey to Virginia from New York in those days was as much of an enterprise as jumping aboard a Cunarder to make a three-days' visit at an English country house would now be. There came even "a celebrated authoress and champion of liberty," Mistress Catharine Macaulay Graham, who "crossed the Atlantic on purpose to testify in her own person her ad-

miration of the character and deeds of Washington." We cannot but suppose the day of her advent at Mount Vernon to have been one of those occasions when, leaving Mr. Lear and the ladies to serve as chorus to his praiseful guest, Washington went early to his bed.

Most callers, of course, were from Alexandria, once Belhaven, now a prosperous commer-



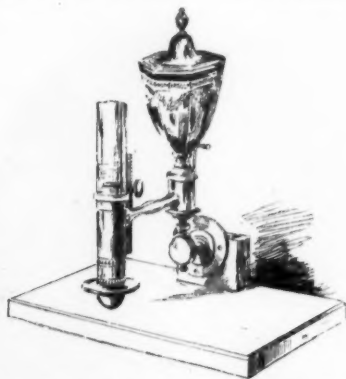
BRYAN, EIGHTH LORD FAIRFAX.

cial center—its citizens, to quote Washington, "Federal to a man." The town was well sprinkled with the general's old officers, who took delight in fighting the battles of the Revolution over again and again while puffing their pipes of the choice Virginian leaf, on chairs atilt in the Mount Vernon portico. The rising lawyer of the place was Colonel Charles Simms, who, having fought with credit as an officer of the 6th Regiment of the Virginia line, and marrying, while in camp at Valley Forge, the daughter of a Tory sire, Major Douglas of Trenton, had chosen Alexandria as his home. Rapidly becoming one of the leading jurists of the State, Colonel Simms already held several positions of honor; he was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and a pall-bearer at the funeral of Washington.

Colonel William Payne, also late of the Continental army, "a cub in size, but a lion at heart," as he is styled by Weems, was the same little gentleman who years before, in an election contest over a seat in the House of Burgesses,—in which Washington supported George William Fairfax, Payne another,—had knocked down Colonel Washington in the market-place of Alexandria. The latter was in the wrong, and next day apologized to his doughty assailant.

<sup>1</sup> See the chapter in the life of Mason L. Weems told in "The Critical Period of American History," by John Fiske, p. 83.

Of a pleasant scene, long after this event, we have the naïve recital, quoted by Weems as coming from Payne. It was immediately after the war, when the conquering hero had returned to live at Mount Vernon, that his old adversary resolved to pay him his respects. "As I drew near the house I began to experience a rising fear lest he should call to mind the blow



WASHINGTON'S LAMP, NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

I had given him in former days. However, animating myself, I pushed on. Washington met me at the door with a smiling welcome, and presently led me into an adjoining room where Mrs. Washington sat. 'Here, my dear,' said he, presenting me to his lady—'here is the little man you have so often heard me talk of—and who, in a difference between us one day, had the resolution to knock me down, big as I am. I know you will honor him as he deserves, for I assure you he has the heart of a true Virginian'; and Mrs. Washington looked at him, I thought, with a something in her eyes which showed that he appeared to her greater and lovelier than ever."

Payne continued to be Washington's warm friend through life, was often at Mount Vernon,—where it is recorded that he played chess with the ladies,—and at the funeral of Washington was selected to be a pall-bearer.

Still another ex-soldier living in Alexandria was Major Henry Piercy, late aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, and at his side in every battle but the final assault at Yorktown, having been, the day before, carried wounded from the field. The gallant Piercy, having allied himself with Mary Burroughs, the charming grandniece of Lord Sherlock, made with his wife an important addition to the society of the town. He too had the right to wear the golden eagle on his heart.

Other friends were the Dulany of Shuter's Hill, the Johnstons of West Grove, good Dr. Craik and his daughters, the Hunters, Dades,

Ramsays, Fitzhughs, Wests, Stuarts, Dr. Dick's family, and a score besides.

The society of Alexandria, always conservative, had not in 1788–89 parted with its aristocratic flavor. The Fairfaxes, though withdrawn perforce into their Tory shell, had stamped strongly upon the place they helped to found certain outward fashions of the Georgian court. The Washingtons, Masons, Carlyles, and other patriotic families had not seen fit to dismiss their Old World habits, and still clung to the hair-powder and silk stockings, outriders and fine equipages, imported a trifle after date from England. Long years after the new century was well advanced, such waifs and strays of past grandeur continued to be seen in Alexandria. These eyes have beheld there, just before our war, stopping the way in front of the principal haberdashery of King street, Cinderella's chariot, pumpkin-colored, high-swung, an ancient negro in rusty livery seated upon the box, and all plentifully splashed with Fairfax County mud—to recall it now is like touching the key of a leathery old spinet!

During these years of quiet many minor schemes engaged Washington's attention. Through Lafayette he promised her Imperial Majesty to secure a vocabulary of certain Indian tribes on the frontier, but besought the great lady to have patience with the time consumed in getting it. On February 8, 1787, he inclosed to R. H. Lee the plan of the Countess of Huntingdon to evangelize the Indians of the Western territory, a voluminous manuscript, sent through Sir James Jay, which Washington apologizes for *not copying*, on the ground that he is much pressed in correspondence. It is to be feared the good countess got little comfort from her Indians, whatever she may have derived from the courtesy of Lee and Washington.

Although his reading was chiefly military or agricultural, Washington dipped now and then into belles-lettres. The same faithful Dickey Lee to whom once, in childish round-hand, he had written, "I am going to get a whip-top, and you may see it and whip it too," has left a letter wherein Washington acknowledges a certain "packet," regretting that his "want of knowledge of the language" prevents him from forming an opinion of his own about the "dramatic performances" of "Monsieur Serviteur le Barbier."

The general's charities were of the least conspicuous yet most judicious character. Careful in minute expenditure, he was never known to turn a deaf ear to the county poor—and their number was not small—who begged of him audience. For their use he kept a granary on the estate filled with corn, and a boat with seine moored in one of his best her-



ring-fisheries. Governor Johnson cites an example of his secret bounty to a number of miserably poor mountaineers in the neighborhood of one of the "Virginia Springs," to whom the baker of the place was ordered to supply a daily dole of bread without revealing the giver's name, which was found out, quite by chance, to be that of Washington. His foundation of the school for boys in Alexandria, mentioned in his will, was a boon heartily appreciated then, and even now, by his townspeople.

No sketch of Washington's home life should omit mention of his servants. Chief among these, dean of the corps in point of dignity and right of precedence, was Bishop, the English soldier who had been Braddock's body-servant at the fatal Monongahela, and was by him dying commended to the care of Washington. Bishop literally grew gray in the service of Mount Vernon, marrying there, and living in a house on the estate till his death, at the age of eighty-odd years. As he got on in life, the ex-militaire became something whimsical: more than once Washington fell upon the too transparent device of bidding him seek elsewhere for a master if not satisfied with him. But the old fox held his own; and to his retreat choice bits continued to be sent from the house-table, while all visitors made a point of paying their respects to him. Bishop will be remembered as the go-between of Cupid in the humble capacity of holding Washington's horse while the smitten colonel tarried at Mr. Chamberlayne's house in conversation with the widow Custis. He was also present at the colonel's marriage by the Rev. Dr. Mossom, January 6, 1759, in old St. Peter's Church, New Kent; and at the festivities after that event, at the White House, on the Pamunkey River, in the counties of King William and New Kent. He was esteemed too old to follow his master in the Revolution, and by that time, indeed, had settled into life quarters at Mount Vernon.

Billy, or Will, Lee, the mulatto ex-huntsman of the Fairfax County chase, pompous and alert, stood behind his master's chair at meals. Off duty, it was his pride, especially with military visitors, to assume an easy air of intimacy with the executive proceedings of the Revolutionary War. He had transient glory at Monmouth as commander of a mounted corps of officers' valets, and in the heat of the battle had brought a laugh to the lips of Washington. Billy, exploiting his volunteers and taking observations of the enemy through his master's telescope until suddenly put to flight by an uncivil British shot, was irresistible. He survived Washington many years, was freed and provided for by his master's will, but lived on

at Mount Vernon, making shoes but enriched by the fees of visitors, until his death from the effects of too much to eat and to drink.

Daddy Jack, the fisherman, was a characteristic feature of a Virginian plantation. He was an aged negro, as gray of tint and as dry in texture as the lichen on a dead tree. His claim to be "mos' a hund'ed, chile," was accepted without question. Jack told many weird stories of his début in life as the son of an African king, with chapters of fire and bloodshed, in which his father's fall before the sword and his own capture and forced voyage to America were touched with lurid tints. Time out of mind the old fellow had done nothing but sit in his canoe moored in the bright water of the Potomac, off the Mount Vernon landing, with his nose upon his knees, fishing or dozing, according to his fancy. When the cooks were ready to prepare the fish course at a meal, they were wont to go down to the bank and call out until answered, "Daddy Ja-ack! Oh! Daddy Jack!" Sometimes the old fellow would turn upon his persecutors with the cry, "Wot you all mek such a debbil of a noise for, hey? I warn't 'sleep; only noddin'!"

A concomitant of African Jack was dusky Davis the hunter, whose business it was to supply the table of the chief with game. Birds, squirrels, wild turkeys, "molly cotton-tails," the wily 'possum, *bonne bouche* of negro banquets, fell abundantly before Tom's destroying musket, a relic of the war. As for canvas-back ducks, so many of them yielded up the ghost in their feeding-grounds along the river that the larders of Mount Vernon were overstocked. Of the household only the general remained constant to this dainty, which he cooked in a chafing-dish and ate with hominy and a glass of good Madeira. Old Tom Davis, weather-beaten and hearty, carrying his gun and pouch, his body wrapped with strings of game, his dogs at heel, was long a familiar spectacle of the woods on the estate.

"Black Cary," a negro, freed by the terms of Washington's will, lived to the reputed age of a hundred and fourteen years in the city of Washington. This old fellow's stock in trade was, naturally, his past connection with the family at Mount Vernon. He levied tribute on the strength of it, exacting from his own race the deference paid to a king in exile. So long as he was able to limp about, his habit was to put on ancient military finery, and wearing a huge cockaded *chapeau-bras*, ally himself with every procession led by a brass band. His funeral was famous in the chronicles of African aristocracy in those parts, where "colored" funerals are pageants. Others of the scattered freedmen of Washington's personal estate have been reported to be in activity, inside or out

of dime museums, ever since the century set in. The chief's admirable care for his servants is fully shown by his will and other writings. No master could have been more provident for their future, more considerate of their daily wants.<sup>1</sup>

To stop and parley with his faithful henchmen formed one of the pleasures of his daily ride. The sovereign of a system genuinely feudal was the master of one of those great eighteenth-century plantations in Virginia. Happy he who, like Washington, could induce the intolerable curse of slavery to wear the semblance of a blessing.

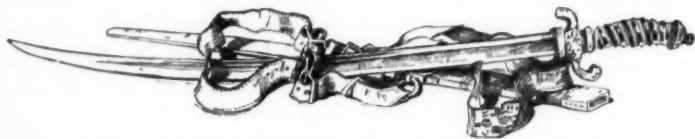
Thus, surrounded by friends who loved them and dependents whose lives they continually brightened, it made little difference to sober people in the afternoon of life, like the general and his wife, that society about their home had lost something of pre-revolutionary sparkle. Already the ebb-tide of Virginia's glory had set in, and the class inspired by Jefferson, whom

the ladies of Mount Vernon scrupled not to call "those filthy Democrats," had begun their work of image-breaking in the stronghold of colonial aristocracy. Such as it was, Washington's State was knit into the fibers of his heart.

So, when a century has lapsed, her sons and daughters look tenderly upon Virginia wrapping around her poverty and sorrow the tattered remnants of a glorious past; and in her behalf a noble voice has spoken to all Americans in these words:

Virginia gave us this imperial man,  
Cast in the massive mould  
Of those high-statured ages old  
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;  
She gave us this unblemished gentleman.  
What shall we give her back but love and praise,  
As in the dear old unestranged days  
Before the inevitable wrong began?  
Mother of States and undiminished men,  
Thou gavest us a country, giving him.

*Constance Cary Harrison.*



WASHINGTON'S SWORD, NOW IN THE LIBRARY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.



WINDOW OF THE KENNEDY HOUSE, NO. 1 BROADWAY,  
FORMERLY WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

## WASHINGTON IN NEW YORK IN 1789.

**I**N the metropolis—which, however, it behooves us to remember, was then but a plain and sober-sided little town, unable to conceal the ravages of repeated fires and lying in chief part below the present City Hall—every house was packed with visitors; the finest gentlemen and most "elegant females" of the land were content to squeeze themselves into mouse-holes for the privilege of the inauguration week in town. "We shall remain here, even if we have to sleep in tents, as so many will have to do," pattered a charming Miss Ingersoll in a letter to her gossip, Miss Sally McKean in Philadelphia, who was

<sup>1</sup> It was once reported in the army that certain captured dispatches from the general were found upon the person of a runaway slave belonging to him. Somebody mustered courage to ask Washington if this was true. "Sir," said the chief, coldly, "I never had a slave run away from me."



PORTRAIT OF MARTHA WASHINGTON. (FROM AN UNFINISHED PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART.)

afterwards the wife of the Spanish marquis and minister, D'Yrujo.

Another enthusiast confides to her absent family, "I have seen him! And I should have known at a glance that it was General Washington. I never saw a being that looked so great and noble as he does. I could fall on my knees before him, and bless him for the good he has done this country."

To eyes accustomed from boyhood, like Washington's, to open daily upon the shining reaches of a river, there was comfort in the beautiful bits of water view from the east windows of the residence provided for him in what is now Franklin Square. Opposite were seen the April-clad shores of Long Island, and, farther away, laughed the bright waters of a peerless bay.

*The President of the United States  
and Mr. Washington request the Pleasure of*

*Company to Dine, on \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_ o'Clock.*

179

*An answer is requested.*

The furniture and fittings of the President's new home were, with the recent additions, an improvement upon those belonging to Mrs. Osgood (she that was widow Franklin), whose first husband, a rich Quaker, had built the house.<sup>1</sup> Handsome but simple, they were afterwards supplemented by pictures, vases, silver, and curtains sent round by packet from Mount Vernon. Six days after the President's installation in his rural dwelling occurred the imposing ceremonies of the inauguration. No heart could have asked for a broader smile than that bestowed by the rising sun of the 30th of April.

A week after the inauguration, on May 7, was held the ball at the City Assembly Rooms on the east side of Broadway, near Wall street. Here pretty pages offered to dames and damsels upon entering—so tradition says—a fan of Paris make, its ivory frame containing a profile likeness of the President, and here Washington was seen to dance two cotillons and a minuet. A week later, on May 14, was given Count de Moustier's fête, to be absent from which would have been to argue one's self a nobody, or at very least a Tory. For this ball the inventive genius of the hostess, the count's sister, Madame la Marquise de Bréhan, was fully taxed. The little French lady, described by General Armstrong as "a singular, whimsical,

hysterical old woman, whose delight is playing with a negro child and caressing a monkey," was no great favorite with the New York dames, who laughed at her and ate her dinners after a fashion that has not gone out of vogue. But her decorations were enchanting. People wandered about gaining peeps of fairyland till the quadrilles were danced, and then began a scene bewildering in its beauty, where the red, red rose of France and the blue-bells, symbolizing the color of Columbia, were blended with scarlet regimentals and uniforms of buff and blue, cerulean gauzes, and floating scarfs of rosy tulle. Eight gentlemen, in French and American uniforms, danced with eight ladies, typifying the countries of Washington and Lafayette. It is rather amusing to read, as a pendant to this opening revelry, that the supper, served from a long table running from end to end of the room, and displayed upon shelves



RICHMOND HILL, FIRST RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN ADAMS.

covering the inner wall, consisted of "cakes, oranges, apples, wine of all sorts, ice-creams, etc., and highly lighted up." And also, that the

<sup>1</sup> The house referred to had been the residence of Walter Franklin. [See cut, page 818, and note, page 821.] The gardens occupied the space now called Franklin Square. The Franklins were a well-known family in the early history of New York: one of them was married to De Witt Clinton, another to George Clinton; they were Quakers, and the progenitors of Rear-Admiral Samuel Rhoads Franklin and his brother, General W. B. Franklin.

We are indebted to Admiral Franklin for the following letter, written on the day of General Washington's inauguration:

NEW YORK, 30th of the Fourth Month, 1789.

Great rejoicing in New York on the arrival of General Washington; an elegant barge decorated with an awning of satin, 12 oarsmen dressed in white frocks and blue ribbons went down to E. Town [Elizabethtown] last fourth day [Wednesday] to bring him up. A stage was erected at the Coffee house wharf, with a carpet for him to step on, where a company of Light horse, one of artillery, and most of the inhabitants were waiting to receive

him; they paraded through Queen street in great form, while the music of the drums and the ringing of the bells were enough to stun one with the noise. Previous to his coming, Uncle Walter's house in Cherry street was taken for him, and every room furnished in the most elegant manner. Aunt Osgood and Lady Kitty Duer had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the General's arrival to take a look at it. The best of furniture in every room, and the greatest quantity of plate and china I ever saw; the whole of the first and second stories is papered and the floors covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton carpets. The house did honour to my aunts and Lady Kitty, they spared no pains nor expense on it. Thou must know that Uncle Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it, accordingly they pitched on their wives as being likely to do it better. I have not yet done, my dear. Is thee not almost tired? The evening after His Excellency arrived, there was a general illumination took place, except among friends (Quakers) and those styled Anti-Federalists. The latter's windows suffered some, thou may imagine. As soon as the General has sworn in, a grand exhibition of fireworks is to be displayed, which, it is expected, is to be to-morrow. There is scarcely anything talked about now but General Washington and the Palace. . . .

Write soon to thy affectionate cousin,

SARAH ROBINSON.

KITTY F. WISTAR.



"height of the jollity" was "at 10 o'clock!"<sup>1</sup>

In the absence of Mrs. Washington the arbiter of the President's domestic arrangements was the invaluable Samuel Fraunces, who forsook other dignities to assume that of steward of the household. On May 7, 1789, the "New York Packet" contained an official announcement from this personage, warning all shopkeepers that to "servants and others employed to secure provisions for the household of the President of the United States monies will be furnished for the purpose," and that no accounts were to be opened with any of them. That the first President could not claim entire immunity from the minor ills of life we find in his advertisement for a cook and a coachman, which held the columns of the "New York Packet" during at least three weeks:

A Cook is wanted for the Family of the President of the United States. No one need apply who is not perfect in the business, and can bring indubitable testimonials of sobriety, honesty, and attention to the duties of the station.

A Coachman, who can be well recommended for his skill in Driving, attention to Horses, and for his honesty, sobriety, and good disposition, would likewise find employment in the Family of the President of the United States.

"Fraunces," writes Washington to Lear, after removal to Philadelphia, whither the ex-boniface did not accompany him, "besides being an excellent cook, knowing how to provide genteel dinners, and giving aid in dressing them, prepared the dessert and made the cake." But Fraunces, despite these accomplishments, was not so great an economist as the President desired to see him. Goaded by the criticisms of the anti-Federalists upon his taste for splendor, Washington mounted his first establishment in New York upon what seem to us very simple lines. No more servants were kept than were absolutely required by the family. The old abundant living of Mount Vernon,



MRS. JOHN ADAMS AT THE AGE OF 22. (AFTER A PAINTING BY BLYTHE.)

where fish, flesh, and fowl were yielded by Nature at his doors, became a thing of the past. The purchase by Fraunces at the Fly Market of an early shad for the sum of two dollars was the occasion of a stern rebuke from the President, who on ascertaining the price of the dainty ordered the steward to carry it from his table. Custis remembered how, on such occasions, faithful "black Sam,"<sup>2</sup> bound by every tie of regard to the chief,—his daughter Phœbe having during the war, as was believed, saved Washington's life by the exposure of a plot to poison him,—with swelling heart and tearful eyes used to withdraw into an ante-room declaring that at any cost he would continue to keep up the credit of the house by "serving his Excellency's table as it ought to be." Judge Wingate's description of Washington's dinner of ceremony on the day following Mrs. Washington's arrival in New York sets forth a frugal feast, the chief's own share of which was limited to the uninspiring diet of a slice of plain boiled mutton. After this, one

<sup>1</sup> To do our predecessors justice in the matter of providing, I may quote an account, found in an old newspaper, of the programme for a New York ball. The invitation, printed upon the back of a playing-card, as was a common practice, ran: "Mrs. Johnson—At Home—December 12—An Answer—Quadrilles at ten." Soon after the assembling of the guests, black waiters appeared bearing trays with "tea, coffee, hot milk, plum, pound, and queen cake, bread and butter, and toast." Next a fresh relay of "spoons and empty plates go jingling round," and "green sweetmeats with preserved ginger" were consumed. Lemonade and wine were drunk; then came a course of "peaches, apples, pears, with sangaree and wine." At this period gentlemen resorted to the card-tables, and certain ladies

to the piano, to delight the audience with "Ye Shepherds fond" or selections from the Italian operas. Again the waiters, with "pyramids of red and white ice-cream, with punch, and liqueurs, rose, cinnamon, parfait amour." Then was formed the first cotillon, at the close of which "dried fruits, almonds, raisins, nuts, and wine" were passed. After an interval all too short, "bon-bons, mottoes, confitures, sugar-plums" appeared, and—last act of this woful tragedy, which, till now, had been what is innocently called in the Colorado vernacular a "lap-party"—the guests were summoned to "a full supper of sandwiches, tongues, hams, chickens, and pickled oysters."

<sup>2</sup> So called because of his dark complexion.



LADY KITTY DUER. (FROM A PAINTING BY LAWSON, IN POSSESSION OF THE REV. DR. BEVERLEY R. BETTS.)

can better understand the precautionary measures taken by the French minister, Count de Moustier, who had been present at the presidential banquet, when the superfine gourmet was subsequently bidden to accept the hospitalities of the Vice-President at Richmond Hill.

In the center of the table sat Vice-President Adams, in full dress, with bag and solitaire, his hair frizzed out on each side of his head as you see it in Stuart's old picture of him. On his right sat Baron Steuben, our royalist republican disciplinarian general. On his left was Mr. Jefferson, who had just returned from France, conspicuous in his red waistcoat and breeches, the fashion of Versailles. Opposite sat Mrs. Adams with her cheerful, intelligent face. She was placed between the courtly Count de Moustier, the French ambassador, in his red-heeled shoes and ear-rings, and the grave, polite, and formally bowing Mr. Van Berkel, the learned and able envoy of Holland. Here too was Chancellor Livingston, then still in the prime of life, so deaf as to make conversation with him difficult, yet so overflowing with wit, eloquence, and information that while listening to him the difficulty was forgotten. The

<sup>1</sup> From "The Talisman" of 1829, a now rare annual, edited by an imaginary "Francis Herbert," and chiefly written by Gulian C. Verplanck, William C. Bryant, and Robert C. Sands.

rest were members of Congress and of our legislature, some of them no inconsiderable men.

Being able to talk French, a rare accomplishment in America at that time, a place was assigned to me next the count. De Moustier, after taking a little soup, kept an empty plate before him, took now and then a crumb of bread into his mouth, and declined all the luxuries of the table that were pressed upon him, from the roast beef to the lobsters. We were all in perplexity to know how the count could dine, when at length his own body-cook, in a clean white-linen cap, a clean white tablier, and a brilliantly white damask serviette flung over his arm, and a warm pie of truffles and game in his hand, came bustling eagerly through the crowd of waiters and placed it before the count, who, reserving a moderate share, distributed the rest among his neighbors, of whom being one I can attest the truth of the story and the excellence of the pâté.<sup>1</sup>

After a fortnight of May weather had somewhat eased the heaviness of the roads, Mrs. Washington set out from Mount Vernon in her carriage with her Custis grandchildren, Eleanor and Washington, to join the President. The otherwise tedious journey was made pleasant all along the route by expressions of love and loyalty.

The contrast between her husband's early and late experience at Trenton was not more strongly marked than that of Mrs. Washington at Philadelphia. Here, when in the earliest days of the war she had tarried on her way to join her husband at Cambridge, so outspoken was the feeling against Washington in certain quarters that a ball to be given by the grandees of the place was postponed to avoid including her. Now the world was in her sling. Escorted by military and caressed by friendship, she passed through the town. At Elizabethtown Point the President came to meet his family, with the same pleasure-barge and crew used for his own reception. More music, more flowers, more cannon, more salvos of applause. On the morning after Mrs. Washington's installation in the Franklin house, Cherry street was crowded with fine chariots, horses, and liveries, the elect of fashion hastening to bow and courtesy before the modest Virginian, whose heart was in the highlands of her beloved Potomac. For in verity the good lady did not enjoy her eminence and the constraints of grandeur. There is a naïve and somewhat pathetic letter from her to Fanny Washington,

wife of the general's nephew Lund (left at Mount Vernon as manager), in which occur the following passages:

I live a very dull life here, and know nothing that passes in the town. I never go to any public place; indeed, I think I am more like a state prisoner than anything else. There are certain bounds for me which I must not depart from, and as I cannot do as I like I am obstinate, and stay at home a great deal. . . . I send to dear Maria a piece of *chêné* to make her a frock, and a piece of muslin which I hope is long enough for an apron for you. In exchange for it I beg you will give me a worked muslin apron you have, like my gown I made just before I left home, of worked muslin; as I wish to make a petticoat for my gown of the two aprons. . . . I send my dear Fanny a watch of newest fashion, such as Mrs. Adams, the Vice-President's lady, uses. It is of Mr. Lear's choosing, of flat gold, made by Lepine in Paris.

On all public occasions, whether driving with the President in her coach of cream and gold with the six horses and various outriders, or in receiving their friends at home, Mrs. Washington's thorough breeding was successful in concealing her distaste for the new estate; but, for aught we can decipher to the contrary, her "Friday evenings" were a trifle dull.

Mrs. Adams, the second lady in command of official precedence, was a bright, cheery, tactful woman, with a quick sense of the ridiculous and a ready gift of adaptation to her surroundings. Her letters from New York and Philadelphia about her accommodations and acquaintances are exceedingly good reading. She was at this time forty-five years old, not handsome, but of winning personality. Her home in New York was at Richmond Hill, the Jephson country-seat

on Greenwich road, which had been occupied by Washington during the war and was subsequently an abode of Aaron Burr.<sup>1</sup>

Easily the sovereign of matters social in New York since the birth of the Republic had been Mrs. John Jay, formerly Sarah Van Brugh Livingston, wife of the first Chief-Justice appointed



SARAH VAN BRUGH LIVINGSTON, WIFE OF JOHN JAY.  
(FROM A MINIATURE MADE IN PARIS, 1782-3.)

by Washington for the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Jay's important relations

<sup>1</sup> In the "Francis Herbert" reminiscences of this beautiful spot Mr. de Villecour, rambling about New York in 1827, comes upon "a house of public entertainment," at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, which he identifies as the mansion of Richmond Hill, once standing on an eminence a hundred feet in height, overlooking the Hudson River and the Jersey coast. "The old gentleman seemed much disappointed to discover the present view confined to the opposite side of Varick street, and ragged boys playing at marbles on the sidewalk. 'Well,' said he, 'the view is gone, that's clear; but I can't understand how the house has got so much lower than formerly.'"

"I explained to my friend the omnipotence of the corporation," adds Mr. Herbert, "by which every high hill has been brought low, and every valley exalted, and by which, I presumed, this house had been abased to a level with its humbler neighbors, the hill on which it stood having been literally dug away from under it, and the house gently let down, without even disturbing its furniture, by the mechanical genius and dexterity of some of our eastern brethren."

"'This is wrong,' said the old gentleman. 'These New Yorkers seem to take a pleasure in defacing the monuments of the good old times, and in depriving themselves of all venerable and patriotic associations.'"

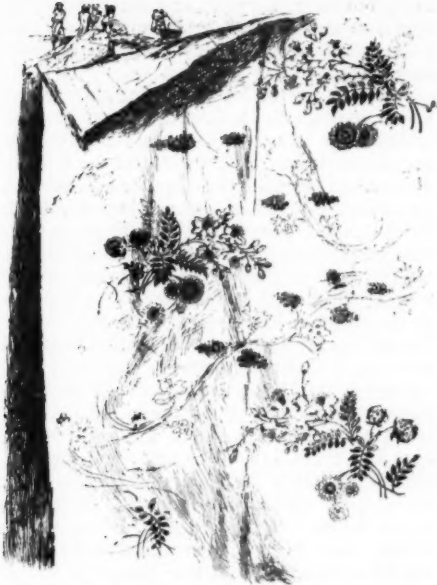


MRS. JAMES BEEKMAN. (FROM AN OLD DRAWING IN POSSESSION OF SAMUEL BORROWE TAKEN FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF JAMES W. BEEKMAN.)

to public affairs, his wife's influential family, their abundant acquaintance with the ways of high society abroad, their wealth and hospitality, made all eyes look to them for leadership. Their town house in lower Broadway, a three-story dwelling substantially built of hewn stone, more than any other of its class should have caught and held the perfume of the old New York régime. In its pleasant rooms again and again assembled all the gay and gallant folk whose names we are here recalling from the shadows of a century that deepen as they fall. For some years before the National Constitution gave to Americans a President, Mr. Jay had been Secretary for Foreign Affairs, an office entailing upon him the continual exercise of hospitality to the diplomats and the members of Congress in New York. Of his wife, at thirty-

three (in 1789), in the full bloom of her remarkable beauty, two pictures remain. One, with the tour and wreath of roses, reproduced on page 855, is from a miniature taken in Paris, and the other is a profile from a portrait by Robert Edge Pine, with the gypsy hat and milkmaid simplicity of dress made fashionable among *grandes dames* by Marie Antoinette. Like that hapless sovereign, too, Mrs. Jay had the wonderful complexion described by Mme. Vigée Lebrun as her "despair" in attempting to portray the queen. ("Brilliant is the only word to express what it was; for the skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow," wrote Mme. Lebrun about her royal sitter's coloring.) Mrs. Jay was said indeed so to resemble Marie Antoinette as to be once mistaken for her by the audience of a theater in Paris, who





FRAGMENT OF BROCADE WORN BY MRS. JAMES BEEKMAN  
AT THE DE MOUSTIER BALL, APRIL, 1789. (OWNED  
BY MISS EFFIE BEEKMAN BOROWE.)

on the entrance of the American beauty arose to do her homage. Through the courtesy of her grandson, the Hon. John Jay, I have examined the list in Mrs. Jay's own handwriting of persons invited to her suppers and dinners in 1787 and 1788, with the dates of the several entertainments, and the groups of guests present upon each occasion. This list may be regarded as a sort of *Almanach de Gotha* of the young Republic. Among Mrs. Jay's friends were Lady Catherine Duer and Lady Mary Watts, daughters of Lord Stirling; Mrs. Clinton, wife of the governor; Mrs. Montgomery; Mrs. Rutherford; Mrs. Cortlandt; Mrs. Kissam; Lady Christiana Griffen; Miss Van Berckel, the pretty daughter of the Dutch minister; Mrs. Ralph Izard; Mrs. Abigail Adams Smith; the Rensselaers; the Livingstons; Mrs. John Langdon; Madame de la Forest; Mrs. Rufus King; Mrs. Elbridge Gerry; Mrs. John Kean, born Susan Livingston, grandmother of the late Mrs. Hamilton Fish; Mrs. Thomson, wife of the

venerable Secretary of Congress; the admirable Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Lady Temple, formerly Miss Bowdoin of Massachusetts.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. James Beekman, *née* Keteltas, the sweet face in whose portrait is enframed in an odd little Puritan cap of gauze, worn sometimes with the evening dress of those times, was a belle of the De Moustier ball. By her great-great-granddaughter in New York is treasured the bit of old brocade here reproduced, a width of Mrs. Beekman's gown on that occasion.

Indispensable to the organization of every community seems to be an "original," upon whom the others may descant. In that capacity flourished portly Mrs. Knox, wife of the general and war secretary. Her sayings and doings were as much a part of tea and dinner table gossip as they would be if she lived to-day and belonged to the "four hundred."

And now for the town itself which was the home of our first President. To glance at the New York of 1789 through the spectacles of a newly arrived and, we suspect, disgruntled traveler, who had probably not yet ceased aching from his journey, I quote the letter of Governor John Page, a Virginia congressman:

This town is not half so large as Philadelphia, nor in any manner to be compared to it for beauty and elegance. Philadelphia, I am well assured, has more inhabitants than Boston and New York together. The streets are badly paved, dirty and narrow, as well as crooked and filled up with a strange variety of wooden, stone, and brick buildings, and full of hogs<sup>2</sup> and mud. The College, St. Paul's Church, and the Hospital are elegant buildings. The Federal Hall in Wall street is also elegant.

Scattered about the city, and at wider intervals in the wooded region of the upper portion of the island, were dwellings of stone, brick, and stucco, with balustraded roofs and massive timbers of English oak, the coat of arms of the owner above his door. Most of these homes, built by wealthy colonists, stood near the water, their gardens sloping to the river's edge. Such was the Walton house, the pride of old New York, until lately standing in Franklin Square, overtopped and jostled, in its dingy age. The Beekman house, till recently seen near Fifth street and First

<sup>1</sup> Of the men upon these lists I note Madison, Burr, Chancellor Livingston, Steuben, Paul Jones, Brissot de Warville, De Moustier, Gardoqui, Richard Henry Lee, Arthur Lee, General Henry Lee of Virginia, Schuyler, Morris, George Mason, Butler, Armstrong, Alsop, Duer, Rutledge, Clarkson, Cadwalader, Duane, Richard Harrison, Kemble, Varick, Van Horne, De Peyster, Bronson, Gansevoort, Varnum, Provoost, Walton, White, and Sedgwick, besides the husbands of the ladies mentioned, and others whose names are still familiar in New York drawing-rooms.

<sup>2</sup> The late Mr. Gouverneur Morris told a story of a parade of disconsolate Whigs through the principal streets of New York, a part of the obsequies of President William Henry Harrison in 1841, when the ranks of the mourners, among whom Mr. Morris was, were charged upon by a stray hog—even then a not uncommon apparition in fashionable thoroughfares—just as the procession turned into Park Row. The upsetting of several of the elect and the general panic created by the invader were effectual in banishing the gloom of the occasion.

avenue, was an excellent specimen of early colonial architecture, and brimful of historical romance. During the occupation of New York by the British Lord Howe selected this house for his headquarters, and here the patriot Nathan Hale was sentenced to be hanged as a spy. On leaving, the family had hastily buried valuable silver and china in the garden, but some of Mrs. Beekman's gowns, etc., were left hanging in her wardrobe. These Lord Howe himself locked up, handing the key to a servant who had remained. When Mrs. Beekman returned, a few years afterwards, she found everything as she had left it, and some of her possessions thus preserved have descended to the daughters of her line, together with Chelsea and Bow shepherdesses that spent the years of British occupation under-ground. Here pretty Mrs. James Beekman served President Washington with lemonade made of fruit gathered in his presence from her famous lemon trees. Near the Beekman house, sometimes called "The Mount," Hale is said to have been hanged upon a butternut tree, that marked the fifth mile from Whitehall. The house was occupied in 1780 as headquarters by Baron Riedesel, whose wife described it as a delightful residence. There André passed his last night in New York. This old landmark was demolished about 1874, and its drawing-room mantelpiece, set with blue Dutch tiles, may be seen at the rooms of the Historical Society in Second avenue, New York. The Kennedy house, at No. 1 Broadway, was built by a captain in the Royal Navy, who married a member of the De Peyster family and became afterwards eleventh Earl of Cassilis. The De Peyster house in Pearl street, a substantial dwelling built of stuccoed brick, is better known as Washington's headquarters in the Revolutionary War. The Murray house, called Belmont, on the "Middle Road," now Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street (hence Murray Hill), was screened from view by groves and avenues and surrounded by famous gardens. At Thirty-fourth street and Second avenue stood the Kip mansion, near which were the country-seats of the Wattses and the Keteltas. Far away in the remote country the English manor-house of Colonel Thorne was built, in the present region of Ninth avenue and Ninety-second street.

Of the old Rutgers house, situated near Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, we read an amusing story of a wedding-party in 1788. One of the guests, a gentleman who was to take a packet sailing for Wilmington at daylight, remained at the house till the unprecedented hour of 11 o'clock at night, then, with a servant to show him the way through an adjacent huckleberry swamp, set forth to reach his lodg-

ings; but losing the path, and the moon going down, he wandered all night amid thorns and briars, emerging at dawn with his clothes nearly torn off.

A favorite drive led along Second avenue, where, over a tell-tale little brook that listened and then ran away to blab to the East River, at our present Fifty-fourth street, was the Kissing Bridge. At this point the etiquette of Gotham's forefathers exacted of the gentleman driving the "Italian chaise," or sleigh of highest fashion, "a salute to the lady who had put herself under his protection!" The "fourteen-mile round," mentioned in the diary of Washington as the extent of his "exercise with Mrs. Washington and the children in the coach between breakfast and dinner," followed the "Old Boston road" to McGowan's Pass. Thence the horses turned into the Bloomingdale road, skirting the Hudson, where a friend's house, here and there, invited to rest and sangaree. Sometimes Mrs. Washington's coach took the easterly direction, to the old Morrisania house, where Colonel and Mrs. Lewis Morris (Miss Elliot of South Carolina) lived, their windows looking upon the boisterous cross-currents of the Harlem Kills.

Lacking Tuxedo and the Country Club, the swells of 1789 were quite content to take their winter outings in sleighs with jingling cowbells, bringing up at a tavern on the Bloomingdale road, where the orchestra, black Caesar with his grin and his three-stringed fiddle, was waiting. Shaking off straw and furs, wraps and pattens, the ladies had no sooner swallowed cups of tea than they were whisked into line for the Virginia reel, over against a row of cavaliers arrayed with back-seam coat-buttons coming beneath their shoulder-blades, who cut the pigeon-wing in square-toed pumps. Then what life, what joyous frisking!

Truth compels me to add that hot tea was not the only beverage on draught. Imagination reels beneath the variety of potent drinks on record, although the company broke up in time to reach town by 9 o'clock, after which hour no self-respecting young woman would for worlds be seen abroad! Punch, more sparingly sipped in the presence of the fair sex, was brewed for men-folk in a mighty china bowl. An old club-man thus depicts the masculine symposia at certain taverns of repute: "Into the punch went old Jamaica, cognac, refined sugar, lime-juice, water from the old tea-water pump" (the resort of the town, that stood in Chatham street), "and a few slices of Seville oranges floating on the top. It was brought in by the landlord, who, to show that the mixture was not drugged, would pause upon the threshold, holding up the bowl, and bawling out, 'Gentlemen, here's your very agreeable

health!' take a long, strong pull himself. Landlord Simmons, who kept the porter-house at the corner of Wall and Nassau, was our greatest hand for mixing drinks. He taught the art to Davy King (father-in-law of our worthy Niblo), who kept a porter-house in Sloat Lane."

Of a fine afternoon President Washington was often seen, with the rest of the upper classes, taking his walk upon the Battery, his tall commanding form, the secretaries walking a little back of him, everywhere recognized by people who stood silently aside, as if to give passage to a king. For, despite his efforts towards republican simplicity, Washington's Old World ideas of ceremonial fitted him like a glove. He could no more brook familiarity than could his associates presume to offer it.

Other walks were in the sequestered region now between Astor Place and Ninth street.

In those days [writes a correspondent of the "New Mirror," styling himself "The Last of the White Cravats"] a young buck put on his spencer, hat, and gloves, and, stick in hand, set out from Bowling Green after dinner, for a walk as far as old Captain Randall's octagon country-seat, perched on a high hill, with nothing else in view (now Broadway and Eighth street), reaching home about the time the muffin-man took his basket off his shoulders, and rang his bell for tea.

This was the same gentleman to whom we are indebted for the account of "a party at the Misses Whites," those "ladies so gay, so fashionable, with such elegant figures, who lived in a yellow two-story house next door but one to William street." At this party, whither he was accompanied by "Sir William Temple and Harry Remsen," White Cravat describes his own attire:

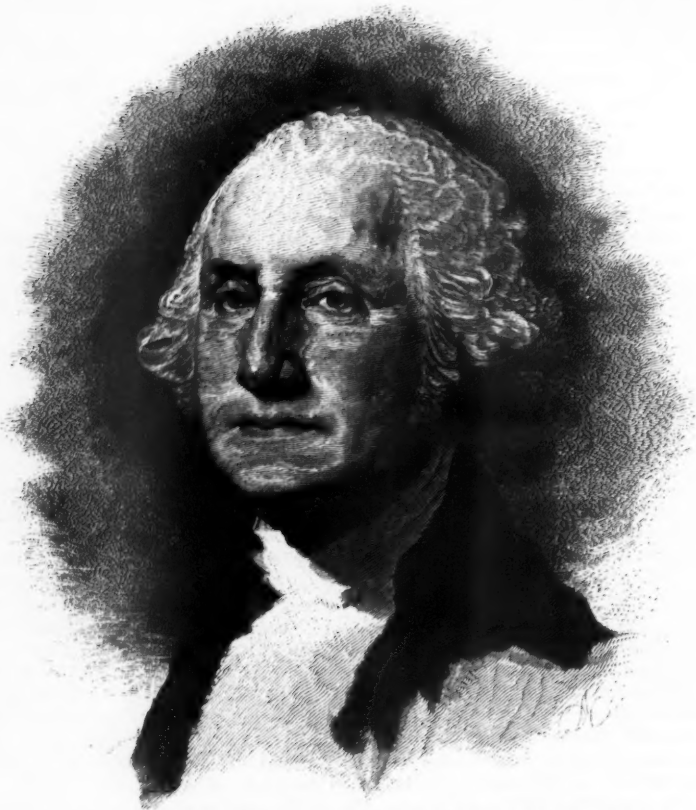
A light-blue French coat, high collar, large gilt buttons, double-breasted Marseilles vest, nankin colored cassimere breeches, shining pumps, large ruffles, a ponderous white cravat with a "pudding" in it—and I was considered the best-dressed gentleman in the room. I remember to have walked a minuet with much grace with my friend Mrs. Verplanck, who was dressed in hoop and petticoats; and, singularly enough, I caught cold that night from drinking hot port-wine negus and riding home in a sedan-chair with one of the glasses broken.

In the neighborhood of old Fort George, and on Pearl street, were clustered a number of the aristocratic families who before the Revolution had been accustomed to give the *pas* in fashion, such as the De Lanceys, Livingstons, Morrisses, Bayards, De Peysters, Crugers; but for some years Wall street, where abode Winthrop, Whites, Ludlows, Verplancks, and Marstons, had been running an even race with Pearl, getting ahead in the end, and holding precedence till Park Place claimed the laurels. Cortlandt street gained luster from the residence there of Sir John Temple, Colonel and Lady Kitty Duer, Major Fairlie, and Colonel and Mrs. Crawford, once Mrs. Robert Livingston. In Wall street was to be found the very desirable boarding-house of Mrs. Daubenay, or Dabney, the great resort of Southern members of Congress. Broadway had been a pleasant bowery street until the great fire of 1776 swept through it, leaving desolation in its wake. Where the darkling walls of the Tombs prison now frown back at beholders was the beautiful freshwater pond known as "The Collect," upon whose crystal sheet early generations of New Yorkers fished in summer and skated in winter. This pond, lying at the foot of a hill a hundred feet in height, was reputed bewitched and bottomless, and credited with conveying bodies cast into it to fathomless recesses known to eerie monsters of the deep. Here, when it was locked in ice, there was no holding back to see the populace amuse themselves, but highest fashion led the way on runners. William IV., then a princeling on his travels, learned to skate on The Collect, under the guidance of the "mons'ous fine women" whose daughters were the "buds" a few years later on. In common with many another shattered myth, alas! Yankee progress has demolished belief in the sorcery of The Collect, by digging canals and laying bare its depths. Thanks to the perfect drainage of the spot, there is now said to be no abode in all New York so desirable for a health resort as our present city prison!

Few are the landmarks of Washington's New York to greet our eyes to-day, but his memory abides here as a thing of yesterday.

Constance Cary Harrison.





GEORGE WASHINGTON. (FROM THE ATHENÆUM PICTURE BY GILBERT STUART.)



#### ORIGINAL PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

**T**HIS may appear to many a trite subject to discuss at this comparatively late day, and it is a trite subject; but it is hoped that the manner of its presentation at this time will take it out of that category. In some respects there may be no new and important facts presented, but many so-called facts, and misleading facts too, will be omitted. Tuckerman was the first to write upon the theme in a comprehensive manner, but his monograph is more from the artist's standpoint than from the historian's. Mr. W. S. Baker touched upon the subject in his work on the engraved portraits so far only as was necessary for the elucidation of his title theme. Miss Elizabeth Bryant Johnston issued a superb quarto volume in 1882 with the same title

as this article, but it was so crude and ill digested and filled with errors that its value is *nihil*. The most recent contribution to the general subject is in the latest published volume of Mr. Justin Winsor's "Critical History of America"; but the editor who prepared the notes placed too much reliance upon Miss Johnston's statements to make his notes much better than her volume. It will be the aim in the present article to sift facts from fancies and to give, as fully as can be in the limited space allotted, a comprehensive study of the subject.

It would seem as though it should not be necessary to define what is meant by an original portrait; yet so much confusion exists in the writings of others upon this subject from not clearly comprehending at the start the meaning of the term that it may be better to begin by its definition. An original portrait is one painted



from life, where the artist and the sitter have been opposite to each other and the result is a complete picture. A replica is a copy of the original picture by the same artist who painted the original; and it is often very difficult, nay, sometimes impossible, to determine which is the original and which the replica. To the practiced critical eye there is usually a freedom about an original not found in the replica, and which in turn assumes rigidity in the mere copy by another hand. In the present paper it will be the endeavor to treat of only the authenticated original portraits of Washington, and these, so far as satisfactorily ascertained, are, in their chronological order, by Charles Willson Peale, Pierre Eugene du Simitière, William Dunlap, Joseph Wright, Robert Edge Pine, Jean Antoine Houdon, James Peale, John Ramage, Madame de Bréhan, Christian Gölager, Edward Savage, John Trumbull, Archibald Robertson, Giuseppe Ceracchi, Williams, Walter Robertson, Adolph Ulric Wertmüller, Gilbert Stuart, Rembrandt Peale, James Sharpless, and Charles Balthazar Julien Févre de Saint-Memin.

## CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

To this artist belongs the distinction of having painted the first and earliest portrait of Washington that we know. It is the not unfamiliar portrait in the costume of a Virginia militiaman, and was painted at Mount Vernon in 1772, when the subject had just turned his fortieth year. It is a three-quarter length, facing left, and the costume is a blue coat, faced with red, with bright metal buttons having the number of the regiment (22d) cast upon them, and dark red waistcoat and breeches. He wears the cocked hat usually called the Wolfe hat, with sash and gorget, this last article now the property of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The face is smooth and unusually young for forty years of age. The picture is now in Virginia, the property of a member of the Lee family. During the artist's sojourn by the banks of the Potomac, while he was painting this large canvas, he painted a miniature of Washington for Mrs. Washington, which differs considerably from the larger picture. After this Peale painted Washington from life on several occasions; indeed, it is claimed that Washington sat to him fourteen different times. In the summer of 1776 he painted a half-length for John Hancock, which it is believed that patriot subsequently presented to the Count d'Estaing, and is now probably in France. In the fall of 1777 Peale again painted a miniature for Mrs. Washington, and in the spring of 1778, at Valley Forge, he began another portrait of Washington from life, this time a full-length,

which was continued at New Brunswick a day or two after the battle of Monmouth, in which the artist had participated, and was finished in Philadelphia. This picture was ordered by Congress, but no appropriation being made to pay for it, it remained in the artist's hands, and is, we believe, the one purchased at the sale of the Peale Museum effects by Mr. H. Pratt McKean of Philadelphia, in whose possession it now is. Of this full-length Peale made several copies, each with more or less variation as to detail. In 1779 Washington sat to Peale for a portrait for the State of Pennsylvania, which the artist subsequently engraved in mezzotinto.<sup>1</sup> The original portrait was destroyed by some vandals who broke into the State House, Philadelphia, where it hung, and irretrievably defaced it.

During the sittings of the convention to frame a Constitution for the United States Washington records in his diary three sittings to Peale, "who wanted my picture to make a print or mezzotinto by." Where this original now is we do not know, but the engraving was made and published the same year, and is a very interesting study. In 1795 Peale painted his last portrait of Washington from life, now preserved in the Bryan Collection at the New York Historical Society. On the occasion of this sitting Peale's sons Rembrandt and Raphael and his brother James each made studies of the *pater patriæ*. It will be seen from this rapid survey of the work of this one artist what an interesting iconography we have from the easel of one man; and although Peale's delineations of Washington's features do not give us the ideal or traditional portrait, yet his known fidelity as a draughtsman commands respect and recognition for his work.

## DU SIMITIÈRE.

THIS gentleman was a native of Switzerland, but early in 1776 adopted Philadelphia as his home, where he made that unique and very remarkable collection of Revolutionary and ante-Revolutionary broadsides and manuscripts now belonging to the old library company and so well known to historical students. He was endowed with considerable artistic talent, and a series of thirteen profile portraits of illustrious Americans from his "Drawings from Life" was published in London in May, 1783. Among them was a characteristic head of Washington, preserved only through the engraving. This was most probably drawn in the winter of 1778-79, Washington having passed the greater portion of that season in Philadelphia;

<sup>1</sup> This print is exceedingly scarce. An inferior impression is fortunately preserved, however, in the Huntington Collection at the Metropolitan Museum.

but whether in color or crayon, with pencil or paint, is unknown, as no original can now be traced.

## DUNLAP.

THE well-known author of the "History of the Arts of Design in the United States" when a mere lad of seventeen secured from Washington and Mrs. Washington each a sitting when the headquarters were at Rocky Hill, near Princeton, New Jersey. This was in the autumn of 1783, and the result was a crude pastel picture of no artistic or delineative value, which a score of years ago was owned by Dr. Samuel C. Ellis of New York.

## WRIGHT.

AMONG the most interesting of the generally unfamiliar portraits of Washington are those by Joseph Wright, oftentimes improperly dubbed the Quaker artist, who was a son of Mrs. Patience Wright, celebrated in her day as a successful modeler of profile likenesses in wax. Wright, when about sixteen, accompanied his mother to London, where he was instructed in art by West and Hoppner, and after remaining ten years returned, late in 1782, to this country, bringing a letter to Washington from Franklin. Wright presented himself to Washington at the Rocky Hill headquarters contemporaneously with Dunlap, and here he painted his first portrait of the Commander-in-Chief. This is a particularly valuable likeness for the reason that while it is strangely unlike the accepted portraits of Washington it has received from Washington himself most unmistakable signs of approval. Soon after the original study—which is now in Philadelphia—was made Washington ordered two enlarged copies from the artist, one of which he sent to Count de Solms, a distinguished officer in the Prussian service, who solicited it to place in his gallery of military characters, and the other he presented to his friend Mrs. Samuel Powel,—Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Willing of Philadelphia,—and it is now in the custody of her descendants at Newport, Rhode Island.<sup>1</sup>

This last is a full half-length in military costume, cut off below the knees, and giving the face in full view. It is signed, "J. Wright, 1784." One marked characteristic of these Wright portraits is the short cut hair. They have not very great artistic merit, but their historical interest is perhaps greater than any other portrait of Washington from having received from him, as already said, the stamp of his approbation. Wright stole a later portrait of Washington during the President's attendance upon service

at St. Paul's Chapel, while residing in New York during his presidency. This drawing was in profile, and from it the artist made an etching and had it printed on small cards, which, although probably very plenty at the time, have become exceedingly scarce. There is a profile portrait painted by Wright, evidently from the same head, belonging to the McKean family, Washington, D. C., and Mr. C. W. Bowen has another—a most interesting and important portrait of Washington by Wright; but whether it is an original, as it would inherently indicate, cannot be positively settled.

This last named picture would seem to have given to Savage the pose and accessories for his familiar large mezzotinto plate. Wright evidently was in favor with Washington, for he submitted to having made by him a plaster cast of his features, and upon the founding of the United States Mint, Wright was appointed the first designer and die-sinker. He died of yellow fever, when epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793.

## PINE.

THIS distinguished English artist came to this country in 1783-84, for the purpose of painting portraits of eminent men of the Revolution with a view of representing in several large paintings the principal events of the war. In 1795 he painted Washington at Mount Vernon, which original picture is now in the National Museum at Philadelphia; a replica belonged to the late J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is a weak and unsatisfactory portrait, while good as a work of art.

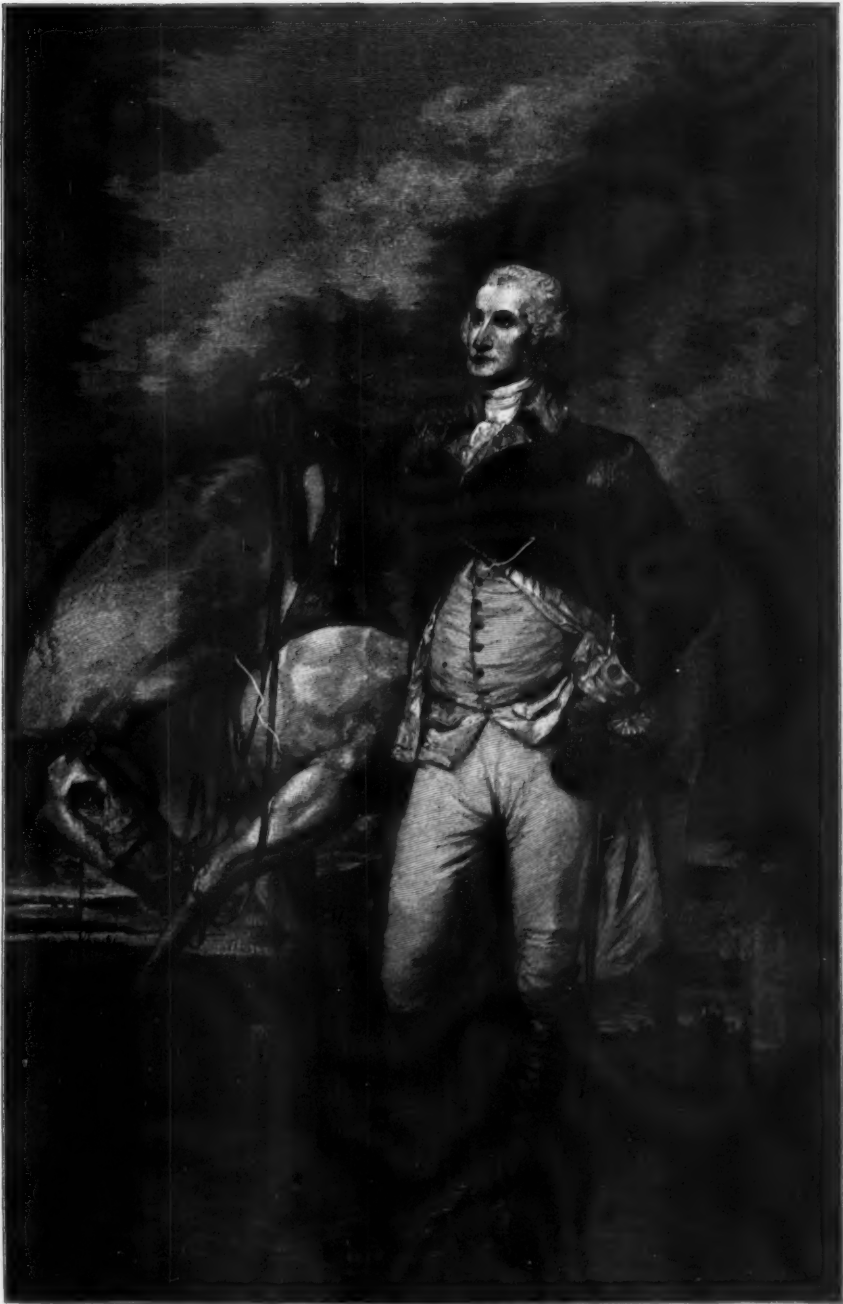
## HOUDON.

THIS great French sculptor, who shared with his English contemporary Nollekens the reputation of being the best portrait sculptors of modern times, came to America in 1785 expressly for the purpose of modeling Washington. He remained two weeks at Mount Vernon, during which time he made a cast of the face, from which a bust was modeled, and took minute measurements of the person of Washington. The result is the typical Washington perfected by the genius of the French sculptor, and it sustains a noble ideal. The statue is in Richmond, Va.

## JAMES PEALE.

THIS gentleman was a younger brother of Charles Willson Peale and had great merit as a miniature painter. In 1788 he made his first portrait of Washington, representing him with flowing hair and a contour not unlike that in Houdon's bust. This miniature belongs to the

<sup>1</sup> Engraved on wood for THE CENTURY, November, 1887.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN TRUMBULL, NOW IN THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.)

artillery company Washington Grays, and is in the keeping of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. In 1795, when his brother was having his last sitting from Washington, he was accorded the opportunity of another study, and the portrait in the Lenox Library, New York, was the result.

## RAMAGE.

OCTOBER 3, 1789, Washington in his diary records: "Sat for Mr. Ramage near two hours to-day, who was drawing a miniature picture of me for Mrs. Washington." This artist was an Irishman, and the principal miniature painter in New York from 1777 until his death, which occurred soon after he painted the miniature of Washington. All trace of this interesting portrait is unfortunately lost.

## MADAME DE BRÉHAN.

THIS lady, who was a sister to the French minister, was an amateur of no mean ability. She painted on copper, in blue and white, a profile of Washington, who mentions it in his diary under the same date as the last extract: "Walked in the afternoon, and sat about 2 o'clock for Madam De Brehan to complete a miniature profile which she had begun from memory and which she had made exceedingly like the original." The head was laureated, and Washington was so delighted with it that he distributed prints from it among his friends.

## GÜLAGER.

THIS man was a Dane and very little of the artist, as exhibited in his portrait of Washington. It was painted from life at Portsmouth, N. H., on November 3, 1789, and now belongs to a lady in Rhode Island.

## SAVAGE.

ORIGINALLY a goldsmith, Savage soon turned his attention to painting and engraving, and became an admirable mezzotinto and stipple engraver. In 1789-90 Washington sat to him for a portrait for Harvard University, where it now hangs in Memorial Hall. Savage's portrait is nearer Houdon's bust than any other portrait of Washington and has intrinsic evidence of being a good likeness; especially is this the case with the large mezzotinto plate previously mentioned.

## TRUMBULL.

NEXT to Peale, Washington accorded Trumbull the greatest and most frequent facilities to study his features and form. This self-sacrifice on the part of Washington to these two men was doubtless owing to the military relation that had existed for so long between them, and there-

fore it is that the *military* portrait of Washington is Trumbull's. In 1790 was painted the whole-length portrait of Washington in full uniform standing by a white horse, for the city of New York, and now in the City Hall—an engraving of it appears on the previous page. Two years later was painted the full-length portrait now in the Trumbull Gallery at Yale University, and which the artist considered the best of the portraits of Washington that he painted. The following year the bust portrait in civil dress, in the Trumbull Gallery, and the military picture for Charleston, S. C., were painted from sittings especially given for the purpose. In 1794 Trumbull painted a small cabinet or miniature portrait on panel, now in the National Museum in Washington. It is interesting, but not satisfactory, having too much dash in it for the dignified President.

## THE ROBERTSONS.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON is the Scotch artist who carried from David, Earl of Buchan, to Washington the gift of the celebrated box made from the wood of the oak tree which sheltered Sir William Wallace after his defeat at Falkirk. Mr. Robertson arrived in New York in December, 1791, and Washington sat to him on the 13th for a miniature, from which a large picture was painted for the Earl of Buchan.

Walter Robertson was an Irishman and no relative, it is thought, to the preceding. He came to this country with Stuart in 1793, and the next year painted a miniature of Washington, which, from the engraving of it, could have borne little or no resemblance to the subject, notwithstanding the statement of Robert Field, who made a contemporaneous engraving of it, that it "is as good a likeness and as fine a piece of painting as I ever saw." Its dissimilarity to the other portraits, together with the statement of Field, would indicate pretty clearly that it was from life.

## CERACCHI.

CERACCHI came to this country with the idea of executing a monument to Liberty, which he designed should be one hundred feet high, have statues of the most prominent heroes of the war, and cost thirty thousand dollars. Towards carrying out his intention he modeled and cut the busts of Washington, Hamilton, Clinton, and others, which, although severe and classical, are fine specimens of the statuary art.

## WILLIAMS.

A PAINTER by this name persecuted and persisted until he succeeded in 1794 in obtaining a sitting from Washington for a portrait



now in the possession of Washington Lodge No. 22 of Alexandria, Virginia. It is a miserable picture in every respect.

## WERTMÜLLER.

THIS artist was a Swede and a painter of considered merit. He painted Washington in Philadelphia in 1795, of which portrait he made several replicas; but which one is the original it is not possible to state with any certainty.

## STUART.

THE household Washington of the world is Stuart's Washington. Why it is so, it is indeed difficult at this day to say, for it admittedly lacks the strength of this artist's best work and fails as a true portraiture to satisfy the student of Washington's character. It is essentially an ideal head, and Stuart became so imbued with his ideal Washington that there are several portraits of prominent men painted by him at this period that are strongly tinged with similar characteristics. Stuart painted Washington from life three times. Of these three portraits there are sixty-one known replicas, and they have been engraved more than two hundred times. The first, and by all question the most satisfactory Stuart's Washington, was painted in Philadelphia in 1795. It presents the right side of the face. Soon after it was painted it was taken to England and became the property of Mr. Samuel Vaughan, from which circumstance it is known as the Vaughan Washington. It now belongs to Mrs. Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia. The second portrait was painted in 1796, and is the full-length known as the Lansdowne portrait. Whether the Lansdowne picture or the one belonging to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is the original is a mooted question, with the odds against the Lansdowne picture. The third and last portrait of Washington painted by Stuart from life is the famous Athenæum head, so well known that our space will not admit of further criticism or comment. It is from this head that Stuart painted most of his replicas.

## REMBRANDT PEALE.

As already mentioned, when Washington gave his last sitting to the elder Peale all the members of the family took advantage of the opportunity to gain sketches. Subsequently

Rembrandt Peale had two other sittings, and the result was a very weak, poor picture, closely resembling his father's last portrait. The well-known Rembrandt Peale portrait of Washington is a composite picture, and not an original from life.

## SHARPLESS.

SHARPLESS was a crayon draughtsman who came to this country in 1794 and made profile portraits in pastel of many prominent men. In 1796, being in Philadelphia, Washington sat to him, and Sharpless's portrait of Washington is the best-known profile likeness of the subject. The artist made many copies of the original, which he sold for fifteen dollars apiece.

## SAINT-MÉMIN.

As Charles Willson Peale was the first to delineate the features of George Washington, so Charles Balthazar Julien Févret de Saint-Mémin was the last, and their works are equally esteemed and valuable. Saint-Mémin was a Frenchman who came to this country to introduce the physiognotrace, an invention of Chrétien by which an accurate profile outline could be obtained and subsequently reduced to any required size by the use of the pantograph. These reduced profiles were etched on copper and finished with the graver. In November, 1798, when Washington was in Philadelphia organizing the army for the threatened war with France, Saint-Mémin secured a sitting, and the profile then made is the last portrait from life of the Father of his Country. It is very strong and necessarily correct. The original life-size drawing on pink paper in black crayon did belong to the late Mr. Brevoort of Brooklyn.

Thus is brought to a close this bare record of all the known authentic original portraits of Washington. Any one perusing these pages will readily understand how much easier it would have been and how much more entertaining it might have become had space permitted of amplification instead of curtailment; but it will also be recognized that the subject is sufficient for a small volume rather than a contribution to a popular magazine. The epoch, however, that we have now reached could not be allowed to pass without marking it by the preservation of some such register as is here given.

*Charles Henry Hart.*



## A CENTURY OF CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATION.



WHEN Major William Jackson, Secretary of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, set off to lay the signed copy of the Constitution before the Continental Congress, he bore with him a letter from Washington and a copy of three resolutions passed by the Convention. One of these resolutions set forth the wish that, when nine States had ratified the new plan of government, the Congress should name three days: on one, electors were to be chosen in the ratifying States; on another, the electors were to meet and vote for President and Vice-President; on the third, proceedings were to begin under the Constitution. When therefore on July 2, 1788, the President of the old Congress informed the members present that nine States had ratified, he reminded them also that it thus became their duty to carry out the resolution of the Convention and fix the three required dates. After much delay and much debate the first Wednesdays in January, February, and March, 1789, were chosen.

The first Wednesday in March fell on the 4th of the month, and on that day the Constitution under which we now live became the supreme law of the land. Though the conventions of eleven States had then ratified, but three had done so unanimously. To thousands of well-meaning men in every State the new plan was offensive because it was too costly; because it was to be a government of three branches instead of a government of one; because the power of taxing was vested in Congress; because liberty of the press was not assured; because trial by jury was not provided in civil cases; because there was no provision against a standing army, and none against quartering troops on the people; because religious toleration was not secured; because it began with "We, the people," and not with "We, the States"; because it was not only a confederation, which it ought to be, but a government over individuals, which it ought not to be. In the conventions of eight States the men holding these views made strong efforts to have the Constitution altered to suit their wishes. In Pennsylvania, in Connecticut, in Maryland, the "amendment mongers," as the Federalists called them, failed. But in five conventions they did not fail, and in these the ratifications were voted in the firm belief that the changes asked for would be made. When Washington was inaugurated the amendments offered numbered seventy-seven. But Congress was too

busy laying taxes, establishing courts, and forming departments to give any heed to the fears and dreads of a parcel of countrymen. Nor was it till the legislature of Virginia protested that the House of Representatives found time even to hear the amendments read. The language of the protest was of no uncertain kind.

The members were reminded that the Constitution was very far from being what the people wished. Many and serious objections had been made to it. These objections were not founded on idle theories and vain speculations. They were deduced from principles established by the bitter experience of other nations. The sooner Congress recognized this fact, the sooner it would gain the confidence of the people and the longer the new government would last. The anxiety which the people felt would suffer no delay. Whatever was done must be done at once, and as Congress was too slow to do anything at once, the Virginia legislature asked that a convention be called to propose amendments and send them to the States. For a while it seemed as if the protest from Virginia would share the same fate as the amendments from the States. Is the Constitution, it was asked, to be patched before it is worn? Is it to be mended before it is used? Let it be at least tested. Let us correct, not what we think may be faults, but what time shows really are defects. So general was this feeling that the House would have done nothing had not Madison given notice that he intended in a few weeks to move a series of amendments which would, he hoped, do away with every objection that had been lodged against the Constitution by its most bitter enemies. His amendments were nine in number. Out of them Congress made twelve. The first, which fixed the pay of Congressmen, and the second, which fixed the number of the members of the House of Representatives, were rejected by the States. Ten were ratified, and December 15, 1791, they were declared to be in force.

But the framers of the amendments were doomed to disappointment. Their work did not prove to be enough. And while the States were still considering it, the "mongers" were clamoring as loudly as ever for something more. Congress had begun to exercise its powers. The exercise of its powers had produced heart-burnings and contentions and warm disputes. The question of constitutional right had been often raised, and before the Government was two years old the people were dividing

into two great parties—the loose constructionists and the strict constructionists; the men who believed in implied powers and the men who believed in reserved powers; the supporters of a vigorous national government and the supporters of State rights.

It might seem, at first sight, that this diversity of opinion was but another phase of that general diversity of opinion which is to be found in all communities on all kinds of subjects—on art, on music, on dress, on religion, on etiquette. But the history of the past hundred years goes far to show that the constitutional opinions held by any set of men, at any particular time, and in any particular place, have been very largely determined by expediency. The people, the Congress, the legislatures of the States, the political conventions, the Presidents, the Supreme Court, have each in turn interpreted the Constitution. Now the dispute has been over the powers of Congress, now over the nature of the Constitution itself, now over the manner and meaning of its ratification. Now the contending parties have tormented themselves with such questions as, Is it a compact, or an instrument of government? Was it framed by the people, or by the States? Is there a common arbiter? May the States interpose? May the General Government coerce? May a State secede? Yet the cases are few indeed where the answers to these questions have rested on great principles and not on expediency.

The contest began in 1790 over the powers of Congress. The State debts were assumed. A national bank was started. The first excise was laid, and a round tax was put on carriages. Every one of these measures touched the interests of a section or a class. The debts of the Eastern States were larger than the debts of the Southern States. The bank stock was held by Northern men to the exclusion of Southern men. Whisky was the staple of western Pennsylvania. The cry of partial legislation was therefore raised, and the legislatures of Pennsylvania, of Maryland, of Virginia, and of North Carolina denounced the assumption act as unconstitutional and infamous. The people of western Pennsylvania rose in open rebellion against the whisky tax. The carriage-makers, pleading that the carriage tax was direct and therefore unconstitutional, took their case to the Supreme Court. Even the President had doubts as to the right of Congress to charter a national bank, and called for the opinions of his Cabinet. The great leader of the Federalists and the great leader of the Republicans replied, and each for himself laid down rules for constitutional interpretation.

Hamilton approved of the bank, set forth the loose construction view, and declared the

powers of Congress to be of three sorts—express powers, implied powers, and resultant powers. Express powers were, he said, such as are clearly stated in the Constitution and are well understood. The implied powers were not indeed so well understood, yet they were just as clearly delegated. Nowhere did the Constitution say Congress shall have power to tax whisky, Congress shall have power to tax rum. Yet the existence of that power could not be doubted, nor could it be doubted that it was merely a particular power implied from the general power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imports, and excises. Resultant powers were such as resulted from the total grant of powers.

Jefferson disapproved of the bank, set forth the close construction view, and would admit but two kinds of powers—those expressly granted, and those absolutely necessary (not merely convenient) to carry out the powers expressly given.

The loose constructionists prevailed. The bank charter was signed. The whisky insurrection came to nothing. The Supreme Court decided against the carriage-makers, and the close constructionists, defeated and angry, fell back on their last resource, and before the first session of the Second Congress ended five constitutional amendments, defining the powers of Congress, appeared in the Senate. One pronounced every tax direct which was not laid on imports, excises, transfers of property, and proceedings at law. Another denied Congress the power to grant a charter of incorporation, or to set up a commercial monopoly of any kind. The third excluded from Congress every man concerned in the direction or management of a bank or moneyed corporation. The fourth went further still and proposed to shut out from the possibility of a seat in either House every man who sat on the board of directors, or filled a clerkship, or owned a share of stock of the Bank of the United States. The fifth proposed that the judicial power of the United States should be vested, not only in one Supreme Court and such inferior courts as Congress might ordain and establish, but in such State courts as the Congress should deem fit to share it.

The fifth amendment was aimed full at the Supreme Court. On the bench of that court sat John Jay, the Chief-Justice, and James Wilson, Iredell, Cushing, Rutledge, and Blair, the five associate justices. But little business had come before them, yet they had handed down two decisions which seemed to every strict constructionist to threaten the ruin of republican government. One declared that the tax on carriages was not direct, and the other asserted the right of a citizen to sue a State. At this even the friends of loose construction took fright, and once more expediency became the

cause of action. The good people of Massachusetts were at that very moment being sued by an alien and a subject of Great Britain, and the legislature, alarmed by the decision of the court, bade its senators, and requested its representatives, to spare no pains to have the Constitution amended. The instructions were obeyed, the eleventh amendment went out to the States in 1794, and in 1798 became part of the Constitution.

With this amendment the Supreme Court drops from the constitutional discussions for a time, and the behavior of the President takes its place. In 1792 France declared war on Great Britain. In 1793 Genet landed on our shore, and the day seemed not far distant when the United States would be called on to make good the promise of the old treaty of 1778. The Administration was for neutrality, and Washington issued a proclamation to that effect. This course was the only wise and safe one. But it was a Federal measure. As such it had to be opposed; and raising the cry of unconstitutionality, for want of a better reason, the Republicans denounced the President in every Democratic newspaper and in every Democratic society the land over. He had, they claimed, violated the Constitution. He had usurped the powers of Congress. To proclaim neutrality was to forbid war. To forbid war included the power to declare war, and the power to declare war had been expressly delegated to Congress. The constitutionality of the act was defended by Hamilton in his letters of "Pacificus." What could be said against it Madison gave in the letters of "Helvidius."

Hardly had this dispute subsided when a new one arose. The President and the Senate had ratified the ever-memorable treaty of 1794; and the House had been called on to vote the money necessary to put the treaty in force. But the House was then in Republican hands. The Republicans were determined to defeat the treaty, and sought to do so by refusing to vote the money needed. This the Federalists resisted as unconstitutional. The treaty-making power was, they held, confined to the President and the Senate. The duty of the House was to vote the money and be still. A great debate followed, in which the right of the House to share in making treaties, the place of treaties with respect to the Constitution and the laws, the proper subjects of treaties, were examined with a keenness which makes the debate profitable reading at the present day.

Offensive as the English treaty was at home, it was doubly so abroad. The French Directory suspended the old treaty of amity and commerce, recalled their minister, sent the American minister out of France, insulted the X. Y. Z. commissioners, and brought on the quasi-

war of 1798 and 1799. Never since the days of the Stamp Act had the country been so enraged. Numbers of Republicans quit their seats in Congress and hastened home, and the Federalists, thus left in control, passed the Alien Enemy Act, the Alien Friends Act, the Naturalization Act, and the Sedition Bill, and opened a new era in our constitutional history. From 1789 to 1798 the discussions had been confined to the text of the Constitution. The Supreme Court had defined the meaning of certain phrases. Congress had wrangled over the exercise of certain powers. States had declared certain acts unconstitutional. Madison, Hamilton, and Jefferson had laid down rules for a correct interpretation. But now a new step was taken, and in the resolutions of 1798 and 1799 the very nature of the Constitution was defined by the legislatures of Kentucky and Virginia. The substance of the Kentucky resolutions is that the Constitution is a compact; that to this compact each State has assented as a State; and that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress. The substance of the Virginia resolutions is the same, save that in them the right of judging and interposing is given, not to a single State, but to "the States," by which is to be understood another Federal Convention.

This definition made, they declared the alien and sedition laws void and of no force, and called on the co-States for an expression of opinion. Delaware and Rhode Island, and Massachusetts and New York, and Connecticut and New Hampshire and Vermont alone replied. Each one of the seven declared that no State legislature ought to judge of the constitutionality of laws made by the General Government, and each gave that power solely to the Supreme Court. Such was their opinion in 1799; but the time was soon to come when four of the seven would abandon this doctrine and when they in turn would defy the authority of Congress, pronounce some of its acts unconstitutional, and declare others null and void. To these answers both Virginia and Kentucky made reply, and in the reply of Kentucky was laid down the statement that when the General Government is guilty of any infraction of the Constitution a nullification of its acts by the sovereign States is the rightful remedy.

At this time the new century opened. The Presidential election of 1800 was held and Adams was defeated. The two parties changed places, and with the change of place came a change of opinions. To the minds of all true Republicans the experience of ten years had shown four serious defects in the Constitution: the manner of electing the President was bad;



the Senate was too independent a body; the Supreme Court was breaking down State rights; the powers of Congress were not well defined. These defects were thought to be most serious and became during the next ten years the cause of a new batch of proposed amendments.

The most prolific source of such was the contested election of 1801. Twelve times the proposition to change the constitutional provision for electing President and Vice-President came before House and Senate. Some recommended that a separate ballot for President and Vice-President should be cast by the electors. Some were for choosing the electors by the district system; some for declaring no man eligible to the Presidency for more than four years in any term of eight; some that a person who has been twice successively elected shall not be eligible for a third term till four years have passed, and then only for one term more. From 1800 to 1804 the tables of the House and Senate were never free from such propositions. Then, after four years of reflection, the twelfth amendment went out to the States and was adopted; and the next session the whole matter was up again for amendment.

The attack on the judiciary began with the repeal of the Judiciary Law passed by the Federalists in 1801. Under this act sixteen new judgeships were created and filled by men who, the Constitution declared, should hold their places during good behavior. But the Republicans, asserting that abolishing the office was not by any means removing the man, repealed the law and swept the "midnight judges" out of place. This done, they took one step more and impeached the Federal judges Pickering and Chase. Pickering, a raving lunatic, was removed. Chase, the most hated Federalist alive, was not removed. He had escaped, in the opinions of the Republicans, because the Constitution required judges to be impeached, and because, on his impeachment, Federal senators from Republican States voted for acquittal. But his enemies hoped to reach him and others in time, and promptly brought in three constitutional amendments. Again and again it was proposed that judges of the Supreme and all other courts of the United States should be removed by the President on the joint address of both houses. The legislatures of Kentucky and Pennsylvania and Vermont asked that the judges of the Supreme Court and all other courts of the United States should hold office for a term of years, and in this Massachusetts joined. Another proposition, made by Pennsylvania, was that in cases of impeachment a majority vote be enough to convict. Another plan gave power to each State legislature to recall any senator elected by it at any time. The legislature of Pennsylvania, recalling the

Sedition Law so fearlessly administered by Chase, proposed that the judicial power of the United States should not be construed to extend to controversies between a State and the citizens of another State, between citizens of different States, between citizens of the same State claiming lands under grants of different States, and between a State and the citizens thereof and foreign States, citizens, or subjects.

It would have been well for Pennsylvania could the amendment have passed; for her governor was to be engaged in a bitter contest with the Supreme Court, and her troops were to be drawn up around the home of the Rittenhouse heirs to prevent the marshal serving a mandamus: a committee of her legislature was formally to resolve that in a government such as that of the United States, where there are powers granted to the General Government and rights reserved to the States, conflicts must arise from a collision of powers; that no provision is made by the Constitution for determining such disputes by an impartial tribunal; and that to suffer the Supreme Court to decide on State rights is simply to destroy the Federal part of our government. The court triumphed. But the legislature was not discouraged, and it framed an amendment to the Constitution providing for the creation of an impartial tribunal to decide such disputes, and called for an expression of opinions by the co-States. Virginia answered, and in 1810 asserted what in 1798 and 1799 she had denied, that there was a common arbiter, and that that common arbiter was the Supreme Court. But Pennsylvania was still unconvinced, and in 1811 her legislature plainly affirmed the Virginia and Kentucky doctrine of 1798.

But the Republican States were not the only ones with constitutional grievances. The Federal States found grievances in the purchase of Louisiana and in the long embargo. There is not in the Constitution an express grant of power to buy land from foreign countries. Up to 1803 a Republican would, therefore, have flatly denied that such a purchase could legally be made. But the Republicans were now in power. The purchase was most desirable, and they proceeded to defend it by arguments drawn from the "general welfare clause," from the treaty-making power, from the war power; and they voted money to buy Louisiana.

The last of men to oppose such a purchase should have been the Federalists. But they were then in opposition, and became in turn most strict constructionists. They declared the treaty with France unconstitutional because the treaty-making power gave no right to acquire soil; because the ports in Louisiana were to be more favored than ports elsewhere; because the President and the Senate had regulated trade

with France and Spain, a right the Constitution expressly declared to belong to Congress; and because from this territory new States were to be admitted into the Union. New England looked with dread on the admission of such new States, and to keep down their votes in the House of Representatives Massachusetts proposed a constitutional amendment, asking that henceforth representation and direct taxes be apportioned according to the number of free inhabitants. The resolution was read, was ordered to lie for consideration, and for eleven years seemed to be forgotten. It was a protest, and was not intended to be anything more. Seventeen States then formed the Union. The assent of thirteen was therefore necessary to amend the Constitution. But as eight States tolerated slavery, no amendment could pass without the assent of at least four slave States; and to suppose that four slave States would consent to cut down their representation at the request of Massachusetts was never seriously thought of for a moment. It was in truth but a protest, and the first of a series of protests which during eleven years continued to come from the Federal States of New England.

The next expounding of the Constitution grew out of the embargo and the exercise of the war powers of Congress during the war of 1812. No express power to lay an embargo can be found in the Constitution. But the Republicans had cast away much of their doctrine of strict construction, deduced the right from the power to regulate commerce, passed the laws of 1807 and 1808, and heard their constitutional right so to do denied by the very men who in 1794 had been instrumental in passing an embargo. To explain this was easy. The Federal embargo of 1794 was laid, it was said, for a short time, and was a regulation of commerce. The Republican embargo of 1807 was for an unlimited time, and was a destruction of commerce. Congress had power to regulate commerce, therefore the Federal embargo of 1794 was constitutional. Congress had no power to destroy commerce, therefore the Republican embargo of 1807 was not constitutional. This interpretation the legislature of every Federal State, and the people of every Federal county and town, accepted and asserted, and piled the table of the Tenth Congress high with addresses and memorials all declaring that the embargo acts were oppressive, unconstitutional, null, and void. But the only reply to such remonstrance was an act, to them more infamous still—the "Force Act" of 1809.

Since the days of the Alien and Sedition laws power so vast had never been bestowed on the President. Indeed what the Alien and Sedition acts were to Virginia and Kentucky in 1798 that was the Force Act to New England in

1809. With one voice the Federalists denounced them, and with one consent asserted the doctrine of State interposition. The people of Boston voted them repugnant to the true intent and meaning of the Constitution, and petitioned the legislature to interfere and save the people from the ruinous consequences of the system. From Portland came a call to adopt such measures as in 1776 were used "to dash in pieces the shackles of tyranny." The people of Hallowell declared that when those delegated to make and execute laws transcend the powers given them by a fair construction of the instrument whence their powers come, such a law is null; they voted the Force Act such a law, and petitioned the legislature to interfere and stop the career of usurpation. The New Haven meeting described the act as repugnant to the Constitution, oppressive, and a violation of the constitutional guarantees that "excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed," nor "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects" violated. Delaware pronounced the act "an invasion of the liberty of the people and the constitutional sovereignty of the States." A committee of the legislature of Massachusetts, to which the petitions were referred, reported that the embargo acts were oppressive, unjust, unconstitutional, and not legally binding on the citizens of the State. They too recommended interposition, but interposition in the form of an act to protect the citizens against unreasonable, arbitrary, and unconstitutional searches of their dwellings. And now the Republicans gave way, and in 1809 the embargo was lifted.

The third decade of our history under the Constitution covers the war of 1812. A week before the war was formally declared General Dearborn, by order of the President, issued a call on the States for militia. In most of the States the call was promptly obeyed. But in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island the troops were flatly refused. There were, in the opinions of the governors, but three purposes for which the militia of a State could be called out by a President, and these three were: to repel invasion, to execute the laws, to suppress insurrection. But the laws were everywhere executed. There were no insurrections to put down. No enemy had invaded the soil. The call was therefore unconstitutional. This interpretation was approved in Massachusetts by the judges, in Rhode Island by the Council, and in Connecticut by the Assembly, which now in turn put forth a definition of the Constitution and the rights of the States under it. In this she declares that the State of Connecticut is a free, sovereign, and independent State; that the United States are a confederacy of

States; that we are a confederated and not a consolidated republic; and that the same Constitution which delegates powers to the General Government forbids the exercise of powers not delegated, and reserves them to the States respectively.

Two years now passed by, and New England was again aflame. The cause was the refusal of the Government to defend the coast, and the desperate efforts of the two secretaries to get troops and sailors for the war. The need of men for the army and the navy brought before Congress the conscript plan of the Secretary of War, the impressment plan of the Secretary of the Navy, the bill to enlist minors without the consent of their parents or guardians; and Connecticut bade her governor, if they passed, call the legislature together that steps might be taken to preserve the rights and liberties of the people and the freedom and sovereignty of the State. The refusal of the General Government to defend the coast of New England drew from the legislature of Massachusetts the call for the Hartford Convention. To it came delegates from the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, chosen by the legislatures, and delegates from two counties in New Hampshire and one in Vermont, chosen by conventions of the people. Their duty was to devise and suggest for adoption, by the respective States, such measures as they might deem expedient, and if necessary provide for calling a convention of all the States to revise the Constitution.

They deemed it expedient to propose seven amendments to the Constitution. They would have had representatives and direct taxes apportioned according to the number of free persons. They would have had no new States admitted into the Union without consent of two-thirds of both houses of Congress; no embargo laid for more than sixty days; no President ever reelected, and no two consecutive Presidents from the same State. They would have cut off naturalized citizens from seats in Congress and civil offices under the authority of the United States. They would have made a two-thirds' vote of both houses necessary to lay a commercial restriction or to pass a declaration of offensive war.

These in time were duly laid before Congress, where they were buried under a host of other amendments. The old proposition to remove judges by joint address of both houses had come up three times; to elect the President by district system, six times. There, too, were others: to shorten the term of senators; to give Congress and the States concurrent power to train the militia; to prevent increase of pay of Congressmen till after one election had intervened; to declare that if any citizen

of the United States shall accept, or receive, or retain, or claim any title of nobility or of honor, or shall, without leave of Congress, accept any present, any pension, any office, any emolument of any kind, from emperor, king, prince, or foreign power, he shall cease to be a citizen of the United States and be incapable of holding office. Strange as it may seem, this last proposition passed each house, was approved by the President, went out to the States, and may be found in copies of the Constitution printed in Madison's term, as article 13th of the amendments. When the House in 1817 called on the President for an explanation, it came out that twelve States had ratified, that thirteen would have put it in force, and, supposing the thirteen would surely be obtained, the amendment had been inserted in the copies of the Constitution ordered printed by Congress.

More curious still was an amendment providing for the abolition of the Vice-Presidency, the yearly election of representatives, the triennial election of senators, and the choice of President by lot. The senators were to be parted into three classes, one of which was to go out each year. These retiring senators, called up in alphabetical order, were, in the presence of the House of Representatives, to draw each a ball from a box. One ball was colored, the rest were white; and the man fortunate enough to draw the colored ball was to be President for a twelve-month.

Mingled with these were a few propositions which began to show the first results of the war. Congress was to have power to lay a duty of ten per cent. on exports, build roads and canals in any State with the consent of the State, and establish a national bank with branches. From the President was to be taken all power to approve or disapprove bills. To Congress was to be given power to appoint heads of all departments, fill all vacancies in the judiciary, and appoint all office-holders under the Government of the United States.

In nothing is the spread of the loose construction idea so well shown as in the feeling of the Republicans towards the National Bank. In 1791 they denounced it. In 1811 they refused to recharter it. But now in 1816 they reprinted the arguments of Hamilton to prove the constitutionality of a bank, and passed the charter of the second bank, which Madison, the opposer of banks, signed, and which the Supreme Court, in 1820, declared constitutional. But while the question of constitutionality thus disappeared, the ancient hatred remained. It was still to the popular mind a "moneyed monopoly," an "engine of aristocracy," a great monster "trampling on the vitals of the people."

The charter of the bank marked, for a time,

the limit of broad construction. This limit reached, a reaction followed, and with the opening of the fourth decade began a new contest over State rights. Ohio had taxed two branches of the Bank of the United States, and when the bank resisted had sent her officers to break open the vaults and carry off the tax money by force. The bank entered suit against the officers in the circuit court of the United States and won it, and Ohio in her turn affirmed her belief in State rights and nullification. She protested against the decision of the court as a violation of that amendment of the Constitution which declares that a State may not be sued. She protested against the doctrine that "the political rights of the separate States that compose the American Union, and their powers as sovereign States, may be settled and determined by the Supreme Court." She "approved the resolutions of Kentucky and Virginia," and called on each State for an expression of opinion. None replied. But eight soon followed her example. The first was Kentucky; and from her in 1822 came a constitutional amendment proposing that in all suits to which a State was a party an appeal should lie to the Senate; for in Kentucky, too, the circuit court had been busy, and had swept aside the infamous legislation known to history as the "relief laws."

New York came next. In 1824 the United States set up a claim to the right to require boats navigating canals to take out licenses and pay tonnage duty, and a resolution appeared in the New York Assembly declaring that the State must interfere in defense of her citizens. The Federal courts in 1822 declared unconstitutional the South Carolina acts according to which any free negro sailor who came into the ports of the State could be imprisoned until he sailed again. Governor Wilson when stating this decision to the legislature called on the members to preserve the sovereignty and independence of their State, and told them it would be better "to form a rampart with our bodies on the confines of our territory" than to be "the slaves of a great consolidated government." The legislature replied that the law of self-preservation was above all laws, all treaties, all constitutions, and would never be shared with any other power.

In 1824 Congress passed the "Woollen Bill," and Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi made haste to declare that the tariff, and the internal improvements for which they believed the tariff laid, were not authorized by the plain construction, true intent, and meaning of the Constitution. Each defined the Constitution as a compact into which each State had entered as a sovereign State. Each asserted that no common arbiter was known, and that each

State therefore had the right to construe the compact for itself. Each then proceeded to construe it, and declared that the power to lay import duties was given for the purpose of revenue and revenue only, and that every other use of it was a palpable usurpation of power not given by the Constitution.

To these resolutions Congress gave no heed, and in 1828 passed the "tariff of abominations." Then the indignation of the South burst forth. On the day the news reached Charleston and Savannah, every British ship in the harbors pulled down its flag to half-mast. For months not a public dinner was given in the South but the diners drank destruction to the American system and prosperity to State rights. In scores of towns the sky was reddened by burning effigies of Henry Clay.

In the midst of this commotion Senator Foote of Connecticut moved that the Committee on Public Lands be instructed to inquire whether it be expedient to limit for a while the sale of lands to such as had already been offered and were then subject to entry; and so brought on the Webster-Hayne debate. There was nothing in the motion of a constitutional nature, but the tariff, and the acts of South Carolina on the tariff, were the topics of the hour and could not be kept from the discussion. During three days the Senate and the crowd that packed the chamber heard the Constitution expounded as it was never expounded before. The Virginia doctrine of 1798 pronounced the Constitution a compact between sovereign States, denied that any common arbiter existed, and asserted the right of interposition by "the States." But the Carolina doctrine as now set forth by Hayne was the Kentucky doctrine of 1798, and asserted the right of nullification by a single State; and asserted that right, not as a revolutionary right existing on the ground of extreme necessity, but as a sovereign right existing under the Constitution.

Thus set forth nullification became a favorite doctrine, and in 1830 was adopted by Massachusetts, and in 1831 and in 1832 by Maine. William, King of the Netherlands, had rendered his decision on the disputed North-east boundary, and had traced out a line which, had it been accepted, would have deprived both Maine and Massachusetts of large tracts of land. But Massachusetts notified the General Government that it would be well not to accept the decision, as any act purporting to carry it out would be "wholly null and void, and in no way obligatory" on their government or people. Maine declared she would never consent to give up an acre of her territory on the recommendation of any foreign power. The decision of William was not accepted, and no chance



was given the States to carry out their threats. But the hour was at hand when another State, for another reason, was to make the test.

The "Southern movement" of 1828 and 1829, the burning effigies, the toasts, the remonstrances, the resolutions, the boycotts, had all been lost upon the tariff-men. The threat of nullification, the threat of interposition, the threat of resistance, had been made by so many States, in so many parts of the Union, that they had lost all terrors. Virginia and Kentucky, and Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and New York, and North Carolina, and South Carolina, and Mississippi, and Alabama, and Georgia, and Massachusetts, and Maine had each made them, and it was well known that more than one State had made them never intending to carry them out. The tariff-men therefore, quite undismayed, laid the great tariff of 1832. But the threat of one State was not idle; and November 19, 1832, a convention of South Carolina delegates declared the tariff laws no longer binding on her people.

And now the States were called on to make good their threats, and one by one proved wanting. A year before, the legislature of Maine had declared, "Maine is not bound by the Constitution to submit to the decision which is or shall be made under the convention." But she now declared nullification to be "neither a safe, peaceable, nor constitutional remedy." Massachusetts had declared that any law to carry out the decision of the King of the Netherlands would be "wholly null and void." But she now declared that while she would resist a law she would not nullify. The legislature of Ohio in 1820 had expressly adopted the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and 1800. But there, too, opinions had changed; and Ohio now declared that the doctrine that a State has power to nullify a law of the General Government is revolutionary and "calculated to overthrow the great temple of American liberty."

But it is needless to recall the long resolutions passed by the States; the proclamation of Jackson; the great debate in the Senate between Webster, Calhoun, and Clay; the offer of Virginia to mediate; the call of Georgia for a Southern convention; the Force Act passed by Congress; or the compromise measures which persuaded South Carolina to repeal her ordinance of November, 1832. It is enough to know that each party held to its principles while it gave up its particular acts. The tariff of 1832 was altered, but the constitutionality of the protective tariff was not given up. The ordinance of nullification was repealed, but the right to nullify and secede was not disavowed. Then was the time to have secured such a disavowal. The States had committed them-

selves against the doctrine and could not have refused a constitutional amendment forbidding it. But no such amendment was offered.

Of the amendments that were offered in the House and Senate, one proposed to give Congress power to build roads and canals; another, to carry on internal improvements for national purposes; a third, that money used for building roads and digging canals should be apportioned according to population. A fourth related to the bank; for the charter of the second National Bank, in 1816, again brought up the question of constitutionality, and Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana demanded that an amendment be added forbidding the charter of any bank except for the District of Columbia. But the amendment which was always present, which was rejected and tabled and postponed, sent to special committees, to the Judiciary Committee, to the Committee of the Whole, passed in one house and rejected in another, yet never for a session absent from the journals, related to the manner of electing the President. The extension of the franchise in some of the States, and the rapid growth of what Benton called the "demoskrateo" in all the States, had greatly strengthened the belief that the people, and the people alone, should choose the President. From 1820 to 1825, therefore, the old amendment for a choice of electors by districts was urged over and over again.

For twenty years the Presidents had been natives of Virginia, and for twenty-four years ex-Secretaries of State. But against these a revolt now took place. They also became the cause of proposed constitutional amendments. No man was to be eligible to the Presidency who had been a Congressman within two years, or held any office under the Government within five years of the day of election. The States were to be arranged in four classes and a President to be taken out of each class in rotation.

With such idle schemes Congress went on amusing itself till the memorable election of 1824. Then the electoral college a second time failed to make a choice, and a second time a President was chosen by the House of Representatives. This time the man of the people was beaten, the will of the people was said to have been defied, and senators, representatives, and State legislatures joined in one demand that the college of electors be swept away.

Hardly had the election been decided in the House when Mr. McDuffie of South Carolina proposed that the election of President should never be made by Congress; that there should be a direct vote of the people by districts, and that the man who carried a majority

of the districts should be President. Buchanan was for giving the choice in contested elections to the State legislatures. Hayne was against all intervention of Congress. Dickerson was against a third term, and the Senate sent his amendment to the House. Phelps was for going back to the old custom abolished by the twelfth amendment. Sloane was for a per capita election throughout the United States. Benton, from the Senate committee, reported in favor of a popular vote in districts; the abolition of the electoral college; a majority of districts necessary to a choice, and when no majority a reelection as before; if no choice then, a choice by the Congress. So vital had the question become, that in the four years of Mr. Adams's presidency thirty-three amendments concerning it were offered in the House and Senate. Then, wearied with it all, a member urged giving Congress power, after 1830, to propose amendments every ten years and no oftener. But the manner of election was not changed. Jackson was chosen in the old way; the dread which the Democrats had of the electoral college ended, and the dispute over the manner of electing was changed to a dispute over the length of term. Jackson, in his message to Congress, asked for a definite limit, and more amendments followed. Some would give him no more than two terms; some, one term of four years; others, one term of five. Again nothing was done, and again the President returned to the subject in his message in December, 1836. The select committee reported on it and were discharged, and the proposition came up regularly each session, only to be thrust aside by others more pressing.

On March 4, 1829, Jackson began what his enemies have called his "reign," and the amendments offered during his terms were prompted more by the bitter hatred the Whigs felt towards him than by any public necessity. He removed men from office by hundreds; and the Whigs retaliated by offering an amendment that all tenure of office not otherwise provided for by the Constitution should be regulated by Congress. He demanded that Duane should withdraw the deposits from the Bank of the United States. Duane refused, was removed, and for this the Whigs retaliated with an amendment that the Secretary of the Treasury should be chosen annually by the joint vote of House and Senate and should nominate, and by and with the advice of the Senate appoint, all officers whose duty it was to disburse the revenues. Jackson gave five members of Congress places in the Cabinet. Three more he sent to foreign courts. Four more he made comfortable with collectorships, appraiserships, and district attorneyships, and to stop him the Whigs proposed a third amendment. By it

senators and representatives were not to be eligible to any office in the gift of President or Secretary of the Treasury during the term for which they were elected to sit in Congress, nor for two years thereafter. But the great constitutional question was the right to abolish slavery.

The Missouri Compromise had stirred up Benjamin Lundy, Benjamin Lundy had stirred up Garrison, and Garrison in turn had roused the antislavery feeling of the North. Hundreds of antislavery societies had sprung into existence, and from these petitions, signed, it is said, by 34,000 names, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, came pouring in. Once more the interests of a section were attacked. Once more expediency produced the charge of unconstitutionality. Congress had no power to abolish slavery anywhere. To ask it to abolish slavery was to ask it to do an unconstitutional act, and petitions making such requests were themselves unconstitutional and ought not to be received. A motion that the House of Representatives would not receive any petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was sent to a committee. From that committee, in May, 1836, came a report that Congress had no power to interfere with slavery in any of the States; that it ought not to interfere with it in the District of Columbia; and that all "petitions, memorials, resolutions, or papers, relating in any way or to any extent whatever to the subject of slavery or the abolition of slavery, shall, without being either printed or referred, be laid upon the table, and that no further action whatever shall be had thereon."

Thus was the Constitution violated. Thus was the famous "gag rule" enacted. Thus was begun the glorious contest waged by John Quincy Adams in behalf of the right of petition. Thus was slavery brought up for settlement under the Constitution.

On March 4, 1837, Andrew Jackson quit office; Martin Van Buren began what the Whigs called "Jackson's Appendix," and during four years the amendments offered were Whig amendments setting forth old Whig principles. The President was to have one term. Congressmen were to be ineligible to offices in the gift of the President for two years after the close of the term for which they were elected to serve in Congress. Judges of the Supreme Court were to serve for seven years and no longer. With these came up from time to time other amendments expressive of the moral sense of the community. The collector of the port of New York went off a defaulter for \$1,500,000; Congressman Cilley was murdered in a duel.

Shocked at such enormities, the whole community cried out for reform, and two constitu-

tional amendments promptly appeared in Congress. Embezzlers were to be forever disfranchised. Duelists were to be forever shut out from office-holding under the Government of the United States.

But all of these were overshadowed by the great constitutional question of the hour—the right of Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. In the two years which had elapsed since the “gag rule” was passed a great moral awakening had begun. Slavery, as well as duelists and embezzlers, was growing hateful, and the antislavery movement had entered the political field to stay. The legislature of Massachusetts pronounced the “gag rule” unconstitutional, and asserted that Congress had power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. So did Vermont. Connecticut repealed the “black code.” From a few hundred in 1835, the antislavery societies rose to two thousand in 1837. The abolition petitions which reached Congress in the early months of 1838 are said to have borne signatures traced by three hundred thousand hands. Then was it that Calhoun brought in five resolutions defining the powers of Congress and the States over slavery. Then was it that Mr. Clay moved eight more on slavery, the slave trade, and the petitions. Then was it that Mr. Atherton moved yet another five, drawn up by the Democratic caucus, declaring that the Government of the United States was a Government of limited powers and had no jurisdiction over slavery in the States; that petitions to abolish slavery in the District and the Territories were part of a plan indirectly to destroy slavery in the State; that as Congress could not do indirectly what it could not do directly, these petitions were against the true intent and spirit of the Constitution, and that they ought, when presented, to be laid on the table without being debated, printed, or referred. One by one they were adopted, and hardly were they adopted when a member moved an explanation. The States were not associated on principles of unlimited submission. The Federal Government was a Government of limited and specific powers derived from the people of the States, and the House of Representatives in adopting the “gag rule” had but fulfilled its constitutional duty and in no way infringed the right of petition or the freedom of debate. Then was it that John Quincy Adams moved the first antislavery constitutional amendment. Save Florida, no slave State should ever again be admitted into the Union. On July 4, 1842, hereditary slavery was to cease and all negroes born after that day to be forever free. On July 4, 1845, there was to be an end made to slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

A week later the first half-century under the Constitution ended. The second half opened with a lull in constitutional discussion. During two years not an amendment was offered. There began a new threshing of the old straw. The term of the judges, the term of the President, the manner of electing him, the exclusion of Congressmen from office, were repeatedly made the subjects of proposed amendments. There was a long debate on the constitutionality of the protective tariff. There was a renewal by Massachusetts of the old demand that representation and direct taxes be apportioned according to the number of free inhabitants, and of the old question of the constitutionality of a bank.

The great Whig victory of 1840 turned over the administration of affairs to the loose construction party. But the death of Harrison in 1841 gave it back again to the strict constructionists; for such Tyler had always been and such he always remained. Still the Whigs were not dismayed, and one by one brought forward their promised reforms. They repealed the Sub-Treasury Act, and Tyler signed the bill. But he vetoed, as unconstitutional, the bill to establish “The Fiscal Bank of the United States,” and the bill to establish a “Fiscal Corporation.”

For this, Whig voters burned him in effigy all over the Union. For this, the Whig caucus read him out of the party, and in an earnest address to the people called for a lessening of the executive power by limiting the veto, by restricting the President to a single term, and by giving the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury to Congress. The people gave the address small heed; but the great Whig leader did, and in December, 1841, moved three constitutional amendments. Henceforth a majority vote was to be enough to pass a bill over the veto; henceforth the Treasurer and the Secretary of the Treasury were to be appointed by Congress, and no Congressman given any office during the term for which he had been elected. Clay defended his amendments with all the eloquence and skill of which he was master. Calhoun attacked them with more than common zeal and the Senate laid them on the table. But the end was not yet. The last reduction provided by the compromise tariff was to take place June 30, 1842. The Whigs passed a bill suspending this reduction till August 1, 1842, and Tyler sent it back with his “I forbid.” Unable to override the veto, the Whigs passed a new tariff act, and this also Tyler sent back with his “I forbid.”

The House took up the message which accompanied this veto—the “ditto veto,” as it was nicknamed by the Whigs—and sent it to a committee of thirteen. John Quincy Adams

was the chairman and wrote a report which ended with another call for the constitutional amendment proposed by Clay, for a limitation of the veto. The report accomplished nothing; but the question at issue was by no means dead, and appeared in both the Whig and Democratic platforms of 1844.

The custom of laying constitutional "planks" in a party platform was brought in by the National Republicans in 1832. Those were the days when nullification was rife, when the Supreme Court was defied, when the outlay of public money on internal improvements was still thought unconstitutional. But such was not Republican doctrine; and in their platform, the first ever framed by a national convention, they boldly declared for internal improvements, and pronounced the Supreme Court the only tribunal for deciding all questions arising under the Constitution and the laws.

As this was the first, so for eight years it was the last party platform. Then, in the campaign of 1840, the Democrats imitated the Republicans of 1832, framed their first party platform and in it laid down the party views on the Constitution. The Federal Government was declared to be one of limited powers. These powers were derived solely from the Constitution and were to be construed strictly. Such a construction gave to Congress no power to make internal improvements, to assume State debts, to charter a bank, nor to meddle with the domestic institutions of the States. In these principles neither time nor experience wrought any changes, and for twenty years they were regularly reaffirmed by every Democratic convention. Four years later the men who nominated Clay drew up three resolutions, which must be considered as the first Whig platform, and in them demanded one term for the President and a reform of executive usurpations, which every true Whig understood to mean the constitutional amendments supported by John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay.

But the election was contested on very different grounds. It was under the cries of "The reannexation of Texas and the reoccupation of Oregon," "The whole of Oregon, or none," "Fifty-four forty or fight," that the Democrats entered the campaign. It was under such cries as "Texas or disunion," "Give us Texas or divide the spoons," that they won it. The treaty of annexation had failed in the Senate on constitutional grounds. Some denied the right to acquire foreign soil in any manner. Some objected to annexing it by treaty: to remove their scruples annexation by joint rule was proposed, only to be resisted by those who claimed that annexation by treaty was the only constitutional method of procedure. A compromise followed, and Tyler was left to submit to Texas the joint

rule or open negotiations for a new treaty, as he saw fit. He submitted the joint rule and gave the country Texas. Then came the war. The war gave us new territory; the new territory had to be governed, and the attempt to set up territorial governments in California, New Mexico, and Utah brought up the question whether those governments should be slave or free.

On the one hand were the Free-soilers, holding two definite theories of the status of slavery under the Constitution. Slavery in the State was, they held, a purely domestic institution. State laws created it. State laws protected it, and these laws the Federal Government could not repeal. For slavery in the States, therefore, the Federal Government was not to blame. But for the existence of slavery in the Territories the Federal Government was to blame; for over the Territories the States had no authority and the Congress all authority. But the Constitution expressly denied to Congress power to deprive any man of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. Congress had, therefore, no more power to make a slave than to make a king; no more power to set up slavery than to set up monarchy. The Congress must prohibit slavery in the Territories, in the District of Columbia, and wherever else its authority was supreme.

On the other hand were the Democrats, resisting the Wilmot proviso, resisting the exclusion of slavery from the Territories; demanding the fulfillment by the North of the constitutional obligation to return fugitive slaves; asserting the doctrines of popular sovereignty and non-interference, and threatening disunion if every demand were not conceded. Non-interference meant the constitutional right of every slaveholder to take his slaves to any State or any Territory and be secure in their possession, and the constitutional duty of Congress to do nothing tending directly or indirectly to hurt slavery even "in its incipient stages." Popular sovereignty meant the right of the people in a Territory to determine for themselves when they framed their State constitution whether they would or would not have slavery.

By 1850 these two doctrines had become so well defined that an attempt was made to fasten them on the Constitution. One amendment proposed that the Constitution should never be amended so as to abolish slavery without consent of each State in which slavery existed. By another resolution the Committee on the Judiciary were to frame an amendment setting forth that the people of each separate community, whether they do or do not reside in the Territories, have a right to make their own domestic laws and to establish their own domestic government.

Again the proposed amendments were



thrown aside; but the doctrine of popular sovereignty triumphed. By the compromise of 1850 it was applied in the organization of Utah and New Mexico, and in them slavery was established. By the act of May 22, 1854, it was again applied in the organization of Kansas and Nebraska, and in Kansas slavery was desperately resisted. When that dreadful war was over, Clay was dead; Webster was dead; the old Whig party was dead; the Free-soil party had given place to the Republican party; the Dred Scott decision had been made, and the Democratic party was rent into two sectional factions holding two very different views on "sovereignty." The Southern wing, led by Breckinridge and Lane, still held to the old form of "popular sovereignty," and still declared that when the settlers in a Territory, having an adequate population, form a State constitution, the right of sovereignty begins; that they then have the right to recognize or prohibit slavery, as they see fit, and must then be admitted as a State with their constitution free or proslavery, as they wish; still held that the government of a Territory is provisional and temporary, and that while it lasts all citizens of the United States have equal rights to settle in the Territories without their rights or property being impaired by congressional action. The Northern wing, led by Douglas, proclaimed the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," the right of the people while still in the territorial condition to determine through their territorial legislatures whether they would or would not have slavery.

The Republicans, on the other hand, asserted the normal condition of the Territories to be that of freedom, and denied the authority of Congress, of the territorial legislatures, of territorial constitutional conventions, and of any individual to give legal existence to slavery in the Territories. In 1860 this doctrine triumphed, and the Southern States at once began to carry out the threats so often made, and one by one seceded.

Then came up for final settlement two questions, many times discussed in vague or general language: May a State secede? May the Federal Government coerce? The answer of Buchanan to these questions is given in his message to Congress in December, 1860. He admitted, as all men must admit, that revolution is a "rightful remedy" for tyranny and oppression. He denied that secession was a constitutional remedy for anything. But he asserted that the Constitution gave no power to coerce a State when it claimed to have seceded. He admitted that the Constitution did give the power to enforce the laws of the Union on the people of a so-called seceded State; but he asserted that he was powerless to do so be-

cause he could not comply with the terms of the law of 1795, which provided for putting that power into effect. Having laid down these principles, he fell back on the old remedy and urged an "explanatory constitutional amendment." This amendment was to declare, not that secession was unconstitutional, not that the General Government might coerce, but that the right of property in slaves was recognized in every State where it then existed or might exist; that this right should be protected in the Territories so long as they remained Territories; and that all State laws hindering the return of fugitive slaves were unconstitutional, null, and void.

The hint was taken, and men of all parties made haste to lay before Congress a vast mass of propositions and amendments. One was for urging the States to call a constitutional convention. Jefferson Davis was for declaring by amendment that property in slaves stood upon the same footing as other kinds of property and should never be impaired by act of Congress. Andrew Johnson had a long list of six more. Mr. Crittenden, a senator from Kentucky, offered seven. From the House Committee on the State of the Union came seven. From the Peace Conference came seven. All were compromises. The slave States had complained that they were not given equal rights in the Territories. They were now given rights; and the public domain was parted by the old Missouri Compromise line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$ . In the Territories north of the line there was to be no slavery; in the Territories south of the line slavery was to be protected. The slave States had demanded "popular sovereignty." They were now given popular sovereignty, and the Territories both north and south of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  were to be suffered, when they formed State constitutions, to set up or prohibit slavery. The free States had complained of the acquisition of territory for the purpose of spreading slavery. The Federal Government was now forbidden to acquire any territory in any way, save by discovery, without the consent of a majority of the senators from the States where slavery was not allowed and of a majority of the senators from the States where slavery was allowed. The free States had demanded the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; but this was refused, and in future neither the Constitution nor any amendment was to be so construed as to give Congress power to meddle with slavery in the States, nor to abolish it in the District without the consent of Maryland. The free States had demanded that the slave trade between the States be stopped, and this was granted. The slave States had demanded a better enforcement of the fugitive-slave law: this too was granted,

and the States were to have power to pass laws to enforce the delivery of fugitive slaves to legal claimants. All these amendments, and all the provisions of the Constitution touching slavery, were never to be changed without the consent of each State. But the day for compromise was gone. Congress would not accept them, and March 2, 1861, sent out to the States a short amendment in their stead, providing that Congress should never abolish nor meddle with slavery in the States. Maryland and Ohio alone ratified it. The war made it useless, and in February, 1864, it was recalled, to be followed in February, 1865, by an amendment which the States did accept and which abolished slavery in the United States forever. Then began the days of reconstruction, and when March 30, 1870, came, two more amendments had been added to the Constitution.

With these the amending stopped; but the rage for amendment went on burning with tenfold fury. State sovereignty was gone; Federal sovereignty was established. The National Government, not the State Government, was now looked up to as the righter of wrongs, the corrector of abuses, the preserver of morals;

and individuals, societies, sects, made haste to lay their grievances before Congress and ask to have them removed by constitutional amendment. The change which the war has produced in this respect is most marked and curious. During the nineteen years which have passed since 1870, three hundred and ten amendments have been offered. Many of these, it is true, have in one form or another tormented Congress for ninety years; but among them are others which indicate nothing so plainly as the belief that the Government is now a great National Government and that its duty is to provide in the broadest sense for "the general welfare" of the people. To Congress, therefore, have come repeated calls for constitutional amendments, forbidding special legislation; forbidding the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors; forbidding bigamy and polygamy; forbidding the repeal of the pension laws; giving Congress power to pass uniform marriage and divorce laws, and power to limit the hours of labor; giving women the right to vote; giving the States power to tax corporations; and for amendments abolishing and prohibiting the convict-labor system and acknowledging the existence of a God.

*John Bach McMaster.*



## SIXTY AND SIX; OR, A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

*Fons, delictum domus. — MARTIAL.*

LIGHT of the morning,  
Darling of dawning,  
Blithe little, lithe little daughter of mine!  
While with thee ranging  
Sure I'm exchanging  
Sixty of my years for six years like thine.  
Wings cannot vie with thee,  
Lightly I fly with thee,  
Gay as the thistle-down over the lea;  
Life is all magic,  
Comic or tragic,  
Played as thou playest it daily with me.

Floating and ringing  
Thy merry singing  
Comes when the light comes, like that of the birds.  
List to the play of it!  
That is the way of it;  
All 's in the music and naught in the words —  
Glad or grief-laden,  
Schubert or Haydn,  
Ballad of Erin or merry Scotch lay,  
Like an evangel  
Some baby angel  
Brought from sky-nursery stealing away.

Surely I know it,  
Artist nor poet  
Guesses my treasure of jubilant hours.  
Sorrows, what are they?  
Nearer or far, they  
Vanish in sunshine, like dew from the flowers.  
Years, I am glad of them!  
Would that I had of them  
More and yet more, while thus mingled with thine.  
Age, I make light of it!  
Fear not the sight of it,  
Time 's but our playmate, whose toys are divine.

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

## THE LAST ASSEMBLY BALL:<sup>1</sup>

A PSEUDO-ROMANCE OF THE FAR WEST.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

### PART II.

#### THE SITUATION DEVELOPED.

##### I.



It was two months or more after Milly came that Mrs. Dansken began to fancy the situation was becoming strained. The weather was now extremely cold; the ice on the water-cask of a morning was so thick that it was necessary to cut it with a hatchet. In doing this Milly had cut her hand, and again there was an uprising on the subject of the water-pitchers. Mrs. Dansken was immovable and logical, as usual.

Had it ever occurred to the young men to inquire how the little woman who did their washing managed to get her tubs filled this winter weather with the "ditch" half a mile from her cabin? It had not occurred to Mrs. Dansken to make active inquiries on this subject herself. She considered it was none of her business; nor was it the business of her young men to concern themselves how their water-pitchers were filled. Both were paying to have these things done without inquiries. But for the sake of consistency, would they tell her how they could put on a clean shirt without thinking of the woman who washed it—a little woman, not half so big as Milly, and an old woman at that? "As for the little scratch Milly has given herself—well, it is n't the fashion to speak of such things, but you should see Mrs. Murphy's wrists! If you can only accept service that costs nothing, you 'll certainly have to wash your own shirts."

After breakfast Strobe handed to Mrs. Dansken an unopened pot of vaseline.

"What's this for?" she asked.

"For the wrists it is not the fashion to mention."

"Oh, I gave her some myself. Even a hard-hearted person like me can spare a little vaseline. Pray keep it, or give it to Milly. If we should take up a contribution for her wounds, she might anoint herself from head to foot, like a Fijian bride."

This time, decidedly, there was tempers shown on both sides. But the little washerwoman told Mrs. Dansken with tears of gratitude, when she came with her weekly basket, how kind the young men had been—how they had sent a man to dig a little channel from the main hydraulic mining ditch to her cabin, so that now she had the water at her door.

Mrs. Dansken knew that this tapping of a main ditch meant considerable trouble as well as money, but she did not attempt to sully the widow's gratitude by casting doubts upon the motives of her benefactors. It was Mrs. Dansken's opinion that one motive was as good as another, so long as the result was the same.

As Christmas drew near, the subject of gifts was mooted. The young men made sarcastic allusions to the rules of the house, and asked if their oath would permit them to remember the waitress, as well as the cook. "As a waitress, certainly," they were informed. How were they to make it sufficiently understood that the remembrance applied to the waitress to the exclusion of the girl?

"Easily enough," Mrs. Dansken explained, with gravity equal to their own. Let the remembrance take the form of a general gift from them all to Milly, not from each one of them to Miss Robinson.

It might be difficult, the young men objected, to unite on a single gift that should represent them all.

Would they find it difficult to unite on a gift for Ann?

The session broke up with something of the old hilarity; only Mrs. Dansken insisted that the gift should be appropriate. The term was allowed, without discussion of its application to a gift for Milly. But an opportunity was not long delayed for further elucidation of Mrs. Dansken's views on this subject.

A few of her guests, among them Frank Embury, were in the habit of knocking occasionally at the door of the sitting-room where she betook herself to wrestle with her accounts, or make over her dresses, or hold consultations with Ann. She had drawn closer in these days to the older woman, and liked a quiet talk with her on matters which had been their own before the stranger had come into the house.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1889, by Mary Hallock Foote.

Frank knocked and entered with a pile of books under his arm; they slid to the floor as he took a seat. Mrs. Dansken was careful not to look at them too closely, thinking they were for herself. Frank saw that she thought so, and this made it more difficult for him to say that they were for Milly.

Mrs. Dansken recovered herself, and looked at the books with the most amiable interest. "Is this the general gift?" she asked, wondering not a little at the choice of a modern edition of Miss Austen's novels.

"No," said Frank. "It is something I thought of doing on my own account; or, rather, of getting you to help me to do."

"You wish me to help you give these books to Milly Robinson?"

"Yes—that is, they are submitted first, of course, to the public censor of gifts."

Mrs. Dansken did not like to be called names, though she could sometimes give them to others with great facility.

"Frank!" she exclaimed, "really it seems almost perverse of you to insist upon this sort of thing! These are books you could give your sister. Why do you wish to give her books?"

"I don't wish to give her poor ones. That's the kind she seems to be reading now."

"Dear me! How do you know what she reads?"

"Oh, I happen to know," said Frank.

"But these are books entirely over the head of a girl like Milly. Have you ever read Miss Austen?"

Frank owned that he had not.

"I have n't either, but I've got an idea she is a sort of fad nowadays, like old miniatures and paintings on velvet."

"Oh, I don't think she's a fad. My sisters were reading her in an old edition that belonged to one of my aunts—board covers and paper labels and jolly rough edges."

"Well, your sisters may come naturally by their Miss Austen in board covers. I don't mean she would be a fad for everybody. 'Pride and Prejudice!' 'Sense and Sensibility!' Now, Frank, do you suppose when Milly Robinson has got through one of these books—which I doubt if she ever does—she will have the faintest idea what even the title means?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Frank, sulkily. He was not so confident himself about his choice, which was one reason for indulging in humor now that it was being criticised.

"Oh, well, give her the books if you want to," said Mrs. Dansken, relenting in amusement at his disgust. "She will be the chief sufferer."

"I wanted you to give them to her."

"Well, I shall not! She'd think I was making fun of her."

"Then keep them, and read them yourself," said Frank, maliciously.

"No, you must take this admirable female back, and get something of Mrs. Whitney's—no, Mrs. Whitney writes about high-toned servant girls. I'm afraid she would be demoralizing. Are n't Grace Aguilar's books read a good deal by young girls?"

"By young servant girls, do you mean?"

"I'm afraid we would not make much of a committee on books for girls, Frank," said Mrs. Dansken, forgiving him entirely now that she had made him lose his temper. "Don't you know any books that are safe and easy to understand?"

"That is the kind I read," said Frank. "I'm afraid the 'Weekly Light of Home' is n't very safe."

"Is that what Milly reads?"

"I think so, sometimes."

"Well, I must look after her reading, for your sake. But I wish you would tell me how you came to know so much more about it than I do?"

"It's not much that I know. You could easily get the inside track of me there."

Mrs. Dansken seemed struck by this expression. "The inside track! Yes, of course, there are two ways of getting there. Don't you suppose I know that my way is n't the true way? Frank," she exclaimed in a burst of harassed confidence, "if I could only be fond of the girl, as I am of crabbed old Ann—if I could make her like me and trust me, as Ann does! Well, I should know all about her then—more than any of you could know. But I cannot do it. Good people, I think, have no likes or dislikes." (Mrs. Dansken always spoke of good people with toleration as a race by themselves, alien in some sense to the rest of humanity.) "I would like to make Milly believe that I like her, but she has her intuitions. I would get rid of her, if I could possibly get on without her. I hate to acknowledge what a difference she has made in the house. And yet, there are days—oh, well, this is all 'nerves,' don't you know? Did you ever find yourself nursing an antagonism? You have no idea how it occupies the mind. It's as exciting as the first stages of a love affair."

"How queer women are about their business relations," said Frank. "They are so personal. Men never think whether they like each other or not. They get on together all the same."

"So do I get on. Don't I get on most beautifully? I've never had a word with Milly—and yet there are mornings when I wake up and think, I've got to go down-stairs and say, 'Good-morning, Milly!' and look at her without meeting her eyes. She never looks at



me!—Well, I wish I had the house clear of her and the work just as hard as it was before."

"Mrs. Dansken, you are certainly morbid."

"I told you I was. I've let myself go. Do you see anything uncanny about her, Frank? Honestly, apart from all our badgerings, does she seem to you a nice girl?"

"I don't know anything about her, Mrs. Dansken, or about girls anyway. You know they are all mysteries to us."

"They," "us!" said Mrs. Dansken, in great irritation. "I'm not asking you about Milly Robinson as a *parti*."

"Do you mean, do I think she would steal the spoons?" shouted Frank.

"There are things in this house besides spoons that do not belong to a girl in Milly's position."

"Good heavens, Mrs. Dansken! Have we any of us any position that we can hold all alone? Are we blocks of stone in a quarry, set up alongside of one another?"

"Frank, I wish you had a block of stone in place of that soft heart of yours."

Frank blushed angrily. "Yes, when people talk about other people's soft hearts, they generally mean their soft heads."

Mrs. Dansken laughed outright at this; and before Frank carried the estimable Miss Austen away, the quarrel was made up.

"Superintend her education, if you want to," were Mrs. Dansken's parting words. "I shall not interfere. I won't have it on my conscience that if I'm not good myself I keep others from being good."

In spite of the little taunt, Frank understood that Mrs. Dansken meant to trust him in all that concerned Milly. He was too young a philosophizer about women to be able to conclude how much of her confession was a true mental record and how much had been evolved in the excitement of controversy and self-revelation. His own simple judgment in the matter was, that if she would stop thinking that she felt thus and so about Milly, she would cease to feel so.

For several days after Mrs. Dansken's talk with Frank, in which she had let her aversion see the light of day, she felt its hold relax. She refrained from watchfulness; she did not refer to Milly as the Sphinx, or the Phenomenon, or the Perfect Treasure: she spoke of her by name, quite simply and humanly, without any exhibitory adjectives. She looked her antagonism in the face and saw only a pretty girl in an attitude of set, despondent passivity, and of continuous hard work. She could not accuse herself of having failed in her part of the agreement under which Milly had been glad to come; nor had Milly, on her own part, ever complained or protested.

Why, then, should Mrs. Dansken have dreaded to meet the girl on the stairs, or alone in her bedroom, engaged in these intimate services we call menial, which are assuredly as difficult to accept as to render in a forced relation?

## II.

ON Christmas morning, after a late breakfast, the tree was lighted in the darkened parlor, and the family gathered around it. Ann and Milly came in after the others had assembled, and stood a little apart, but not together.

Two of the young men gathered the fruits of the tree and gave them into Mrs. Dansken's lap as she sat in the most prominent place in the room and called the names attached to the gifts. She had not meant to watch the effect of the young men's "remembrance" upon Milly; but when the cumbersome box was handed to her, containing a muff and cape of long dark fur, which Mrs. Dansken had selected, thinking of the color of Milly's hair, curiosity as to how the girl would demean herself overcame her. The manner of accepting a gift is one of the tests of breeding, even more than the manner of giving, since the passive part is always the hardest.

"From the young gentlemen, Milly," said Mrs. Dansken. "Won't you open it?" she added, as the girl took the box and held it awkwardly, looking discomposed rather than happy.

Milly sat down—there was no chair very near—and bungled with the string. One or two of the young men looked at her, but most of them found something to take their attention elsewhere. Ann regarded Milly's part with toleration, holding her own present on her arm—a fur-lined mantle, of a quality of silk superior to that of her mistress's, as the latter had playfully remarked, adding that she should have to borrow Ann's cloak when she wished to be fine.

"Do cut this string, somebody," Mrs. Dansken demanded on behalf of Milly. She looked at Frank Embury, who immediately looked away. The string was cut and the cape unfolded from its paper wrappings.

"Now let us put it on you, Milly," she said. "We must show them how it becomes you. I feel responsible, because I chose it." She was helping Milly to disburden herself of her gratitude, if it were that which oppressed her. More likely, in Mrs. Dansken's opinion, the girl was sulking because she had thought Ann's present handsomer than her own.

Milly submitted to be dressed in her costly gift before the eyes of the givers. There had been nothing from Milly to the young gentlemen. As a matter of course the liberty to give

belonged to them. Her part was to accept and be thankful. She stood up, looking embarrassed and sullen, and said, without raising her eyes, that she was very much obliged to the gentlemen. And then suddenly she looked at Frank Embury. His eyes met hers with an inexplicable expression of humility, of apology: Milly may have understood what the look meant.

Mrs. Dansken saw it, but in her mood of forbearance she would not permit herself to take alarm.

There was a dance that evening in the parlor of No. 9. Ann, who had exhausted her energies on the Christmas dinner, had been dismissed to bed. At 10 o'clock a waiter from the Clarendon knocked at the kitchen door with a parcel of cakes and a form of ices. The mistress, on the alert in the midst of the lanciers, signaled to Embury.

"Go and help Milly," she whispered. "Show her how to dump the cream."

Frank took this command as a recognition of the new compact between them, as well as a concession to the spirit of the day. But he gave her an arch look of inquiry, as if to ask, "Do you really mean it?" Appealing glances from other partnerless youths, propping the walls of Mrs. Dansken's parlor, signified their desire to be of use, but were laughingly parried.

As the dance went on, subdued sounds of voices and steps and the quiet tinkle of silver could be heard behind the dining-room curtain. An occasional bumping of plates betrayed to the housekeeper's ear the unpracticed masculine touch. Mrs. Dansken was tired of her vigils. "What business is it of mine?" she asked herself. "Let nature have its way." But nature's ways are wild ways, under conditions that are not legitimate—when the wives usurp the young girls' places in the dance, and the young girl of the house has no friends in it, and no partisans, except the young men of the house. Mrs. Dansken had created this situation, had set it on wheels, confident that she could steer it safely and make profit to herself out of it. But the vigilance of suspicion is never so sure or so untiring as the vigilance of love. Mrs. Dansken's way was the way of all expedients, by which we hope to avoid the consequences of some fundamental ill-adjustment in our plans.

At 11 o'clock, when the supper was over, the mistress said: "You may go to bed now, Milly; I shall not call you till half-past seven to-morrow."

No mistress, not the most forbearing, could have liked to be smiled at in the way that Milly smiled whenever Mrs. Dansken tried to be, as she called it, "nice" to the girl. At such times Milly herself was not nice, nor pleasant to

look at, for all her prettiness. The impression blotted all the back pages of Mrs. Dansken's mental record of the girl; she seemed to have been always smiling in that unpleasant way, without raising her eyes.

Milly locked the silver-drawer, put the key in its place, and returned to the kitchen. Here she remembered that she had not her kindlings for the morning fires, and taking an old shawl from its nail behind the door, she wrapped her head and shoulders in it and went out.

The night was clear and piercingly cold. Her breath made a little cloud before her in the moonlight as she crossed the trodden space between the kitchen and the wood-shed. At the door of the shed she encountered Mr. Embury with his hands full of light-wood and shavings sifting dust over his evening trousers.

"I heard you say that you had forgotten your kindlings; and it's so late, you know, and so horribly cold—"

Certainly the thing he was doing, waiting upon Mrs. Dansken's waitress, called for an apology, even to the waitress herself.

He was bareheaded. The wind was blowing up the short locks from his forehead. He looked very kind and handsome, but, as he felt, very much out of place.

Milly held out her apron. "Run in; run in, quick!" he commanded. "You'll freeze to death!"

She laughed excitedly as she ran before him into the kitchen and closed the door upon them both. It occurred to Frank that he had never heard her laugh before—he had never heard, in the camp, a girl's laugh that was innocent.

Milly drew out from behind the stove a box into which Frank noiselessly deposited the kindlings. The kitchen lamp, not smoking, as kitchen lamps are apt to, but burning clean and clear, showed the state of his trousers.

"Shall I slip upstairs and get your clothes-brush?"

"No," he said, beating himself with his hands.

"Let me sweep you off, then? I've a clean broom in the closet here."

He stood up, laughing, to be swept down. "How about this?" he said, glancing at the spillings of his handful of kindlings on the floor. "Ann will know you never did that." Instinctively, and without being at the least pains, he was as secret as if he had spent his life in kitchen conspiracies.

"I'll sweep it all up," said Milly. "I'm sure I'm much obliged," she added; and although she looked at him as if she expected him to say good-night, Frank noticed that she seemed happy and at ease.

"It's late for you to be up. You must be

very tired," he said, lifting one foot to the stove hearth and leaning his arm on his knee, in an attitude for conversation.

Milly softly lifted one of the covers of the stove and stirred the coals into a glow. The kitchen, with its lamp turned low, and its one cold, moonlighted window at the dark end, took on a look of extreme comfort and seclusion.

"Most always I'd rather sit up than go to bed," said Milly, reflectively.

"Don't you get awfully sleepy with no one to talk to evenings?"

"Yes, no one but Ann: I suppose it's because she is almost always sick, but she's awful cross. She wants the whole bed. I wish she had it. I'd a good deal sooner sleep on the floor, if it was n't so cold."

Frank did not know what to say to this; there was an appalling frankness about it as a revelation of the undercurrent of life in the house. A sudden irruption of male voices and footsteps from the parlor into the dining-room brought him to a sense of his own position. Milly looked at him in undisguised alarm. She made haste silently to cover the light of the stove; and as she blew out the lamp and slipped into the pantry, a young man, hitherto unpracticed in hasty retreats into back regions of his friends' dwellings, found himself cooling his hot face in the moonlight among Mrs. Dansken's wash-tubs and water-barrels, reflecting upon the fact that of all the men in the house he had got himself chosen as the worthiest of its mistress's confidence.

For several days after the episode of the kindling-wood Frank's behavior to Milly took on a tone of extreme loftiness. He had scarcely spoken six words to the girl before that evening, except such as Mrs. Dansken might have indorsed from her own point of view; yet the change in his manner was felt by Milly as distinctly as if he had tapped her on the head by way of enforcing it. She resented the young man's accession of dignity and copied it faithfully, so far as the negations of their intercourse permitted the one who served to copy the manner of the one who was served.

From his attitude of dignified reserve Frank lapsed suddenly into an extreme fit of homesickness. Visions of his cousin, of the marshes and the shore, swept in upon him in a great wave of bitterness that obliterated the tide-marks left by the restless risings and fallings of his spirit. He was honestly sure of his case; so sure and so unhappy, and so lonely in his unhappiness, that one day when he took his landlady out on the Soda-springs road for a sleigh-ride, and they had plunged along for a mile or more in silence, he was moved to unburden himself. It was a natural but most unfortunate incident of his friendship with Mrs.

Dansken, confirming her, as it did, in his present faith and perfect openness, his sorrow and preoccupation, and convincing her later of his duplicity.

There is no untruthfulness so confounding as that which a perfectly sincere nature occasionally can perpetrate. Frank came home from this ride intrenched in Mrs. Dansken's confidence, and in his own belief in the incurableness of his old love. In his pity for himself he was very tender, very lenient, to the sufferer. He felt he was entitled to all that woman's friendship can do for one whom love for a woman had blighted. And if he was tender with himself, he did not forget to be tender towards others. He felt very old and beneficent when he thought of Milly. He decided that he would forget all about that ridiculous scene in the kitchen, and, above all, cease to visit his annoyance with himself upon her. Had he been more than simply helpful, as a man should be to women, in all circumstances? Would he not do the same thing again if it came in his way?—with this difference: he would not retreat among the wash-tubs, and leave poor Milly to think he was ashamed to be seen in her company. If his breeding could not support such a situation as that, what was breeding good for?

Mrs. Dansken held out her hand to him when they parted after their ride, at the foot of the hall stairs. Because it was a pretty hand, and because its owner had been kind to him in ways he could never return, he stooped and kissed it. As they stood in this attitude, as becoming to a tall young man with a charming profile as to a little woman with a pretty white hand, the dining-room door opened and Milly Robinson appeared, with a freshly ironed tablecloth upon her arm.

"Excuse me," she said, avoiding Mrs. Dansken's stare of inquiry.

"Well, what is it?"

"The wash is n't home yet, Mrs. Dansken, and this is the last tablecloth in the drawer, and it's got a slit in the middle."

"Put one of the table-scarfs over it—the one with the poppies."

"I thought you did n't want them used every day," said Milly, stung by the insinuation that the interruption had been needless.

"It is n't every day we have a slit in the tablecloth," the mistress retorted, sharply.

Frank was shaking with laughter as he went along the hall to his room; but between the two women there was no merriment.

### III.

THERE was another dance at No. 9, this time an impromptu one, an evening or two later.

Ann and Milly, who were not on duty, were supposed to be in bed and asleep. Ann was asleep, but Milly, restless with the sound of the music, had crept up the staircase, past the door of the parlor, where all went merry as a marriage-bell, and seated herself on one of the upper steps, with her head against the partition wall, listening with benumbed attention to the soft tread of feet keeping time to the continuous beat of the music.

She roused as the piano stopped: there was a discussion of some sort among the dancers, and Embury, who was obliging and quick on his feet, shot out of the parlor-door and up the stairs in quest of Blashfield's banjo.

In his charge upon the staircase he had very nearly tumbled over Milly before he perceived her, crouched on the steps in shadow. He passed her, as she rose, with a look of surprise and a hasty apology, fumbled about in Blashfield's bedroom, seized the banjo, and found himself face to face with Milly again, in the dusk upper hall.

"I did n't mean to go bowling into you like that," he said. "I did n't know you were there."

"I was listening to the music," Milly explained, looking at him earnestly, as if to compel his attention.

"Are you fond of dancing?" Frank asked, kindly.

Milly did not answer: she hesitated as if she had something more to say. Frank smiled at her encouragingly.

"You won't speak of it in there, will you?"

"Speak of what, Milly?"

"You won't say I was sitting on the stairs? She'd ask what was I doing there, before them all; she'd think I was listening."

"Milly, you ought to know there is no one in this house thinks such things of you as that."

"She does," said Milly. "She thought I was listening that time in the dining-room. You were all talking so loud—I could n't help it. I heard her say she was my enemy, and so she is! I would n't stay here if I had any place to go to."

"Child, you have n't an enemy in this house. Mrs. Dansken was only joking. Don't you know her way? I must have a little talk with you some time, but not now—I must go back now," said Frank, distracted at the possibility of a relief sent out from the parlor for the recovery of himself and the banjo, and forgetting his resolve to face whatever contingency might arise in his championship of Milly.

"Is anybody keeping you?" asked Milly, bridling.

"Yes, you are keeping me—you poor—sweet—" The banjo softly boomed against

the banister. Milly released herself, and Frank was left alone at the stairhead, with the astonishing consciousness upon him that he had just kissed Milly Robinson. He was never able to explain to himself how he came to do so; but the fact remained, and also the fact that he must return to the parlor with that kiss added to the other suppressed entries in his account with Mrs. Dansken. And besides his account with Mrs. Dansken, there was his account with Milly. How is a young man to make a girl who is relegated socially to a sphere below his own believe that a kiss given in secret and accompanied by words of endearment is merely a token of respectful sympathy?

For several days he thought about Milly continually, seeking opportunities to speak with her, and shirking them when they came. Her conscious looks alarmed him. He had a foreboding that he should get himself into further trouble if he recurred to that meeting on the stairs; yet to let it pass without a word seemed like assuming that Milly was accustomed to being treated in that way, and expected no apology.

His cheeks burned when he thought of Mrs. Dansken's probable comments on such a situation; and when he thought of his cousin, the girl he used to know so well, but who was now estranged from him in ways she could never dream of, he knew it was not the decrees of parents that had put that distance between them. He was restless and miserable. The attraction of his thoughts to Milly increased in proportion as he blamed himself for his conduct towards her. The idea that he had wronged her, and that he owed her some reparation, came to have a charm for him. He dwelt upon it, and at last came the inevitable talk with Milly.

There was more than one talk perhaps before Frank found himself in a position which made it necessary for him to bring his case again before Mrs. Dansken. The submission of Miss Austen was a trifle to this, he knew; and his heart was thumping as he knocked at the door of the little sanctum where judgment awaited him. He took a long breath, and went in.

It was about a week before the evening of the next Assembly Ball. Mrs. Dansken was preparing a dress for the occasion, out of material furnished by one that she had laid aside some years before as "too young." Her Leadville season had been so reassuring that she had been led, urged by economical reasons as well, to reconsider certain resolutions as to colors and styles. The woman who hesitates on a point so delicate as this is usually the better for a little unprejudiced advice from some near member of her own family. There was no



such person to come to Mrs. Dansken's assistance; the dim, side light upon her mirror was delusive; she was actually embarked upon the venture of a Nile-green silk and was ripping the breadths of the train when Frank came with his troubles to her door.

She blushed a little over her finery as she admitted him, but he was much too self-absorbed to know whether she was making a ball-dress or a shroud. She wondered what the young man had upon his mind now. Could he have had bad news from home?—had the family relented, as she had freely assured him they were certain to do? He did not look particularly happy.

"Are you very busy?" he began, frowning absently at the gay disorder about him. "There's a little thing I want to speak to you about."

It is not a little thing, Mrs. Dansken concluded, as she looked at him; but she smiled encouragingly, and deposited her lapful of silks upon the sofa.

His eyes followed her anxiously about the room. "It's the forbidden topic, Mrs. Dansken; but you said you would trust me about Milly, you know—and of course that puts me on my honor."

Frank found it difficult to say these words. Some of us may know the impulse of self-mortification that impelled him to urge them upon himself, and he had his intentions to support him.

"It's not her education this time; it's her amusements. She has n't any, you know," he added, as Mrs. Dansken did not speak.

"Has n't she?" said Mrs. Dansken, curtly. "I'm very sorry, but I did not promise to amuse my waitress when I engaged her."

"You did not promise to amuse your boarders, but you have done much more for us than feed and shelter us."

Mrs. Dansken flushed. No woman likes to be reminded by a man that she has been kinder to him perhaps than was necessary.

"Then be modest about your privileges," she said, "and don't be trying to instruct me in my duty to others."

"I had no such idea, Mrs. Dansken; I only want your permission—I want to give Milly a good time myself. Just one good time, such as any other girl might have."

Mrs. Dansken sighed. "How do you propose to give it to her—from your superior station above her? In that case I don't think she will enjoy herself."

"Of course not. I don't mean to be superior. It's going to be partly my good time."

"It's going to be, is it? Then why do you come to me?"

"You know why, Mrs. Dansken."

"But you have already smashed our contract all to pieces."

"You absolved us from that first contract. You said I should do as I pleased," said Frank.

"It seems you *have* done as you pleased. Now if you will tell me *what* you have done—"

"You make it very difficult. If I tell you why I wish to do this, you will say I am instructing you."

"You need not tell me all the whys. I want to know what you have been about."

"I have asked Milly to go with me to the Assembly Friday night."

"Then all I have to say is, you have made a precious fool of yourself!" But this was not all she had to say, by any means; for presently she added more gently, feeling that she had lost ground at the outset in losing her temper, "Frank, it is simple madness."

"But listen to me, Mrs. Dansken. Here is a young girl who goes nowhere—"

"She has every Wednesday afternoon to go where she pleases," Mrs. Dansken interjected.

"But the fact is, she goes nowhere. Where could she go, in a place like this, with no friends?"

"Is it my fault that she has been here nearly a year and has n't a friend in the place?"

"It may not be her fault either."

"It's not my fault and it's not my business; still less yours, Frank Embury! I don't say I have done my perfect duty by Milly; I'm not perfect in any capacity; but as to your duty, there is n't the slightest question. From this moment you are to leave that girl alone!"

Frank looked the anger he felt. Mrs. Dansken could not know what had led to his inviting Milly to the ball; her unmitigated view of it only made him feel prouder and more apart from all such poor, low constructions. But, for Milly's sake, he must temporize. He knew he could not afford to dispense with the countenance of an older woman for the girl he sought to distinguish. So he shut down upon his wrath and pleaded with all the ingenuity he was master of, and with all the power of his charming looks—never more needed nor in a more unhappy cause.

"Let us talk it over in the abstract, for the sake of the humanities—"

"For the sake of the fiddlesticks! I don't wish to hear any more of this missionary talk. You know perfectly well that if Milly Robinson was not a stunning-looking girl you would n't be seen with her at the Assembly. But don't you see, Frank,—of course you see,—that only makes it the worse for her?"

Mrs. Dansken too was condescending to plead, from the force of her alarm for Embury. It was the soft-hearted, headstrong boy she feared for, not the girl, with her curious, pas-

sive force, that drew to her everything that she wanted, without an effort of her own. She had not the least anxiety for Milly; but she knew that she could only reach Milly's champion through the girl he was crazily befriending.

"It is one of the things that cannot be done, Frank," she patiently explained; "because when it is done it cannot be undone. Nothing can ever be as it was before between you and Milly after you have had one dance together. And what is to come next? How do you propose to get back into real life after this masquerade?"

Some access of excitement altered the expression of Embury's face. His brilliant eyes looked away from the cogent common sense of Mrs. Dansken's argument. She was not sure that she had touched the right string, but she kept on, striking more or less at random. "And how do you propose to ask her? If you ask her as a young lady, she must have a chaperone; if you ask her as my servant, she must come to me for permission to go, and I shall certainly refuse."

"But tell me why, Mrs. Dansken. Is it truly for Milly's sake, or is it that theory of yours that we are all in danger of spoiling our little futures?"

"There are plenty of reasons before we come to your future. There are the rules of the Assembly, after you have demoralized all my rules. Every gentleman is allowed to ask two ladies—not two persons the other members may not care to meet."

Frank made a movement of impatience.

"Don't listen to my words; listen to my meaning. I can't stop to choose my words. Now I'd just as soon dance with Milly, or with Ann either, as to wipe dishes or make beds with them; but I've no business to make things awkward for the others. You'll find the St. Louis ladies are particular whom they dance with. I'm hardly up to the mark myself. The woman who works for her living must expect to rank below the woman who has got a husband to work for her."

"Why do you say those things? You know they are not true."

"They are perfectly true. I have n't enough prestige to make Milly go down with the others, if I were to try. I might take her to the Assembly under my wing and say, 'Here is a nice little girl who does my chamber work. I've brought her to have a good time, because she has nowhere else to go.' Do you think they would help her to enjoy herself? She would be the stray chicken in the hen-yard; they'd peck her all to pieces. And there is sense in it too. You can easily see if each one of you is allowed to use his private judgment as to what constitutes a lady, in the sense of a part-

ner, why, there are other young persons in the place: you must see I'm not narrow about this. It is simply one of the things all the world knows is impossible. Milly is all right as she is; she is n't having a very good time, but it is only six months since her brother died—"

"Ten months," Frank corrected.

"And she is saving money to go to her friends, and they are the ones to look after her. She will have plenty of time to amuse herself after she is done with this place. But take her and set her up in a position that antagonizes everybody—why, she'll be attacked right and left. This is what would happen if I undertook to set her up; but if you should try it, Frank Embury, she will be lost. And whatever comes of it you will have to see her through."

"I intend to see her through. I have asked her as I would ask any girl, and I will not insult her by backing out, on account of the sneers of the women. There's no sense, nor justice, nor kindness in it."

"Justice and kindness you'll find are luxuries, my child. Minding one's own affairs is the main business of life—and paying one's debts, and keeping one's promises."

Embury was hard hit this time, but he was past wincing.

"Just to show you, Frank, how these things work: I'm not in the least angry with you, who really deserve it, but I have lost every bit of faith I ever had in that girl."

"For Heaven's sake, what has she done?"

"Nothing, perhaps; but I feel it is her fault, all the same. It's the fatal twist in the situation. You'll find it will meet you at every turn."

"Suppose she refuses to go. How will the situation strike you then?"

"Has she refused?"

"She has n't accepted."

"Oh, she means to go. If she did n't, she would have told you. It was really very clever of her to reserve her answer."

"I don't know why you call it clever. I thought it rather a pitiful acknowledgment that she was not her own mistress."

"Is that what she said?"

"She said nothing."

"Ah, she has a talent for saying nothing. She is a very deep young person. Her friends, if she has any, are not anxious about her, I think; she has not received a letter since she came."

"Do you bring that up against her?"

"I'll bring up anything against her I can possibly think of, to keep you out of this mess you are getting yourself into. It will all come upon her in the end. If you had picked out the right girl,—any girl who was possible,—we

should all be too glad to give her our blessing. We should be enchanted with a real young girl, an *ingénue*, in the camp at last. But she must be the genuine thing. We are not going to be imposed upon. Women are always the judges of women, and men who have any sense accept their judgment. They scold and they sneer at us, but they expect us to keep society in order, while they do as they please outside."

Mrs. Dansken's philosophy was often unpleasant to Frank, but in his present temper it was revolting.

"This may be true, Mrs. Dansken, but I don't see how it applies to Milly Robinson. Is there anything in her appearance that would not do for an *ingénue*?"

"Her appearance is the whole trouble."

"Or her story."

"Oh, her story! What do I know—it's her story. I traced it as far as—"

"Mrs. Dansken, I swear I cannot stand this!"

"Of course you can't. You are young Romance, with a touch of modern philanthropy, and I am middle-aged Common Sense, without any philanthropy at all; but it's Milly who is going to be the victim."

Mrs. Dansken did not believe that Milly would be the victim, but she thought it well to say so. "But what nonsense this is! To put it plainly, one of my boarders has been meddling with one of my servants."

It was the fate of this facile talker often to say the word too much, and to make it the word that stings.

"You have been very kind to me, Mrs. Dansken," Frank began, in a tone of lofty forbearance.

"I've been very fond of you, but you need n't spare me on that account. Be as furious with me as you like, but let that girl alone. Promise me you will, Frank. You can't think how serious I am. I have a hard way of putting things, I know, but I am frightened for you both. It is n't possible you can be so innocent as not to see what I mean."

"Mrs. Dansken, I suppose you know we fellows all have our record here in the camp. We are pretty well known for what we are. Well, I'm not ashamed of my record. If I take a girl to a dance where there are ladies it will be because she is a nice girl, and she will be none the worse, in the eyes of the men at least, for any little attention I may show her."

"Oh, my dear, it's too pathetic to hear you talk! You are a lamb—a pair of lambs, if you will—going to the sacrifice. It's perfectly idiotic, but it is the pitifullest thing I ever heard of. And I have got to stand by and see it done! Look here, Frank," she continued, with a change of tone, seeing that he was unmoved.

"You say Milly has not told you yet if she means to go. If she does go, if she accepts, I shall know how to place her. *She* has no illusions, you may be sure, as to how she will be received. If she goes to that ball with you, she deserves whatever she may get."

In the upper hall, after dinner, Mrs. Dansken found Frank standing by the frosty window, a figure of expectation or of despondency, she wondered which.

"Will you listen to one word more?" she ventured.

"As many as you like," said Frank, so civilly that she knew his impatience had cooled into resentment.

"If you will let me, I will speak to Milly; kindly, gently as I know how. I will tell her you have spoken to me about her going, and that I have discouraged it for her own sake."

Frank smiled his disbelief in Mrs. Dansken's influence with Milly—the girl for whom she had confessed she entertained an aversion.

Mrs. Dansken felt the smile and the implication keenly. "That will let you out," she continued—but now she had lost faith in this her last appeal; "and if I can't make her see what a mistake it would be for her, it will be because she does not wish to see. If she is the nice girl we hope she is, wild horses could not drag her there; and if she is n't,—if she is a brazen, pushing thing,—surely, Frank, you cannot wish to take her! If you had the record of an angel you could n't carry it through."

Frank was himself anxious as to what he was doing, and how it was going to end. He would not for pride's sake have had Mrs. Dansken know how purely by accident, as it seemed, and without the least intending it, he had got so far on this path of perilous kindness. If a happier word could have been spoken it might have helped him in this moment of indecision. But the slip could not be recalled—the allusion to his boasted record, the intimation that he desired his release, and the epithets awaiting Milly's decision.

Is there any better thing that breeding can do for us than to develop our sympathies so surely and on such fine lines of divine instinct that we cannot make mistakes in these delicate dealings with those whom we are brought into relations with? The habit of thinking kindly, the quality of gentleness and precision in speech, are trifles perhaps, but trifles are occasionally decisive—since it is not enough to be in the right, and to have stern common sense on our side, when it comes to influencing passionate and stubborn young hearts in moments of precipitation.

Frank hardened his heart and Mrs. Dansken hardened her own; and as she hardened she lapsed into coarseness as well.

"I believe you are bent upon nothing but your own selfish pleasure and your triumph over the other men."

Frank turned and went into his room and shut the door in her face. He did not appear at dinner, nor in the parlor until late that evening, and then he came in looking cold and pale, but refusing a seat by the fire and taking a book so far from the light that he could not possibly have been able to read it.

Mrs. Dansken had been mentally prefiguring a scene there was little likelihood of her having a chance to enact, or of wishing to do so should the chance present itself. But here was the opportunity, and here was the audience, without which a dramatic presentation would fail of its effect. Her imaginary climax suddenly took possession of her, with all the force of a calculated decision. There sat the foolish fellow she had flattered with her confidence, who had given her his in return, who had made her believe, unbeliever as she was, in the sincerity of his pure, young grief. She knew the force of her arguments better than the quality of her words; nothing, she believed, could have withstood them but a deliberate courting of consequences.

She spoke up in her ringing voice and in a strain of high sarcasm, informing upon the culprit who had stolen a march upon them all and made good his intentions before declaring them. But as her voice began to shake she abandoned sarcasm for a plain statement of the case, in a silence that gave to her words the force of a tribal judgment.

"You know we agreed, about Milly Robinson, that if any of you fellows found he could n't keep faith with me, he was to let me know; and if he broke his word innocently, and it came to be found out, he was to have warning." As Mrs. Dansken recapitulated the terms of that famous agreement, it sounded very silly and unreal, like child's play—like vulgar child's play; but there was no amusement in the faces set towards her own.

She was white with despair at the thing she was doing. "And if he persisted, after he was warned," she went on, "we said, you know, that he was to be 'fired out.'" She laughed weakly, but the laugh was all her own. In the silence of these grave faces it had the effect of a sob. "But what shall be done," she went on, "with one who was released from all his promises because I was ashamed to let him promise anything, I trusted him so? He said himself he was upon his honor; and he asks me now if he may take my waitress to the Assembly, and if I will introduce her."

"No, Mrs. Dansken; I never asked you that. The girl I take to the Assembly shall need no introduction more than you do yourself. And

you may consider my room vacant, if you please, after to-morrow."

"Is this to punish me?" she asked, rather wildly—"a pecuniary punishment, for a mercenary woman who was once your friend, Mr. Embury."

Frank was at the door. He looked at her in utter amazement, made her a bow, and left the room.

#### IV.

MILLY had said nothing to her mistress, and Mrs. Dansken was still in doubt as to the girl's intentions, when Frank, the next morning, was moving out of the house.

The late friends did not refuse to "speak." That would have been too childish; and there were practical topics on which silence would have been inconvenient, not to say ridiculous, as it would have called for the intervention of a third party; but they were brief and sadly cold with each other.

Mrs. Dansken hung about on various pretexts while the packing was going on, feeling that she had been extreme, and hoping the boy would relent. Middle age is often hard, but it is not so hard as youth when it comes to a collision.

Frank was taking down his pipe-rack from the space it had decorated on the parlor wall, and the pipes were hanging at all sorts of critical angles, while his eyes sought a place to rest the rack upon.

Mrs. Dansken suffered a little heart-break at the sight of each bare space where one of his "things" had been. He was a young fellow possessed of many "things," not always kept in the most perfect order, which borrowed very quickly a suggestion of his own personality. Mrs. Dansken could tell his belongings without looking at them, his books and odd gloves and silk mufflers, when she picked them up about the house. His hats were a portrait of him, his old slippers would have been a sort of fetish to one who held him dear. In his sweetly imperious way he had required a good deal of waiting upon, but he would be missed when he left the house, Mrs. Dansken knew, but not for the trouble he had made. More and more she felt how lovable, how human, he was, how helplessly drawn towards humaneness in others; and as the time for his departure came and she marked his excitement, that was not all triumph, she was more sure than ever that some occult reason lay at the bottom of his lunacy.

There was never an emptier place than Frank's at dinner that evening. The household to a man were on the side of the offender. Mrs. Dansken felt that she was in disgrace at the head of her own table. It was so like men, as



she said to herself—or, rather, it was so like boys; and, unhappy as she was, she found some comfort in the characteristic unfairness of the situation.

But she did not greatly care; her dream of leadership had vanished. She wished for her sensible old ally, Hugh Williams, that she might take counsel with him, and be scolded by him, as usual. He had gone three days before to one of the new camps to examine a mine, and would not be back until Friday. She sat down that evening and wrote him a long letter, setting her anxieties before him. A reply would be impossible, but she trusted he might get her news in time to hurry home and use his influence with his partner.

Frank had begun to realize for what stakes he was playing, with the pretty partner whom fate and his own rashness had set before him. The silly counters had been removed, and in their place were risks he could not pretend to ignore. But the excitement of the game had gone to his head.

He was obliged to take his departure without seeing Milly, owing, he believed, to Mrs. Dansken's diplomacy; but it was the girl herself who had quietly defeated his efforts to speak to her and to get her answer. He knew her list of outside errands, and the time of her comings and goings. On Monday and Thursday evenings she went to the Tent Bakery, to fetch a certain kind of breakfast-roll promulgated on those days. The bakery was at the extreme end of Harrison Avenue on the same side as Mrs. Dansken's, close to the new bridge that was then being built across the hydraulic ditch. It was not half-past five o'clock, but the workmen had left the bridge; Frank did not know for what reason, but he mentally noted the deserted look of the place.

At the hour which had been the gayest and happiest in the landlady's parlor Frank took his station on the bridge and watched for Milly. He had not long to wait before he saw her coming. She had a brown veil bound tightly over her hat; he would have liked to see her face, and her beautiful pure color in the winter cold, yet the veil was well. He caught the rich burnish of her low-knotted hair as she whisked into the bakery. The bakery was crowded; it was a long time before she came out. In a moment he was at her side. She seemed not much surprised to see him. He took her warm parcel from her, and asked her, in a tone of command, to go back with him to the bridge. He marched off with the bundle of rolls and she followed him.

"How late is it?" she inquired as they reached the bridge.

"It is n't half-past five," said Frank, without consulting his watch.

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"Won't you look, please?"

"It is n't necessary. I want only five minutes, Milly, for your answer. You are going with me Friday night?"

"No, I never said I'd go."

"But you mean to go?"

"I could n't go, any way at all. You ought to know that, Mr. Embury."

"And is this all you have to say to me, Milly?"

Apparently it was, for Milly was silent. Frank felt that he would like to take her by her pretty shoulders and shake her, just to wake her up, now that matters had come to a crisis. "Milly—oh, do take off that veil! How can a man talk to a brown veil?"

Milly's lips closed on a little fold of the veil, and then expanded. She did not wish to smile, but she could not help it. These new, peremptory ways of his were even more fascinating to her trampled vanity than his humiliations and explanations had been.

"I know your cheeks are the color of that light on the mountains," he went on with wild irrelevancy. "Oh, if you would look at me, Milly!" This was undisguised love-making, Frank knew well; and making love, even to a brown veil, and with a bundle of rolls warming the inside of his arms, came easy to his temperament. (There could be no question as to the angle of his nose, which M. Coquelin considers decisive in this rôle.) The boyish, reckless side of his nature had now got the upper hand of him; he considered that he had paid the price of his escapade, and he would not now be balked of whatever excitement there might be in it.

"Come over the bridge a little way, Milly. See, here is the plank."

"I've got to get home, Mr. Embury; and I could n't go to the ball, not if you were to keep me here all night."

"Oh, stop that eternal Mr. Embury! Why did n't you tell me so before?"

Milly did not answer. "You said nothing. I thought of course you meant to go. You have cheated me, Milly."

"You are so quick—I can't ever talk to you."

"I am quick because you are so slow. But I like your slowness; it's sweet, if you'll only give me what you make me wait for. I consider that you have as good as promised; I shall hold you to it."

"Not if it lost me my place?"

"You will not lose your place. Mrs. Dansken told me herself that she could n't get on without you." Frank gave this information unhesitatingly, regardless of the way in which he had gained it.

"She never told me that much," said Milly.

"She would n't give me the satisfaction. I'd like to go, if it was only to show her I'm not the dirt under her feet."

"Oh, no, not for that; but to dance with me. You need not mind Mrs. Dansken, or any of the women."

"I can't go, and I never meant to go, Mr. Embury, whatever you may think. I've got my reasons."

Frank hesitated, thinking of the brother with whose memory Milly might be shyly keeping faith, through all his obtrusive blandishments. He felt rebuked and drew away from her, out of respect for the modest grief he had been wounding.

"Could n't you tell me what the trouble is? I did n't mean to tease you, but I did want you to have this one good time."

"It's my clothes," said Milly, reluctantly. "I've got nothing I'd look fit to be seen in."

Frank laughed. His respectful mental distance from Milly instantly decreased, and he said gayly, "Oh, we'll fix that all right, if that's all."

"But Mrs. Dansken's got all my wages for two months back, and I won't go to her — not for a penny!"

"Of course not. I will send you a dress, Milly. I can't send you a bouquet, because

there are no flowers to be had; but you shall have the prettiest dress in Leadville, and it won't cost more than the flowers a girl carries sometimes to a party in New York. I speak of it so you won't mind taking it."

"I could n't take it from you, Mr. Embury. She'd know I never bought it."

"You are in the cruelest position that ever a girl was in in this world, and I intend to set you right, to put you where you belong. Who are they, I should like to know, setting up to tell us whom we shall dance with! A man dances with the girl he chooses, as a general thing. I have chosen you, dress or no dress. But we will see about the dress. I shall be here Thursday, at the same time. I shall expect you. Now run home with your parcel!"

Frank had got to the point of believing that the Old World and all its traditions were wrong, for the sake of proving that he himself was in the right. He even persuaded himself that it was a romantic and touching thing that he should be clothing his partner out of his own pocket for the dance. He went about his purchase with shy ardor, wishing that he had studied the details of a girl's evening costume more thoroughly; for he was resolved that nothing should be wanting to complete Milly's triumph, and his own.

*Mary Hallock Foote.*

(To be concluded in the next number.)

## THE RUSSIAN POLICE.



THE country in the world where the police power occupies a wider field, plays a more important part, or touches the private personal life of the citizen at more points than it does in Russia. In a country like England or the United States, where the people are the governing power, the functions of the police are simple and clearly defined, and are limited, for the most part, to the prevention or the detection of crime, and the maintenance of order in public places. In Russia, however, where the people are not the governing power, but hold to that power the relation of an infant ward to a guardian, the police occupy a very different and much more important position.

The theory upon which the Government of

Russia proceeds is, that the citizen not only is incapable of taking part in the management of the affairs of his country, his province, or his district, but is incompetent to manage even the affairs of his own household; and that, from the time when he leaves his cradle and begins the struggle of life down to the time when his weary gray head is finally laid under the sod, he must be guided, directed, instructed, restrained, repressed, regulated, fenced in, fenced out, braced up, kept down, and made to do generally what somebody else thinks is best for him. The natural outcome of this paternal theory of government is the concentration of all administrative authority in the hands of a few high officials, and an enormous extension of the police power. Matters that in other countries are left to the discretion of the individual citizen, or to the judgment of a small group of citizens, are regulated in Russia by the Minister of the Interior through the imperial police. If you are a Russian, and wish to establish a newspaper, you must ask

the permission of the Minister of the Interior.<sup>1</sup> If you wish to open a Sunday-school, or any other sort of school, whether in a neglected slum of St. Petersburg or in a native village in Kamchatka, you must ask the permission of the Minister of Public Instruction.<sup>2</sup> If you wish to give a concert or to get up tableaux for the benefit of an orphan asylum, you must ask permission of the nearest representative of the Minister of the Interior, then submit your programme of exercises to a censor for approval or revision, and finally hand over the proceeds of the entertainment to the police, to be embezzled or given to the orphan asylum, as it may happen.<sup>3</sup> If you wish to sell newspapers on the street, you must get permission, be registered in the books of the police, and wear a numbered brass plate as big as a saucer around your neck. If you wish to open a drug-store, a printing-office, a photograph-gallery, or a book-store, you must get permission. If you are a photographer and desire to change the location of your place of business, you must get permission. If you are a student and go to a public library to consult Lyell's "Principles of Geology" or Spencer's "Social Statics," you will find that you cannot even look at such dangerous and incendiary volumes without special permission. If you are a physician, you must get permission before you can practice, and then, if you do not wish to respond

to calls in the night, you must have permission to refuse to go; furthermore, if you wish to prescribe what are known in Russia as "powerfully acting" medicines, you must have special permission, or the druggists will not dare to fill your prescriptions.<sup>4</sup> If you are a peasant and wish to build a bath-house on your premises, you must get permission. If you wish to thresh out your grain in the evening by candle-light, you must get permission or bribe the police. If you wish to go more than fifteen miles away from your home, you must get permission. If you are a foreign traveler, you must get permission to come into the Empire, permission to go out of it, permission to stay in it longer than six months, and must notify the police every time you change your boarding-place. In short, you cannot live, move, or have your being in the Russian Empire without permission.

The police, with the Minister of the Interior at their head, control, by means of passports, the movements of all the inhabitants of the Empire; they keep thousands of suspects constantly under surveillance; they ascertain and certify to the courts the liabilities of bankrupts; they conduct pawnbrokers' sales of unredeemed pledges; they give certificates of identity to pensioners and all other persons who need them; they superintend repairs of roads and bridges; they exercise supervision over all theatrical performances, concerts, tableaux,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Innokenti Kuznetsoff (In-no-kén-tee Kooz-net-soff), one of the wealthy mining proprietors whom we visited in the Siberian city of Krasnoyarsk (Krasno-yársk), has been trying at intervals for years to get permission to establish there a weekly newspaper. All his petitions have been denied, notwithstanding the fact that there are only four newspapers in Siberia, and of that limited number one has recently been gagged for eight months by an order of suspension. The citizens of Nerchinsk, in Eastern Siberia, have been trying to get a newspaper in their town ever since I passed there in 1886, but without avail. They have the necessary capital and the requisite brains, but they cannot get the indispensable permission. The editor of the "Siberian Gazette" in Tomsk told me that the Minister of the Interior had repeatedly refused to allow him to publish his paper three times a week instead of once—for what reason nobody could find out.

<sup>2</sup> Many of the ladies whom I found in exile in Siberia had their first collision with the authorities as a result of undertaking without permission to open schools, or to teach a few peasant children in some private house. An instructive illustration of the obstacles thrown by the Government in the way of people who try to establish private schools in Russia may be found in the well-known Russian magazine "Annals of the Fatherland" for February, 1881, p. 145. The story there told is too long to be quoted here, but it is very characteristic of Russian police methods.

<sup>3</sup> The order giving the police control over charitable entertainments was embodied in a circular letter sent by the Minister of the Interior to provincial governors in August, 1882. By that letter notice was given to all whom it might concern that concerts and other entertainments for charitable objects would be permitted only upon condition that the tickets should be sold and the

proceeds turned over to the beneficiaries by an agent of the police, or under the direct personal supervision of such an agent. The reason assigned for this order was, that evil-disposed persons were giving concerts or getting up entertainments, ostensibly for some worthy object of charity, but really for the benefit of political prisoners, exiles, or revolutionists. An abstract of the Minister's letter was printed in the St. Petersburg "Eastern Review" for August 26, 1882, p. 14.

Nothing of a public nature in Russia seems to be too trivial for state regulation. While we were in Siberia some of the cultivated people of the town of Krasnoyarsk undertook to organize a small musical society. They were obliged to lay their plans before the Minister of the Interior, obtain his permission, and then submit to him for examination and approval their constitution and by-laws. ("Eastern Review" for November 6, 1886, No. 45, p. 4.) Even scientific bodies, like the geographical societies of Irkutsk and Omsk, are subjected to more or less vexatious control. For example, they may elect a presiding officer, but such officer cannot serve until his election shall have been approved and confirmed by the all-powerful Minister of the Interior; they may publish their proceedings, but not until such proceedings shall have been submitted for censorial supervision to the provincial governor.

<sup>4</sup> Chemists and apothecaries, both in the cities and in the provinces, are furnished by the police with a complete list of names of all physicians who have the right to prescribe "powerfully acting" medicines, such as anesthetics, narcotics, and poisons. If a doctor's name is not on this list, the chemists dare not fill his prescription for any drug that might be used by a "terrorist" for the attainment of illegal ends. (See "Eastern Review" for June 30, 1883, No. 27, p. 15.)

theater programmes, posters, and street advertisements; they collect statistics, enforce sanitary regulations, make searches and seizures in private houses, read the correspondence of suspects, take charge of the bodies of persons found dead, "admonish" church members who neglect too long to partake of the Holy Communion, and enforce obedience to thousands of multifarious orders and regulations intended to promote the welfare of the people or to insure the safety of the state. The legislation relating to the police fills more than five thousand sections in the *Svod Zakónof*, or collection of Russian laws, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that in the peasant villages, away from the centers of education and enlightenment, the police are the omnipresent and omnipotent regulators of all human conduct—a sort of incompetent bureaucratic substitute for divine Providence.

In order to give the readers of *THE CENTURY* an idea of the nature and infinite variety of the transactions regulated in Russia by the Government through the police, I will quote, almost at random, the titles or subjects of a few of the circular letters of instruction sent by the Minister of the Interior to the governors of various Russian provinces between 1880 and 1884.<sup>1</sup> They are as follows:

1. To regulate religious instruction in secular schools.
2. Concerning measures to be taken to prevent horse-stealing.
3. Concerning a list of dramas that are unconditionally permitted to be put on the stage.
4. To prohibit the sale of Shimanski's pills.
5. To prohibit peasants from cutting young birch trees with which to decorate churches and houses on holidays.
6. Prescribing the manner in which the censor shall supervise the reports and accounts of private societies.
7. Concerning a removal of the restrictions upon the transportation of rendered tallow.
8. Concerning personal identification-marks in the passports of Jews.
9. To regulate the use of mineral waters by sick or wounded officers of the army.
10. Concerning an order for the sale of all grain by weight instead of by measure.
11. Setting forth the circumstances under which and the times at which the police and other employees of the Ministry of the Interior can wear white linen covers on their caps.
12. Concerning the question who has the right to collect subscriptions in the Empire for the holy places in Palestine.
13. To abolish the long chains used for the purpose of chaining together marching criminals in gangs of six.

<sup>1</sup> All of these circulars have been printed by the Ministry of the Interior, and can easily be obtained by any one who reads Russian and takes an interest in Russian methods of government. I have copies of

14. To regulate printing on the paper of cigarettes.
15. Concerning the prohibition, at meetings of provincial assemblies and town councils, of the expression of such opinions or judgments as may, from their nature, lie outside the limits of the jurisdiction of such bodies.
16. Concerning an order prohibiting the emigration of dissenters to the Trans-Caucasus.
17. Concerning regulations for the proper construction of houses in peasant villages.
18. To control and regulate the transportation of animal bones.
19. To regulate advertisements of medicines.
20. Forbidding the use of all school-books and appliances of instruction not approved by the Minister of the Interior and the ecclesiastical authorities.
21. Concerning the proper method of measuring the legs of recruits for the army.
22. Concerning meetings of school-teachers.
23. Prescribing the manner in which permission shall be obtained for concerts, readings, theatrical performances, and other public entertainments.
24. To require printers to send to the Department of Police copies of all newspapers, magazines, and almanacs printed by them.
25. To prevent the sale of quinine that is not of good quality.
26. To regulate the censorship of price-lists, printed notes of invitation, and visiting-cards.
27. Concerning the construction of water-closets according to the removal or barrel system.
28. Providing for the censorship of the seals, rubber stamps, and cards of private individuals and business corporations.
29. To regulate begging for ecclesiastical institutions and for the holy places in Palestine.
30. To regulate the sale by apothecaries of certain "cosmetics"—namely, soap, starch, brilliantine, tooth-brushes, and insect-powder.

These are only a few of the countless thousands of orders, directions, and regulations that come within the jurisdiction of the imperial police. Of course they are not all carried into effect. The enforcement of such a multitude of prohibitions and restrictions, affecting every province of human life, is beyond the power of any one man or any set of men; but whether they are enforced or not, they operate constantly as a bar to individual enterprise, a network to restrain every free impulse, and a clog upon all human activity.

It is difficult for Americans to realize that such relations can exist between the people of a country and the Government as those shown by these circulars to exist in Russia. Imagine a governor of New York State issuing an order requiring all the citizens of that State to send in their seals, rubber stamps, and visiting-cards for censorial supervision. Or imagine a Postmaster-General writing a circular letter to the

them all, and if I do not give their dates and numbers and explain the significance of the most remarkable of them, it is simply for want of space.



governors of all the States prescribing rules for the regulation of the sale of soap, starch, brilliantine, tooth-brushes, and insect-powder! Such an extension of the powers of government is to us almost inconceivable, both on account of its tyranny and on account of its preposterous absurdity; and yet such regulations are not regarded in Russia as anything extraordinary, and one sometimes finds the police engaged in work that is even more remarkable than the regulation of the sale of tooth-brushes and insect-powder. I have in my possession the original report of a Russian police *pristav*, written upon a printed form, in which the officer notifies his superior that, in compliance with instructions of such and such a date, he has called upon such and such persons, who are named, and has "admonished" them that they must partake of the Holy Communion, "upon penalty of an administrative calling to account [*pod opaseniem v' protivnom sluchae kazennaho vziskania*]." This document bears in capital letters at the top of the first page the words "Ukase [oo-káz] of his Imperial Majesty the Autocrat of all the Russias." In the newspaper "Sibir" (See-béer) for July 10, 1883, it is stated, as a matter of news, that the police authorities of the city of Irkutsk have just received orders to admonish all persons who have been neglectful of religious duty, and to oblige them to partake of the sacrament. The use of the police power as a means of compelling indifferent or backsliding Christians to partake of the Holy Communion—the sending of an armed man in a blue uniform to drag another man to the table of the Prince of Peace, and to compel him to eat and drink the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of Christ—is something that has not often been seen, I think, outside of Russia, since the dark ages.

It is my purpose in the present paper to sketch hastily the organization of the body of officials upon whom devolve such extraordinary duties as these, and then to bring together as many illustrations as I may have room for of this peculiarly Russian method of government by the police power.

The police of Russia may be divided into four great classes—namely, first, the rural police, comprising the *uriadniks* (oo-riád-niks), appointed by the state, and the *sotski* (sóte-skee) and *desiatski* (day-syat-skee), elected by the peasants; second, the common metropolitan police of the cities, whose duties do not differ materially from those of our municipal police; third, the detective and secret police; and fourth, the gendarmes. This classification is not strictly accurate. There are two or three different kinds of gendarmes, and the secret police and detectives should be subdivided. For my purpose, however, these four classes will suffice.

The secret police and the gendarmes were, until recently under the control of what was called the "Third Section" of the Tsar's chancellery, and were organized as an independent department of state police, dealing exclusively with political offenses and offenders. When, however, the "Third Section" was abolished, all the police in the Empire were put under the direction and control of the Minister of the Interior. Statistics with regard to the numerical strength of the several classes of Russian police are not obtainable, and all estimates must necessarily be very untrustworthy. According to the well-informed Russian newspaper "Golos," the amount of money appropriated in 1882 for the police of the Empire was 12,000,000 rubles. If it be assumed that the average pay of the police is 300 rubles a year per man, 12,000,000 rubles a year would pay about 40,000 men. The numerical strength of the entire force is probably much greater than this, but how much greater I am unable to say. There is the same uncertainty with regard to the numerical strength of the rural constabulary elected by the peasants themselves, and known as "*sotski*" and "*desiatski*." On the 1st of May, 1886, the "Official Messenger" published a complete list of all the cities, villages, and settlements in European Russia where intoxicating liquor was sold at retail. The number was 268,928. In every settlement where intoxicating liquor was sold there would probably be at least two rural constables, and, if so, the 268,928 settlements would have a constabulary amounting in the aggregate to more than half a million men. The "*uriadniks*," or rural police appointed by the Government, are said to number between 5000 and 6000. They are organized into "*stans*," or stations, each of which comprises a district of greater or less extent and is under the direction of a "*stanavoi* (*stan-a-vóy*) *pristav*," or district chief. Every group of two or three *stans* is under the control of an *ispravnik* (*iss-práv-nik*), and next above the *ispravnik* comes the governor of the province. In Siberia the organization is practically the same, except that the police districts are much larger, and an officer called "*zasedatel*" (*za-sed-át-el*) takes the place of the *stanavoi pristav*. The *uriadniks*, or rural state police, are supposed to wear uniforms, and are armed with sabers and revolvers. The salaries paid them are extremely small—from fifty to a hundred dollars a year for a private, and from two hundred to three hundred dollars a year for a *stanavoi pristav*, or chief of a district. It is, of course, very difficult, if not impossible, to get honest and capable men to serve for such salaries, and the natural result is that the rural police represent the worst elements of the whole population. A large proportion of them are ig-

norant and stupid, while those who have brains are generally dishonest, and use the innumerable and vexatious orders of the Ministry of the Interior merely as a means of extorting money from the peasants. For example: the Minister of the Interior, with the best intentions in the world, issues an order directing that the straw-thatched roofs of peasants' houses shall have poured over them, at intervals during the summer, a thick mixture of clay and water, so as to render them less inflammable and diminish the danger of fire from sparks. The rural police officer whose duty it is to notify the peasants of this new regulation waits until the most active period of the spring sowing or the summer harvesting, when every man is needed in the fields, and then summons all the peasants in the village, reads the order to them, and insists upon immediate compliance with it. The peasants cannot suspend their sowing or their harvesting in order to go in search of clay to smear the roofs of all the houses in the village. Compliance with the order would use up two or three days' time. They therefore promptly ask the stanavoi how much he wants. The stanavoi says that if he lets them off from this roof-smearing he runs great risk. The order is imperative, and if the higher authorities find out that he has not enforced it at once he will have to answer for his neglect of duty with his head. Still, he appreciates, he says, the situation: he sees what a hardship it is for them to leave their fields and go to mixing clay and water at this critical time; and he is disposed to sacrifice himself in order that they may not suffer loss. If the householders of the village will make up a purse for him by contributing twenty kopecks apiece, so that he will not be left penniless if the higher authorities discharge him for not enforcing their orders more promptly, he will let them off from the roof-smearing until after the sowing or the harvest. The purse is made up, the peasants return to their fields, while the stanavoi goes to the village dramshop to celebrate a good stroke of business, and try to think of some other old order of the Ministry of the Interior that he can revive and hold as a club over the peasants' heads the next time he wants money.

But this is not the only way in which the rural police extort money from the peasants, strangle individual enterprise, and help to keep the country in an impoverished condition. Just before Mr. Frost and I passed through the Siberian province of Yeniseisk (Yen-is-sáy-isk) half a dozen peasant farmers in a village near the town of Minusinsk (Min-oo-sinsk) entered into an agreement to hire a barge, float their wheat, amounting to some thousands of bushels, down the Yenisei (Yen-

is-sáy) River to the northern part of the province where wheat is not grown, and there sell it directly to the consumers, thus making all the profit themselves, instead of dividing it up with two or three middle-men. The plan was a good one, and would have benefited both the producers and the consumers had it not been for the sudden interference of the police power. There is in almost every Russian village a small capitalist or speculator — often a Jew — who, with the aid of a corrupt police officer, squeezes the peasants in their times of need and makes money out of their distress. Such local capitalists are called by the peasants "kulaks" (koo-láks), the word "kulak" meaning a clenched fist. In the Siberian village of which I speak there was a speculator of this kind, and he soon heard of the plan of the principal farmers of the settlement to float their wheat two or three hundred miles down the river and sell it on their own account. He at once went to the zasedatel, or chief police officer of the district, told him about this scheme of the farmers, and said to him: "Now, my dear Ivan Nikolaievitch, you and I might just as well make some money out of that wheat."

"How?" inquired the police officer with interest.

"Why," replied the kulak, "these peasants cannot go more than thirty versts away from the village without the permission of the police indorsed on their passports. Suppose that, for some one of many good reasons that will doubtless suggest themselves to a man of your intelligence, you should not be able to give them such permission; suppose that there is a new order requiring permits to be made out on separate forms, and that the blank forms have not yet come; or suppose that you have sent the passports of these men to the capital of the province for renewal and that they have n't yet been returned. In such a case the peasants could not leave their homes without being arrested at the first place where they stopped. They would therefore have to dispose of their grain to me at my own price; you and I would float it down the river and sell it on joint account. It would be a good thing for both of us."

The plan seemed to the zasedatel to be a feasible one, and after the details had been carefully arranged it was successfully carried into effect. When the peasants came to the police officer to get permission to go into the northern part of the province they were put off from time to time on one pretext or another until, at last, becoming disheartened, they sold their grain to the kulak for what he chose to give for it. Of course, the result of this transaction was not only the virtual robbery of both the

producers and the consumers of that wheat, but the permanent discouragement of productive enterprise in all that region. The peasants, satisfied from bitter experience that they were helpless as against the police, would say to one another, "Why should we work hard early and late in order to raise grain for sale? The police won't let us go to a market with it; and if we finally have to sell it to some kulak or mir-eater<sup>1</sup> for half its value, how are we any better off?" This sort of thing, with infinite variations in detail, goes on constantly all over the Empire; but it is especially prevalent in Siberia, where the police are even less under control than in European Russia, and where the general level of official character is low. Mr. Krassin, the amiable ispravnik who entertained Mr. Frost and me in Tiumen, and who gave us permission to inspect the Tiumen forwarding prison, has since that time been arrested, has been tried upon the charge of extorting money from the peasants in his circuit, has been found guilty, and has been sent to Eastern Siberia as a convict. The peasants who were called as witnesses for the state at the time of his trial testified as follows: "Everybody takes money from us — district secretaries and zasedatels and ispravniks, whoever they may be and whenever they get a chance. We're used to it; all of us know that every ispravnik will make us pay when he can. We don't complain of it; we're used to it; we would n't have said anything about it this time if it had n't been found out."<sup>2</sup> This testimony is very characteristic of the Russian peasant, and it seems to me an almost pathetic illustration of his utter helplessness under the yoke of the Russian bureaucratic system. He is used to oppression, he is used to extortion, it has always been so, it is a visitation of God, and there's nothing to be done. Nobody knows how much money is taken from the peasants in this way by highway robbers in police uniform, but the aggregate amount must be enormous. The ispravnik K—berg in Yeniseisk boasted that his extortions from the peasants in his circuit amounted to 20,000 rubles (\$10,000) a year.<sup>3</sup>

On our way through Siberia, Mr. Frost and I made the acquaintance, in a small village near Irkutsk, of a district secretary, or "piser "

(pees-er, from the verb *pees-at*, to write), whom for the purposes of this narrative I shall call Ivanof (Ee-ván-off). After we had become fairly well acquainted, and while we were discussing one day the prevalence of official corruption in Siberia, Mr. Ivanof said to me frankly, "Mr. Kennan, I take money from the peasants. I know very well that it is dishonorable, but what am I to do? I receive a salary upon which it is impossible for me to live; my superior officer, the chief of the district police, takes bribes; his superior, the ispravnik, takes bribes; the governor of the province takes bribes; and if I should refuse to take bribes I should either be arrested as a revolutionist in disguise<sup>4</sup> or should be kicked out for setting myself up to be a more honorable man than his Excellency the Governor."

Some of the methods resorted to by the rural police for the purpose of extorting money from the peasants are extremely ingenious and original. Some time before we passed through the town of Tiumen in Western Siberia, the zasedatel for that district received information that the body of a dead man had been found in the woods on the outskirts of a peasant village about ninety versts away, and that the man had apparently been murdered. It is the duty of the zasedatel, under such circumstances, to go at once to the place where the body has been found, investigate the case, and remove the corpse to the village dead-house, to await the arrival of the district surgeon, whose duty it is to make a post-mortem examination. The zasedatel started at once for the village. The district surgeon happened at the time to be absent from home on duty, but an order was left for him to follow the zasedatel as soon as he should return. The police officer, upon reaching his destination, inspected the dead body and the place where it lay, and then, pending the arrival of the district surgeon, ordered it removed to the village. He was aware when he left Tiumen that there was in this village no dead-house, and he had already conceived the idea of using the corpse as a means of extorting money from the inhabitants. He therefore ordered it to be taken to the house of one of the most prosperous peasant farmers in the place, whose daughter, he had heard, was about to be married. The ghastly burden

<sup>1</sup> The Russian village commune is called by the common people "mir" (meer), and the petty speculators who, with the aid of the police, squeeze the peasants in the manner above illustrated are popularly known as "mir-eaters," "fists," or "blood-drinkers."

<sup>2</sup> "Siberian Gazette," No. 49, p. 1477; Tomsk, December 7, 1886.

<sup>3</sup> "Annals of the Fatherland," p. 160; St. Petersburg, May, 1882.

<sup>4</sup> After the failure of the so-called movement "to the people," described in the first of this series of papers, many enthusiastic and well-educated young Rus-

sian liberals and revolutionists sought and obtained positions under assumed names as volostnoi (vol-ost-nóy) pisers, or district secretaries, with the hope of accomplishing something for the peasants in this way by instructing them in their legal rights, and defending them to some extent from mir-eaters, blood-drinkers, fists, and other rural extortioners. These amateur secretaries were almost invariably detected and arrested as a result of their persistent refusal to drink vodka and take bribes. Mr. Ivanof's reference was to this historical fact, with which I was familiar.

was borne on an extemporized litter of pine boughs to the well-to-do peasant's door, and deposited on the ground in full sight of the windows, while the police officer went in and announced to the horror-stricken peasant proprietor that, as there was no dead-house in the village, he should have to put the body in the peasant's house until the district surgeon should come to make the post-mortem examination.

"Akh! Bozhemoi!" ["Good Heavens!"] exclaimed the peasant, "I can't keep the body of a murdered man for two or three days in my house; my daughter is going to be married day after to-morrow!"

The zasedatel, in his gravest official tone, said that he was very sorry, but that he must do his duty. This was a very serious case: the man had been murdered, no one knew who he was, and the body must be kept in a place of safety until it could be identified and a post-mortem examination made. It might prove to be a serious matter for the whole commune, and the peasant would have reason to be thankful if nothing worse happened to him than the bringing of the body to his house.

The poor peasant was in despair. He knew that the police officer had power to bring that bloody corpse into his house—that, in fact, there was a sort of legal warrant for it; and he also knew that if he offered forcible resistance to the police he might have to pay for it with months of imprisonment, if not with hard labor at the mines. He therefore implored the zasedatel to have the murdered man taken somewhere else, and intimated that he would rather pay fifty rubles than have his daughter's wedding postponed, and all his children frightened into raving maniacs by the presence of that disfigured corpse in the house at night. This suggestion of payment was all that the police officer wanted. He changed his tone a little, admitted that it *was* a particularly hard case when a man had a daughter about to be married, and intimated that if the peasant showed a disposition properly to appreciate the favor, he (the police officer) *would* take the body somewhere else. They soon came to an understanding as to terms,—I think they compromised on thirty rubles,—and the zasedatel took the body to the house of another well-to-do peasant. Here he went through the same comedy, extorted fifteen or twenty rubles more, and then, encouraged by his success, carried that dead body to all the houses in the village where he thought he could get money enough to make it worth while, and finally, late at night, caused the corpse to be put into an old empty fish storehouse, where he might just as well have put it in the first place.

In talking about this case afterwards with

peasants in other parts of Siberia, I learned that it was by no means an exceptional or an unusual thing. I heard of one instance where the same dead body was used to "work" two or three villages in succession. Great numbers of runaway criminal exiles die, freeze to death, or are killed in Siberia every year, and the finding of the dead body of an unknown man in the neighborhood of a village is a common occurrence. In one village the peasants told me that they never reported the finding of a dead body to the police officer of their district. It always cost them money in some way when they did; and they therefore either buried it quietly and said nothing about it, or carried it at night to the outskirts of some other village and let it be found there. The "Eastern Review" reports a case in which a dead body was put into a prison cell with living prisoners and kept there until it became so offensive that the other occupants of the cell were ready to pay for its removal.<sup>1</sup>

The methods of obtaining money that are practiced by police officials are not all so ghastly and repulsive as this, although many of them are quite as original. I knew one case where a district chief of police, in the midst of the wheat harvest, notified thirty or forty peasants to come to the police office on important business the following day at 2 o'clock. They obeyed the order and found the zasedatel dressed in full uniform, with three or four huge quarto volumes of the *Svod Zakónof*, or collection of Russian laws, lying on the table in front of him. He said to the peasants that he had received orders from the higher authorities to instruct the people of his district in the laws of the Empire, and that he had called them together for the purpose of reading to them regulations that the Gossudar (*Gos-soo-dár*) desired every true Russian to know. He then opened one of the big quartos, read unintelligible laws to those unhappy peasants all the afternoon, and notified them to come around the next morning for another lesson. Before bedtime that night the peasants sent a deputation to him to ask how much he would take to let them off from any more laws. He agreed to graduate them all with the degree of LL. D. for twenty kopecks apiece.

Among the many "natural obligations," as they are called, of the Siberian peasants, the most oppressive and burdensome is the road tax, which every man must pay with a certain number of days' work. All over Siberia this obligation is made by the police a means of extorting money. Instead of allowing the peasants in village A to repair the road in the vicinity of that village, so that they can go back

<sup>1</sup> "Eastern Review," No. 38, p. 12; St. Petersburg, September 22, 1883.





PHOTOGRAPH OF SERGE DEGAIEF DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE BY THE POLICE.

and forth from their work to their homes, the extortionate *ispravnik* orders them to proceed to the neighborhood of village B, distant fifty or a hundred miles, and to go to work there. At the same time he directs the inhabitants of village B to come and go to work in the vicinity of village A. The unfortunate peasants of both villages then bribe the *ispravnik* with a ruble apiece to let them work near their own homes. If the police officer does not succeed in extorting money from them in this way, he forbids them to leave their place of labor, even after they have finished their stent, until he has inspected their work. He sometimes keeps a hundred men in camp and in idleness at some point on the road for a week or two, unless they pay for permission to return to their homes. All this is done under color of law, and the peasants must either submit or pay.

We heard many funny stories from the political exiles in Siberia with regard to the ignorance shown and the mistakes made by the rural police in dealing with supposed revolutionists. Four or five years ago, just after the assassination of the gendarme officer Sudeikin (*Soo-dáy-i-kin*) by the terrorist Degaief (*Dee-*

*gy-yeff*), photographs of Degaief, like the one reproduced above, were sent to every police office in the Empire. On the back was printed an offer of 10,000 rubles' reward for the capture of the assassin, and on the face were six photographs of Degaief, showing how he looked in a cap and without a cap; with a full beard and without a beard; and with a mustache and without a mustache. A hard-drinking and ignorant police officer in a village of Western Siberia, into whose hands a copy of this card fell, arrested four unlucky wayfarers who happened to look more or less like the photographs of Degaief, and committed them to jail; then he went about the village, and to the dram-shop, in a half-tipsy condition, boasting that he had captured four of those accursed Degaiefs, and was going to hold them until he could find the other two, so that he could turn the whole six together over to the higher authorities. He had no doubt that he would get not only the 10,000 rubles' reward, but a cross of honor.

Another police officer, equally ignorant, arrested a scientific man, a member of the Imperial Geographical Society, who had gone into the country to pursue his favorite study

of ornithology. The unfortunate naturalist was accustomed to note down every day the names of the birds of which he had secured specimens, and the sagacious police officer, in looking over his prisoner's diary, found on almost every page such entries as "June 13—Killed a fine crown snipe this afternoon"; or "June 17—Shot a *silvia hortensis* to-day." Regarding these entries as unmistakable records in cipher of nihilistic murders, the officer sent the captured ornithologist under strong guard to the chief of police of the district, with the note-book as documentary proof that the prisoner was one of the most desperate and bloodthirsty of the terrorist assassins; the entry with regard to "crown snipe" he said was plainly a reference to the most august family of the Gossudar.

Almost every foreign traveler who has made a serious attempt to study Russian life, and who has gone for that purpose into the country, has been arrested at least once by the rural police. Wiggins, the English navigator, was arrested in Siberia and lay three days in jail before he could establish his identity; <sup>1</sup> Mackenzie Wallace was arrested in European Russia as a spy; Lansdell, the English missionary, was arrested as a distributor of revolutionary pamphlets; and Frost and I were arrested on suspicion merely because we happened accidentally to go three times past a jail in Perm.

Next to the rural police in numerical strength, and far above them in intellect and power, are the secret police and the gendarmes, who are to be found everywhere throughout the Empire, but who are most numerous in the cities. Little is known to the public with regard to their organization, strength, or working methods beyond the facts that they are under the control of the Minister of the Interior, and that their duties relate chiefly to the prevention or the detection of political crime. A large part of their work consists in maintaining supervision over persons who are suspected of sympathizing with the revolutionary movement, or who, to use the official word, are "untrustworthy." Nearly 3000 such persons were under surveillance in European Russia when the present Tsar came to the throne, and there were 1500 or 2000 more in Siberia—the latter political exiles. It must be remembered, however, that these were all persons under *open* supervision; that is, who knew that the police were watching them. There is another large class of men and women who are under secret supervision, and who, of course, are not aware of it.

There came into my hands surreptitiously in St. Petersburg a copy of a blank form to be

filled up every month by a police officer who has some one under secret surveillance. It consists of a series of questions covering the life and habits of the person under supervision, which must be answered by the police officer ordered to watch him. It is as follows:

#### DEPARTMENT OF IMPERIAL POLICE.

[Blank Form No. 2. To be filled up and submitted monthly.]

1. Give the Christian name, the paternal name, and the family name of the person under surveillance.
2. Where does he or she live? Give the part of the city, the district, the precinct, the street, the house, and the number of the room.
3. How long has he resided there, and from what previous place of residence did he come?
4. Does he rent separate apartments of his own, or occupy a room in the apartments or house of another? In the latter case, who is the owner or proprietor? Give his name, occupation, and antecedents.
5. Does he live alone, or with some one? In the latter case, with whom?
6. Has he any servants? If so, what are their names? If not, who takes care of his room or rooms? What things has he in his rooms? To whom is his soiled linen given? Name and place of residence of his washerwoman?<sup>2</sup>
7. When and from whom has he received letters, including both common letters and those containing money?
8. Does he have his meals in his rooms, or elsewhere? In the latter case, where?
9. Does he visit any library, and, if so, what one? If possible, state what books he has taken out in the course of the month.
10. How does he spend his time when at home?
11. What are his means of subsistence? If he gives lessons, to whom does he give them? If he occupies a position of any kind, where and what is it?
12. Where did the officer who is now watching him first see him, and under what circumstances? Does he know the officer by sight?
13. At what o'clock does he leave his apartments, and when does he return?
14. Is he paying attention to any woman [or, if the person under supervision is a woman, has she a lover]? If so, who is she [or he], and where does she [or he] live? Where do they meet each other?
15. Who has visited him in the course of the month, and at what times? [If possible, give name or names and place or places of residence.]
16. Has any one at any time spent the night in his apartments, and, if so, what person or persons?
17. Who can certify to the fact that he has met the persons referred to in the foregoing paragraphs?
18. Does he play cards?
19. Has he been seen at any time in a state of intoxication?

This sheet is to be signed by the officer of sur-

<sup>1</sup> I have not seen this statement in print, and I have been unable to verify it, but I allow it to stand on the authority of a well-informed political exile in Siberia.

<sup>2</sup> Articles that it was illegal to have in one's posses-

sion were often carried into and out of the rooms of revolutionists in bundles of soiled linen, and conspirators among the women frequently pretended to be washerwomen.

veillance and countersigned by the secret police inspector of the district, and then handed over to the Department for the Preservation of Order and Public Safety.

It would seem to the lay mind that such a report as this, made out and submitted monthly, should enable the chief of police to write the natural history of a suspect with considerable accuracy; but, after all, it does not attain the results expected from it. The subterranean mine in the Little Garden Street in St. Petersburg, which contained eighty pounds of dynamite, was excavated, loaded, and equipped with batteries, wires, and a Ruhmkorf coil by two terrorists disguised as cheese merchants, who were under precisely this sort of supervision. Their shop was even visited and inspected three days before the late Tsar's assassination, and yet the mine was not discovered. It is my opinion that the abilities of the Russian secret police are greatly overrated. I have had as much experience as most foreigners in evading and misleading them, and I have heard the experience of three or four hundred revolutionists who have carried on a contest of wits with them for years. In every city in the Empire there are hundreds of revolutionists whom the police have not been able to discover; hektographed and lithographed copies of forbidden writings — including this very series of articles — circulate from hand to hand throughout the Empire; and I do not think there is a prison in European Russia or in Siberia, with the single

exception of the Castle of Schlüsselburg, where the imprisoned revolutionists do not have written communication with their friends outside.

A well-informed St. Petersburg correspondent of the "New York Tribune" recently said, with reference to the Russian police, "I do not believe there is another department in the Empire about which such erroneous impressions exist, and which, especially abroad, is so terribly overrated. There is not another police department in Europe which is so badly organized, so ill-informed, and so utterly incapable as that of the Tsar."

This statement is perhaps too strongly expressed, but I believe it to be essentially true. The Russian secret police are by no means up to their reputation.

And what, after all, is the use of such a system, and such a police? An observer who regards the Russian situation from an American point of view can hardly help thinking that the Tsar, who is a well-meaning man, would have a happier life and a more useful life if he would abandon his policy of repression; call for the resignation of his despotic Minister of the Interior, Count Dmitri Tolstoi; discharge five-sixths of his police and gendarmes, and admit his people to a share in the government of the state. The condition of things could hardly be worse than it is, and a liberal policy, steadily and consistently followed, might make Russia a prosperous and happy country as well as a mighty Empire.

*George Kennan.*

## A SCOUT WITH THE BUFFALO-SOLDIERS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



THE GOVERNMENT PACK.

I SAT smoking in the quarters of an army friend at Fort Grant, and through a green lattice-work was watching the dusty parade and congratulating myself on the possession of this spot of comfort in such a disagreeably hot climate as Arizona Territory offers in the summer, when in strode my friend the lieutenant, who threw his cap on the table and began to roll a cigarette.

"Well," he said, "the K. O. has ordered me out for a two-weeks' scouting up the San

Carlos way, and I'm off in the morning. Would you like to go with me?" He lighted the cigarette and paused for my reply.

I was very comfortable at that moment, and knew from some past experiences that marching under the summer sun of Arizona was real suffering and not to be considered by one on pleasure bent; and I was also aware that my friend the lieutenant had a reputation as a hard rider, and would in this case select a few picked and seasoned cavalymen and rush over the worst possible country in the least possible time. I had no reputation as a hard rider to sustain, and, moreover, had not backed a horse for the year past. I knew too that Uncle Sam's beans, black coffee, and the bacon which every old soldier will tell you about would fall to the lot of any one who scouted



*Frederic Remondone  
Arizona '89*

A PACKER AND MULES.

with the 10th Dragoons. Still, I very much desired to travel through the country to the north, and in a rash moment said, "I'll go."

"You quite understand that you are amenable to discipline," continued the lieutenant with mock seriousness, as he regarded me with that soldier's contempt for a citizen which is not openly expressed but is tacitly felt.

"I do," I answered meekly.

"Put you afoot, citizen; put you afoot, sir, at the slightest provocation, understand," pursued the officer in his sharp manner of giving commands.

I suggested that after I had chafed a Government saddle for a day or two I should undoubtedly beg to be put afoot, and, far from being a punishment, it might be a real mercy.

"That being settled, will you go down to

stable-call and pick out a mount? You are one of the heavies, but I think we can outfit you," he said; and together we strolled down to where the bugle was blaring.

At the adobe corral the faded coats of the horses were being groomed by black troopers in white frocks; for the 10th United States Cavalry is composed of colored men. The fine alkaline

dust of that country is continually sifting over all exposed objects, so that grooming becomes almost as hopeless a task as sweeping back the sea with a house-broom. A fine old veteran cavalry-horse, detailed for a sergeant of the troop, was selected to bear me on the trip. He was a large horse of a pony build, both strong and sound except that he bore a healed-up saddle-gall, gotten, probably, during some old march upon an endless Apache trail. His temper had been ruined, and a grinning soldier said, as he stood at a respectful distance, "Leouk out, sah. Dat ole hoss shore kick youh head off, sah."

The lieutenant assured me that if I could ride that animal through and not start the old gall I should be covered with glory; and as to the rest,

"What you don't know about cross-country riding in these parts that horse does. It's lucky there is n't a hole in the ground where his hoofs trod, for he's pounded up and down across this Territory for the last five years."

Well satisfied with my mount, I departed. That evening numbers of rubber-muscle cavalry officers called and drew all sorts of horrible pictures for my fancy, which greatly amused them and duly filled me with dismal forebodings. "A man from New York comes out here to trifle with the dragoon," said one facetious chap, addressing my lieutenant; "so now, old boy, you don't want to let him get away with the impression that the cavalry don't ride." I caught the suggestion that it was the purpose of those fellows to see that I was "ridden down" on that trip; and though I



got my resolution to the sticking-point, I knew that "a pillory can outpreach a parson," and that my resolutions might not avail against the hard saddle.

On the following morning I was awakened by the lieutenant's dog-rubber,<sup>1</sup> and got up to array myself in my field costume. My old troop-horse was at the door, and he eyed his citizen rider with malevolent gaze. Even the dumb beasts of the army share that quiet contempt for the citizen which is one manifestation of the military spirit, born of strength, and as old as when the first man went forth with purpose to conquer his neighbor man.

Together at the head of the little cavalcade rode the lieutenant and I, while behind, in single file, came the five troopers, sitting loosely in their saddles with the long stirrup of the United States cavalry seat, forage-hats set well over the eyes, and carbines, slickers, canteens, saddle-pockets, and lariats rattling at their sides. Strung out behind were the four pack-mules, now trotting demurely along, now stopping to feed, and occasionally making a solemn and evidently well-considered attempt to get out of line and regain the post which we were leaving behind. The packers brought up the rear, swinging their "blinds" and shout-



A HALT TO TIGHTEN THE PACKS.

Down in front of the post-trader's was gathered the scouting party. A tall sergeant, grown old in the service, scarred on battlefields, hardened by long marches,—in short, a product of the camp,—stood by his horse's head. Four enlisted men, picturesquely clad in the cavalry soldier's field costume, and two packers, mounted on diminutive bronco mules, were in charge of four pack-mules loaded with *apperajos* and packs. This was our party. Presently the lieutenant issued from the headquarters' office and joined us. An orderly led up his horse. "Mount," said the lieutenant; and swinging himself into his saddle he started off up the road. Out past the groups of adobe houses which constitute a frontier military village or post we rode, stopping to water our horses at the little creek, now nearly dry,—the last water for many miles on our trail,—and presently emerged upon the great desert.

<sup>1</sup> Soldier detailed as officer's servant.

ing at the lagging mules in a manner which evinced a close acquaintance with the character and peculiarities of each beast.

The sun was getting higher in the heavens and began to assert its full strength. The yellow dust rose about our horses' hoofs and settled again over the dry grass and mesquite bush. Stretching away on our right was the purple line of the Sierra Bonitas, growing bluer and bluer until lost in the hot scintillating atmosphere of the desert horizon. Overhead stretched the deep blue of the cloudless sky. Presently we halted and dismounted to tighten the packs, which work loose after the first hour. One by one the packers caught the little mules, threw a blind over their eyes, and "Now, Whitey! Ready! eve-e-e—gimme that loop," came from the men as they heaved and tossed the circling ropes in the mystic movements of the diamond hitch. "All fast, Lieutenant," cries a packer, and mounting we move on up the long

slope of the mesa towards the Sierras. We enter a break in the foothills, and the grade becomes steeper and steeper, until at last it rises at an astonishing angle.

The lieutenant shouts the command to dismount, and we obey. The bridle-reins are tossed over the horses' heads, the carbines thrown butt upwards over the backs of the troopers, a long drink is taken from the canteens, and I observe that each man pulls a plug of tobacco about a foot long from one of the capacious legs of his troop-boots and wrenches off a chew. This greatly amused me, and as I laughed I pondered over the fertility of the soldier mind; and while I do not think that the original official military board which evolved the United States troop-boot had this idea in mind, the adaptation of means to an end reflects great credit on the intelligence of some one.

Up the ascent of the mountain we toiled, now winding among trees and brush, scrambling up precipitous slopes, picking a way across a field of shattered rock, or steadying our horses over the smooth surface of some boulder, till it seemed to my uninitiated mind that cavalry was not equal to the emergencies of such a country. In the light of subsequent experiences, however, I feel confident that any cavalry officer who has ever chased Apaches would not hesitate a moment to lead a command up the Bunker Hill Monument. The slopes of the Sierra Bonitas are very steep, and as the air became more rarified as we toiled upward I found that I was panting for breath.

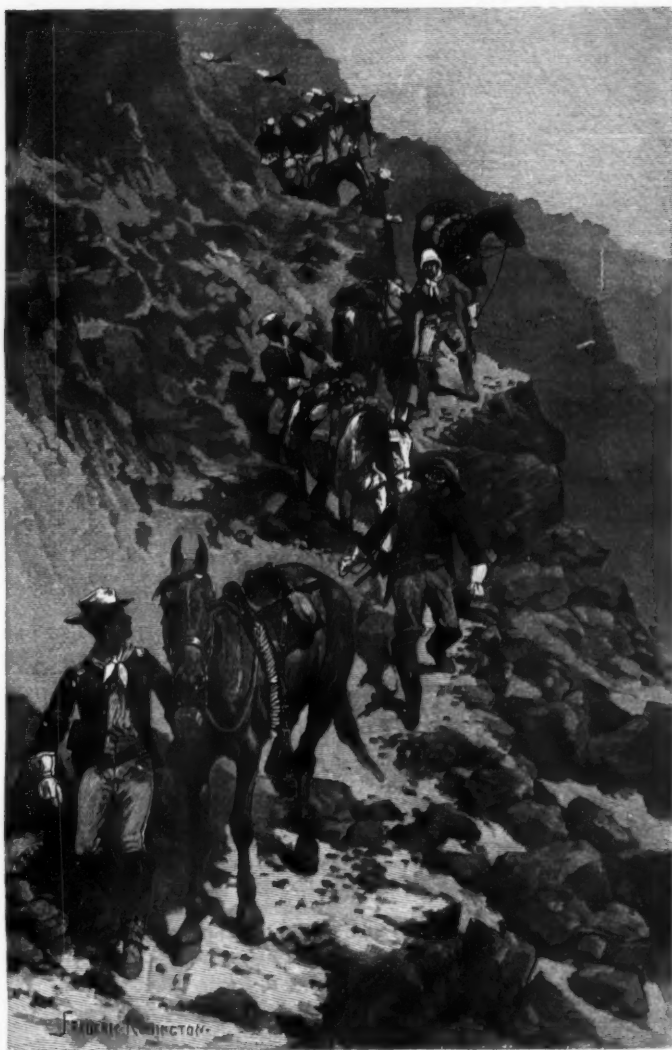
My horse—a veteran mountaineer—grunted in his efforts and drew his breath in a long and labored blowing; consequently I felt as though I was not doing anything unusual in puffing and blowing myself. The resolutions of the previous night needed considerable nursing, and though they were kept alive, at times I reviled myself for being such a fool as to do this sort of thing under the delusion that it was an enjoyable experience. On the trail ahead I

saw the lieutenant throw himself on the ground. I followed his example, for I was nearly "done for." I never had felt a rock that was as soft as the one I sat on. It was literally downy. The old troop-horse heaved a great sigh, and dropping his head went fast asleep, as every good soldier should do when he finds the opportunity. The lieutenant and I discussed the climb, and my voice was rather loud in pronouncing it "beastly." My companion gave me no comfort, for he was "a soldier, and unapt to weep," though I thought he might have used his official prerogative to grumble. The negro troopers sat about, their black skins shining with perspiration, and took no interest in the matter in hand. They occupied such time in joking and in merriment as seemed fitted for growling. They may be tired and they may be hungry, but they do not see fit to augment their misery by finding fault with everybody and everything. In this particular they are charming men with whom to serve. Officers have often confessed to me that when they are on long and monotonous field service and are troubled with a depression of spirits, they have only to go about the campfires of the negro soldier in order to be amused and cheered by the clever absurdities of the men. Personal relations can be much closer between white officers and colored soldiers than in the white regiments without breaking the barriers which are necessary to army discipline. The men look up to a good officer, rely on him in trouble, and even seek him for advice in their small personal affairs. In barracks no soldier is allowed by his fellows to "cuss out" a just and respected superior. As to their bravery, I am often asked, "Will they fight?" That is easily answered. They have fought many, many times. The old sergeant sitting near me, as calm of feature as a bronze statue, once deliberately walked over a Cheyenne rifle-pit and killed his man. One little fellow near him once took charge of a lot of stampeded cavalry-horses when Apache bullets were flying loose and no one knew from what point to expect them next. These little episodes prove the sometimes doubted self-reliance of the negro.

After a most frugal lunch we resumed our journey towards the clouds. Climbing many weary hours, we at last stood on the sharp ridge of the Sierra. Behind us we could see the great yellow plain of the Sulphur Spring Valley, and in front, stretching away, was that of the Gila, looking like the bed of a sea with the water gone. Here the lieutenant took observations and busied himself in making an itinerary of the trail. In obedience to an order of the department commander, General Miles, scouting parties like ours are constantly being sent out from the chain of forts



TROOPER IN TOW.



MARCHING ON THE MOUNTAINS.

which surround the great San Carlos reservation. The purpose is to make provision against Apache outbreaks, which are momentarily expected, by familiarizing officers and soldiers with the vast solitude of mountain and desert. New trails for the movement of cavalry columns across the mountains are threaded out, water-holes of which the soldiers have no previous knowledge are discovered, and an Apache band is at all times liable to meet a cavalry command in out-of-the-way places. A salutary effect on the savage mind is then produced.

Here we had a needed rest, and then began

the descent on the other side. This was a new experience. The prospect of being suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche of horseflesh as the result of some unlucky stumble makes the recruit constantly apprehensive. But the trained horses are sure of foot, understand the business, and seldom stumble except when treacherous ground gives way. On the crest the prospect was very pleasant, as the pines there obscured the hot sun; but we suddenly left them for the scrub mesquite which bars your passage and reaches forth for you with its-thorns when you attempt to go around.



A CAMPFIRE SKETCH.

We wound downward among the masses of rock for some time, when we suddenly found ourselves on a shelf of rock. We sought to avoid it by going up and around, but after a tiresome march we were still confronted by a drop of about a hundred feet. I gave up in despair; but the lieutenant, after gazing at the unknown depths which were masked at the bottom by a thick growth of brush, said, "This is a good place to go down." I agreed that it was if you once got started; but personally I did not care to take the tumble.

Taking his horse by the bits, the young officer began the descent. The slope was at an angle of at least sixty degrees, and was covered with loose dirt and boulders, with the mask of brush at the bottom concealing awful possibilities of what might be beneath. The horse hesitated a moment, then cautiously put his head down and his leg forward and started. The loose earth crumbled, a great stone was precipitated to the bottom with a crash, the horse slid and floundered along. Had the situation not been so serious it would have been funny, because the angle of the incline was so great that the horse actually sat on his haunches like a dog. "Come on!" shouted the redoubtable man of war; and as I was next on the ledge and could not go back or let any one pass me, I remembered my resolutions. They prevailed against my better judgment, and I started. My old horse took it unconcernedly, and we came down all right, bringing our share of dirt

and stones and plunging through the wall of brush at the bottom to find our friend safe on the lower side. The men came along without so much as a look of interest in the proceeding, and then I watched the mules. I had confidence in the reasoning powers of a pack-mule, and thought that he might show some trepidation when he calculated the chances; but not so. Down came the mules, without turning an ear, and then followed the packers, who, to my astonishment, rode down. I watched them do it, and know not whether I was more lost in admiration or eager in the hope that they would meet with enough difficulty to verify my predictions.

We then continued our journey down the mountains through a box-cañon. Suffice it to say that, as it is a cavalry axiom that a horse can go wherever a man can if the man will not use his hands, we made a safe transit.

Our camp was pitched by a little mountain stream near a grassy hillside. The saddles, packs, and *apperajos* were laid on the ground and the horses and mules herded on the side of the hill by a trooper, who sat perched on a rock above them, carbine in hand. I was thoroughly tired and hungry, and did my share in creating the famine which it was clearly seen would reign in that camp ere long. We sat about the fire and talked. The genial glow seems to possess an occult quality: it warms the self-confidence of a man; it lulls his moral nature; and the stories which circulate about a





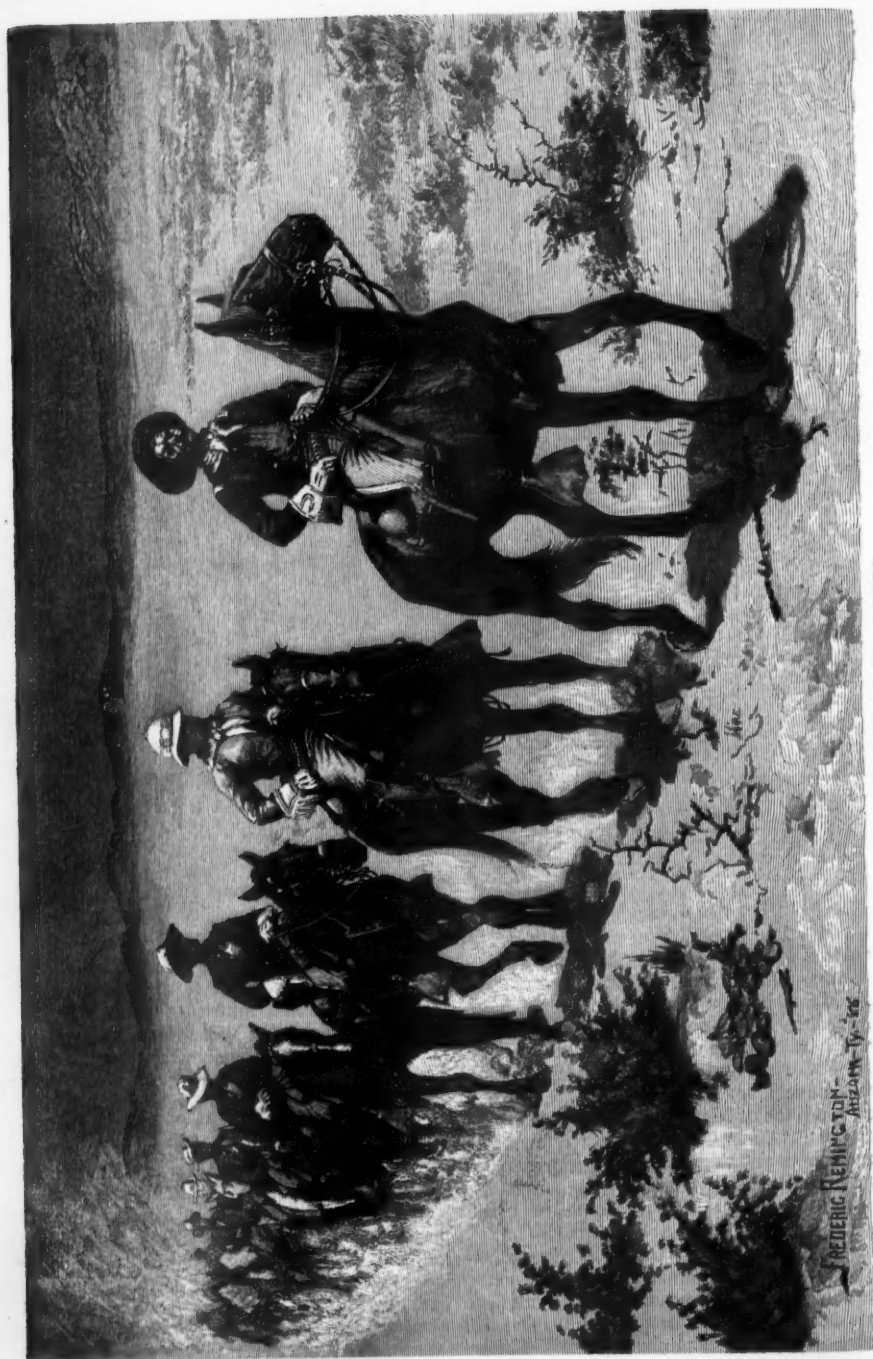
## A STUDY OF ACTION.

campfire are always more interesting than authentic. One old packer possessed a wild imagination, backed by a fund of experiences gathered in a life spent in knocking about everywhere between the Yukon River and the City of Mexico, and he rehearsed tales which would have staggered the Baron. The men got out a pack of Mexican cards and gambled at a game called "Coon-can" for a few nickels and dimes and that other soldier currency—tobacco. Quaint expressions came from the card party. "Now I 'se a-join' to scare de life outen you when I show down dis han'," said one man after a deal. The player addressed looked at his hand carefully and quietly rejoined, "You might scare *me*, pard, but you can't scare de fixin's I 'se got yere." The utmost good-nature seemed to prevail. They discussed the little things which make their lives. One man suggested that De big jack

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mule, he behavin' hisself pretty well dis trip ; he hain't done kick nobody yet." Pipes were filled, smoked, and returned to that cavalryman's grip-sack, the boot-leg, and the game progressed until the fire no longer gave sufficient light. Soldiers have no tents in that country, and we rolled ourselves in our blankets and, gazing up, saw the weird figure of the sentinel against the last red gleam of the sunset, and beyond that the great dome of the sky, set with stars. Then we fell asleep.

When I awoke the next morning the hill across the cañon wall was flooded with a golden light, while the gray tints of our camp were steadily warming up. The soldiers had the two black camp-pails over the fire and were grooming the horses. Every one was good-natured, as befits the beginning of the day. The tall sergeant was meditatively combing his hair with a currycomb; such delight-



MARCHING IN THE DESERT.

FREDERIC REMINGTON  
ARTIST

ful little unconventionalities are constantly observed about the camp. The coffee steamed up in our nostrils, and after a rub in the brook I pulled myself together and declared to my comrade that I felt as good as new. This was a palpable falsehood, as my labored movements revealed to the hard-sided cavalryman the sad evidence of the effeminacy of the studio. But our respite was brief, for almost before I knew it I was again on my horse, following down the cañon after the black charger bestrided by the junior lieutenant of K troop. Over piles of rocks fit only for the touch and go of a goat, through the thick mesquite which threatened to wipe our hats off or to swish us from the saddle, with the air warming up and growing denser, we rode along. A great stretch of sandy desert could be seen, and I foresaw hot work.

In about an hour we were clear of the descent and could ride along together, so that conversation made the way more interesting. We dismounted to go down a steep drop from the high mesa into the valley of the Gila, and then began a day warmer even than imagination had anticipated. The awful glare of the sun on the desert, the clouds of white alkaline dust which drifted up until lost above, seemingly too fine to settle again, and the great heat cooking the ambition out of us, made the conversation lag and finally drop altogether. The water in my canteen was hot and tasteless, and the barrel of my carbine, which I touched with my ungloved hand, was so heated that I quickly withdrew it. Across the hot-air waves which made the horizon rise and fall like the bosom of the ocean we could see a whirlwind or sand-storm winding up in a tall spiral until it was lost in the deep blue of the sky above. Lizards started here and there; a snake hissed a moment beside the trail, then sought the cover of a dry bush; the horses moved along with downcast heads and drooping ears. The men wore a solemn look as they rode along, and now and then one would nod as though giving over to sleep. The pack-mules no longer sought fresh feed along the way, but attended strictly to business. A short halt was made, and I alighted. Upon remounting I threw myself violently from the saddle, and upon examination found that I had brushed up against a cactus and gotten my corduroys filled with thorns. The soldiers were overcome with great glee at this episode, but they volunteered to help me pick them from my dress. Thus we marched all day, and with canteens empty we "pulled into" Fort Thomas that afternoon. I will add that forageless cavalry commands with pack-animals do not halt until a full day's march is completed, as the mules cannot be kept too long under their burdens.

At the fort we enjoyed that hospitality which

is a kind of freemasonry among army officers. The colonel made a delicious concoction of I know not what, and provided a hammock in a cool place while we drank it. Lieutenant F—— got cigars that were past praise, and another officer had provided a bath. Captain B—— turned himself out of doors to give us quarters, which graciousness we accepted while our consciences pricked. But for all that Fort Thomas is an awful spot, hotter than any other place on the crust of the earth. The siroccos continually chase each other over the desert, the convalescent wait upon the sick, and the thermometer persistently reposes at the figures 125° F. Soldiers are kept in the Gila Valley posts for only six months at a time before they are relieved, and they count the days.

On the following morning at an early hour we waved adieus to our kind friends and took our way down the valley. I feel enough interested in the discomforts of that march to tell about it, but I find that there are not resources in any vocabulary. If the impression is abroad that a cavalry soldier's life in the South-west has any of the lawn-party element in it, I think the impression could be effaced by doing a march like that. The great clouds of dust choke you and settle over horse, soldier, and accouterments until all local color is lost and black man and white man wear a common hue. The "chug, chug, chug" of your tired horse as he marches along becomes infinitely tiresome, and cavalry soldiers never ease themselves in the saddle. That is an army axiom. I do not know what would happen to a man who "hitched" in his saddle, but it is carefully instilled into their minds that they must "ride the horse" at all times and not lounge on his back. No pains are spared to prolong the usefulness of an army horse, and every old soldier knows that his good care will tell when the long forced march comes some day, and when to be put afoot by a poor mount means great danger in Indian warfare. The soldier will steal for his horse, will share his camp bread, and will moisten the horse's nostrils and lips with the precious water in the canteen. In garrison the troop-horses lead a life of ease and plenty; but it is varied at times by a pursuit of hostiles, when they are forced over the hot sands and up over the perilous mountains all day long, only to see the sun go down with the rider still spurring them on amid the quiet of the long night.

Through a little opening in the trees we see a camp and stop in front of it. A few mesquite trees, two tents, and some sheds made of boughs beside an *acequia* make up the background. By the cooking-fire lounge two or three rough frontiersmen, veritable pirates in appearance, with rough flannel shirts, slouch hats, brown canvas overalls, and an unkempt



Hemington,  
San Carlos.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

air; but suddenly, to my intense astonishment, they rise, stand in their tracks as immovable as graven images, and salute the lieutenant in the most approved manner of Upton. Shades of that sacred book the "Army Regulations," then these men were soldiers! It was a camp of instruction for Indians and a post of observation. They were nice fellows, and did everything in their power to entertain the cavalry. We were given a tent, and one man cooked the army rations in such strange shapes and mysterious ways that we marveled as we ate. After dinner we lay on our blankets watching the groups of San Carlos Apaches who came to look at us. Some of them knew the lieutenant, with whom they had served and whom they now addressed as "Young Chief." They would point him out to others with great zest, and babble in their own language. Great excitement prevailed when it was discovered that I was using a sketch-book, and I was forced to disclose the half-finished visage of one villainous face to their gaze. It was straightway torn up, and I was requested, with many scowls and grunts, to discontinue that pastime, for Apaches more than any other Indians dislike to have portraits made. That night the "hi-ya-ya-hi-ya-hi-yo-o-o-o-o" and the beating of the tom-toms came from all

parts of the hills, and we sank to sleep with this growsome lullaby.

The following day, as we rode, we were never out of sight of the brush huts of the Indians. We observed the simple domestic processes of their lives. One naked savage got up suddenly from behind a mesquite bush, which so startled the horses that quicker than thought every animal made a violent plunge to one side. No one of the trained riders seemed to mind this unlooked-for movement in the least beyond displaying a gleam of grinning ivories. I am inclined to think that it would have let daylight upon some of the "English hunting-seats" one sees in Central Park.

All along the Gila Valley can be seen the courses of stone which were the foundations of the houses of a dense population long since passed away. The lines of old irrigating ditches were easily traced, and one is forced to wonder at the changes in Nature, for at the present time there is not water sufficient to irrigate land necessary for the support of as large a population as probably existed at some remote period. We "raised" some foothills, and could see in the far distance the great flat plain, the buildings of the San Carlos

agency, and the white canvas of the cantonment. At the ford of the Gila we saw a company of "doughboys" wade through the stream as our own troop-horses splashed across. Nearer and nearer shone the white lines of tents until we drew rein in the square where officers crowded around to greet us. The jolly post-commander, the senior captain of the 10th, insisted upon my accepting the hospitalities of his "large hotel," as he called his field tent, on the ground that I too was a New Yorker. Right glad have I been ever since that I accepted his courtesy, for he entertained me in the true frontier style.

Being now out of the range of country known to our command, a lieutenant in the same regiment was detailed to accompany us beyond. This gentleman was a character. The best part of his life had been spent in this rough country, and he had so long associated with Apache scouts that his habits while on a trail were exactly those of an Indian. He had acquired their methods and also that instinct of locality so peculiar to red men. I jocosely insisted that Lieutenant Jim only needed breech-clout and long hair in order to draw rations at the agency. In the morning, as we started under his guidance, he was a spectacle. He wore shoes and a white shirt, and carried



absolutely nothing in the shape of canteens and other "plunder" which usually constitute a cavalryman's kit. He was mounted on a little runt of a pony so thin and woe-begone as to be remarkable among his kind. It was insufferably hot as we followed our queer guide up a dry cañon, which cut off the breeze from all sides and was a veritable human fry-

ing one; nevertheless, by the exercise of self-denial, which is at times heroic, he manages to pull through. They say that he sometimes fills an old meat-tin with water in anticipation of a long march, and stories which try credulity are told of the amount of water he has drunk at times.

Yuma Apaches, miserable wretches, come



A PULL AT THE CANTEN.

ing-pan. I marched next behind our leader, and all day long the patter, patter of that Indian pony, bearing his tireless rider, made an aggravating display of insensibility to fatigue, heat, dust, and climbing. On we marched over the rolling hills, dry, parched, desolate, covered with cactus and loose stones. It was Nature in one of her cruel moods, and the great silence over all the land displayed her mastery over man. When we reached water and camp that night our ascetic leader had his first drink. It was a long one and a strong one, but at last he arose from the pool and with a smile remarked that his "canteens were full." Officers in the regiment say that no one will give Lieutenant Jim a drink from his canteen, but this does not change his habit of not carry-

ing one; nevertheless, by the exercise of self-denial, which is at times heroic, he manages to pull through. They say that he sometimes fills an old meat-tin with water in anticipation of a long march, and stories which try credulity are told of the amount of water he has drunk at times. Yuma Apaches, miserable wretches, come into camp, shake hands gravely with every one, and then in their Indian way begin the inevitable inquiries as to how the coffee and flour are holding out. The campfire darts and crackles, the soldiers gather around it, eat, joke, and bring out the greasy pack of cards. The officers gossip of army affairs, while I lie on my blankets, smoking and trying to establish relations with a very small and very dirty little Yuma Apache, who sits near me and gazes with sparkling eyes at the strange object which I undoubtedly seem to him. That "patroness of rogues," the full moon, rises slowly over the great hill while I look into her honest face and lose myself in reflections. It seems but an instant before a glare of sun strikes my eyes and I am awake for another day. I am mentally quar-



A POOL IN THE DESERT.

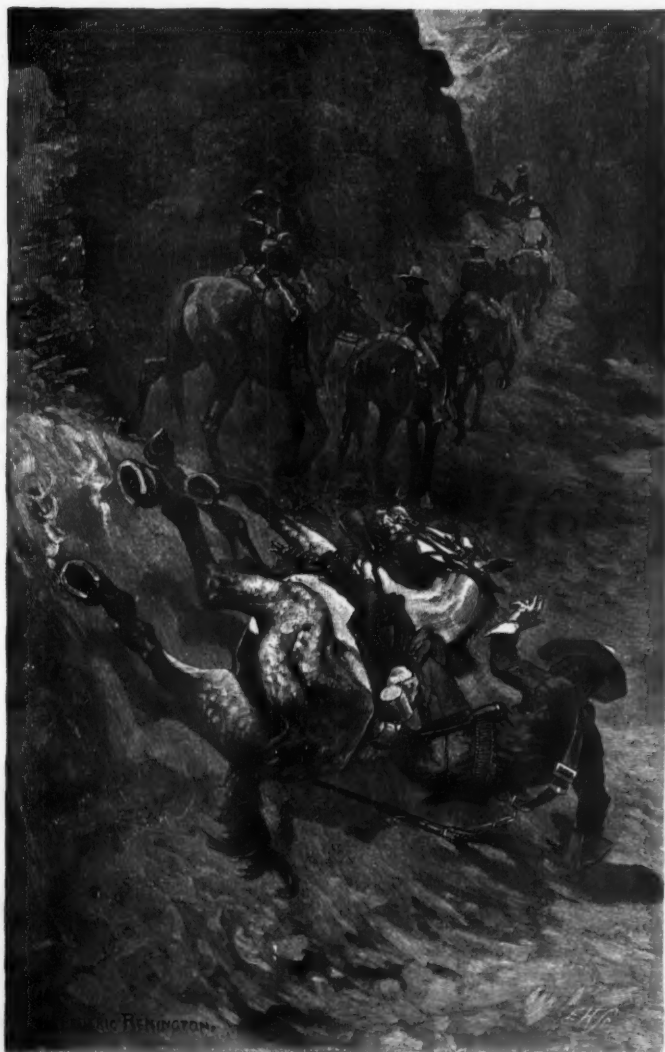
reling with that insane desire to march which I know possesses Lieutenant Jim; but it is useless to expostulate, and before many hours the little pony constantly moving along ahead of me becomes a part of my life. There he goes. I can see him now—always moving briskly along, pattering over the level, trotting up the dry bed of a stream, disappearing into the dense chapparal thicket that covers a steep hillside, jumping rocks, and doing everything but “halt.”

We are now in the high hills, and the air is cooler. The chapparal is thicker, the ground is broken into a succession of ridges, and the volcanic boulders pile up in formidable shapes. My girth loosens and I dismount to fix it, remembering that old saddle-gall. The command moves on and is lost to sight in a deep ravine. Presently I resume my journey, and in the meshwork of ravines I find that I no longer see the trail of the column. I retrace and climb and slide down hill, forcing my way through chapparal, and after a long time I see the pack-mules go out of sight far away on a mountain slope. The blue peaks of the Pinals tower away on my left, and I begin to indulge in mean thoughts concerning the indomitable spirit of Lieutenant Jim, for I know he will take us clear over the top of that pale blue line of far-distant mountains. I presume I have it in my power to place myself in a more heroic light, but this kind of candor is good for the soul.

In course of time I came up with the command, which had stopped at a ledge so steep that it had daunted even these mountaineers. It

was only a hundred-foot drop, and they presently found a place to go down, where, as one soldier suggested, “there is n’t footing for a lizard.” On, on we go, when suddenly with a great crash some sandy ground gives way, and a collection of hoofs, troop-boots, ropes, canteens, and flying stirrups goes rolling over in a cloud of dust and finds a lodgment in the bottom of a dry watercourse. The dust settles and discloses a soldier and his horse. They rise to their feet and appear astonished, but as the soldier mounts and follows on we know he is unhurt. Now a coyote, surprised by our cavalcade and unable to get up the ledge, runs along the opposite side of the cañon wall. “Pop, pop, pop, pop” go the six-shooters, and then follow explanations by each marksman of the particular thing which made him miss.

That night we were forced to make a “dry camp”; that is, one where no water is to be found. There is such an amount of misery locked up in the thought of a dry camp that I refuse to dwell upon it. We were glad enough to get upon the trail in the morning, and in time found a nice running mountain-brook. The command wallowed in it. We drank as much as we could hold and then sat down. We arose and drank some more, and yet we drank again, and still once more, until we were literally water-logged. Lieutenant Jim became uneasy, so we took up our march. We were always resuming the march when all nature called aloud for rest. We climbed straight up impossible places. The air grew chill, and in a gorge a cold wind blew briskly down to supply the hot air rising from sands



A TUMBLE FROM THE TRAIL.

of the mesa far below. That night we made a camp, and the only place where I could make my bed was on a great flat rock. We were now among the pines, which towered above us. The horses were constantly losing one another in the timber in their search for grass, in consequence of which they whinnied, while the mules brayed, and made the mountain hideous with sound.

By another long climb we reached the extreme peaks of the Pinal range, and there before us was spread a view which was grand enough to compensate us for the labor. Beginning in "gray reds," range after range of

mountains, overlapping each other, grow purple and finally lose themselves in pale blues. We sat on a ledge and gazed. The soldiers were interested, though their remarks about the scenery somehow did not seem to express an appreciation of the grandeur of the view which impressed itself strongly upon us. Finally one fellow, less æsthetic than his mates, broke the spell by a request for chewing-tobacco, so we left off dreaming and started on.

That day Lieutenant Jim lost his bearings, and called upon that instinct which he had

acquired in his life among the Indians. He "cut the signs" of old Indian trails and felt the course to be in a certain direction—which was undoubtedly correct, but it took us over the highest points of the Mescal range. My shoes were beginning to give out, and the troop-boots of several soldiers threatened to disintegrate. One soldier, more ingenious than the rest, took out some horse-shoe nails and cleverly mended his boot-gear. At times we wound around great slopes where a loose stone or the giving way of bad ground would have precipitated horse and rider a thousand feet below. Only the courage of the horses brings one safely through. The mules suffered badly, and our weary horses punched very hard with their foreparts as they went down hill. We made the descent of the Mesals through a long cañon where the sun gets one in chancery, as it were. At last we reached the Gila, and nearly drowned a pack-mule and two troopers in a quicksand. We

began to pass Indian huts, and saw them gathering wheat in the river bottoms, while they paused to gaze at us and doubtless wondered for what purpose the buffalo-soldiers were abroad in the land. The cantonment appeared, and I was duly gratified when we reached it. I hobbled up to the "Grand Hotel" of my host the captain, who laughed heartily at my floundering movements and observed my nose and cheeks, from which the sun had peeled the skin, with evident relish at the thought of how I had been used by his lieutenant. At his suggestion I was made an honorary member of the cavalry, and duly admonished "not to trifle again with the 10th Nubian Horse if I expected any mercy."

In due time the march continued without particular incident, and at last the scout "pulled in" to the home post, and I again sat in my easy-chair behind the lattice-work, firm in the conviction that soldiers, like other men, find more hard work than glory in their calling.

*Frederic Remington.*

#### A BORN INVENTOR.

By the author of "Two Runaways," "De Valley an' de Shadder," etc.



**N**ANKY GUNNER replaced her rapidly cooling iron before the coals in the great fireplace of her log cabin, took up a fresh one, spit upon its smooth surface, and, satisfied that the abrupt "teest" that saluted her ear indicated the right temperature, faced her visitor across the ironing-board.

"No, I don't reck'n as how it's posserbul thet airy another sech boy do live on the face of the yarth as our Bill. The parson says as how he es er borned inwenter,—whatever thet may be, w'ich mebbe you knows, I don't,—an' ter let 'im sperriment all he wants ter. Er man named Franklelin, he says, would n't er nev'r diskivered Ermeriky 'ceptin' thet he war er sperrimenter, an' ef Collumbus had n't er sperrimented, folks would n't er known to this day what chain lightnin' 's made outer. Let 'im sperriment, says he, an' let 'im sperriment, says I, an' sperriment he do."

"I 've hearn tell as how Bill 's powerful handy 'bout the house with tools," said Cis'ly Toomer. Dipping her althea mop in the tiny tin box of snuff and restoring it to her mouth, she returned the box to the pocket of her faded calico gown, that was





innocent of hoop, underskirt, or bustle, and drooped her shoulders forward comfortably as she lifted her yellow, pinched face. "Sim says as how he made er wooden leg fur Jedge Loomus' mule w'at ther railroad runned over."

Nanky Gunner laughed until her three hundred pounds of avoirdupois quivered vigorously.

"Fact, Cis'ly. Jedge war erbout ter kill ther critter w'en Bill walks up an' lif's his han', so. 'Ef God hed er wanted thet mule killed,' says he, 'he'd er let ther train kill it dead.' With thet ther Jedge he laughed. 'Mebbe yer kin mek 'im er wooden leg,' says 'e. 'I kin,' says Bill; an' right thar Jedge 'lowed he might have ther critter an' welcome. Well, sho 'nough, Bill tended thet mule, an' while he war er-tendin' uv 'im he war all time inwentin' er leg; an' bimeby he got ther critter propped up an' ther thingermajig stropped on ter 'im. Well, I never seed sech er sight en all my born days. Ef 't had n' be'n fur sorryin' fur ther critter, I'd er busted wide open. Ther invention had er rest fur thet critter's stump, an' er crutch thet caught it somers unner ther shoulder, an' ther strops run all over hit."

"Nanky Gunner, I mus' see thet mule 'fo' I git back ter Putnum —"

"Lor' bless ye, chile, hit 's done dead too long ter talk erbout." Nanky set her iron with a clang upon its ring and began to sprinkle another cotton shirt. "Ye see, Franklelin — thet 's w'at Bill called 'im — Franklelin war used ter wade ther crik down yonder ter ther parstyer; an' once ther crik riz powerful, an' Franklelin he tried ther swim across like he used ter 'fo' ther railroad runned over 'im, an' thet 's why he 's dead — 'cause somehow he could n't work thet ar peg leg edactly right, an' they do say as how 'e rolled over an' over, tell bimeby he war drowned an' lef' er-lyin' on 'is back 'ith nuthin' er-showin' but thet ar peg leg er-p'intin' up at ther sky. Our Bill war mighty sorryful, but 'e allus 'lowed ef 'e hed er shod thet wooden foot hit would er be'n diffunt."

One of those silences common to country conversations followed the description of poor Franklin's death, and then Nanky Gunner's thoughts rose to the surface.

"I would n't begin ter name ther things our Bill have inwented. Ther yard an' house es mighty nigh full uv 'em. Some uv 'em won't work, ter be sho, but Bill allus knows w'at ails 'em, an' sets 'em by ter fix up w'en 'e gits time. He 's er-inwentin' er spring-bucket now thet 'll slide down hill an' fetch 'er full an' back ther same time —"

"Es 'e inwentin' hit right now?" Cis'ly Toomer's voice was lifted in an impressive whisper.

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"Right now."

"Lor', how I 'u'd like ter see 'im er-doin' hit."

Nanky Gunner replaced her iron upon the hearth and waddled out from behind her board. She touched her guest upon the shoulder. "Sh-h-h-h!" she whispered, and motioned her to follow. They passed out across the doorless hall into the other room, the boards groaning under Nanky's tiptoe gait, until they reached the wall by the fireplace. There Nanky placed her eye to a crack and peeped through into a tiny shed-room adjoining, then made way for Mrs. Toomer. A barefooted boysat on a rough workbench, his elbows on his knees, his cheeks in his hands. His face was freckled, his hair tousled, and his trousers, cotton shirt, and one knit suspender rather dilapidated. Before him was a framework of strings, with two little boxes to represent buckets. The framework extended from the workbench down to the far corner of the room. The boy seemed to be a carved statue, so still was he, and so fixed his gaze.

"Ef ye hed er so much as sneezed," said Nanky Gunner to her companion when they reëntered the first room, "hit 'u'd er be'n gone. Bill war onst on ther p'int uv inwentin' er thing ter tie on ther calf thet 'u'd keep 'im f'om suckin' whilst I war er-milkin' an' at ther same time keep ther flies off er ole Brindle too, w'en en warks Tom an' spoilt hit all. Bill war thet dis-app'nted he liked ter cried, but 'e tried ter patch up suthin' anyhow thet 'u'd work; but bless yo' soul, 'e tied hit on ther calf an' ther first hunch 'e made at ole Brindle ther thing tickled her en ther ribs an' she kicked me an' ther bucket erway yonder! Sech er terdo ye never did see. Him, not er-knowin' w'at en ther worl' war aillin' uv th' cow, 'u'd trot up ter suck, an' as soon as ther invention 'u'd tech 'er en ther ribs, she 'd carry on redickel, er-runnin' an' jumpin' like ther hornets hed 'er. I like ter laugh myse'f ter death w'en I got my win' f'om th' lick she gin me."

"Es Tom er inwenter too?"

"Tom? Lor', no! Tom an' Bill es twins, but ye would n't know they war blood kin. Tom runs ter huntin' an' ther likes, but 'e 'lows Bill 's got more sense en er day than ther w'ole Hepzibah settlemunt got en er ye'r. Hyah comes Pa."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a barefooted man who, walking with the aid of a staff, slowly made his way into the room. He was old and feeble. His bent form was half clad in rough homespun, and he wore no coat. He paid no attention to either woman, but pulled a chair into the hallway and sat down to chew his quid of tobacco.

"Pa es sorter wand'r'in' en 'is min'," said Nanky, simply, "an' 'e can't hyah ther bes' en ther worl', nuther. Bill says es how some

these days he 's goin' ter inwent er thing thet er man kin hyah with ef 'e ain' even got er ye'r on 'is head." Nanky set her iron aside and walked to the window.

"Cis'ly Toomer," she said, "did ye ever en all yo' borned life hyah th' win' blow like thet?"

"Oncst," said her visitor, joining her and scanning the heavens anxiously; "an' I hope ter God I 'll never see sech another day. Hit war over en Putnum, time uv ther cycleone—" She stopped short. Beyond the little valley below them stretched a plain two miles wide, dotted here and there with negro cabins. After freedom the slaves, when permitted, rebuilt their cabins near the particular pieces of land they cultivated; and so it was with the great plantation before them. What broke Cis'ly Toomer's sentence was a fearful cloud that swept out of the woods in the distance and seemed to write upon the plain with its long flexible finger. As it passed along it gathered up trees, fences, cabins, cattle, and dust into one vast mass and strewed them over its track. A sudden darkness fell upon the two awe-stricken women—a darkness riven by incessant flashes of lightning that darted through the center of the storm from all quarters. There was no thunder, for the roar of the tempest, as it rolled, was like Niagara in its fall, drowning all other sounds. The wind about the cabin increased to a hurricane; but the cyclone had passed. When this fact became apparent, with blanched faces they made their way to the hall. Grasping his chair with both hands, his eyes riveted upon the ravished plain, his chin still trembling, sat the old man.

## II.

AFTER some days Bill resumed work upon his spring-bucket idea. He finally succeeded in getting the model to work by putting a rock in the down bucket; but, for obvious reasons, this was not satisfactory. Then he planned a plank-way from the window forty yards down the hill to the spring, and a car on wheels. At this stage in the evolution of the idea he was interrupted by something new, which consigned the self-acting, labor-saving traveling-buckets to the companionship of his other unfinished contrivances. The cyclone had caused intense excitement. The destruction to life and property and the hair-breadth escapes were absorbing topics, and the reports of other cyclones, gathered from newspapers, were eagerly discussed and magnified. People began to think of cyclone retreats as refuges in stormy times. One day Tom offered to bet the seed cotton in his patch that Bill could fix up something that would puzzle any cyclone in the world; and

thus the train was fired in the brain of the family genius. Something was needed that could be reached quickly without exposure to the elements. In the recent storm a negro had taken refuge in a cellar; but the house had fallen in and taken fire, and the negro had lost his life. So the refuge must be apart from the house to insure complete safety. Thus Bill in the solitude of his workshop reasoned.

The rough plan of his water-railroad caught his eye, and an old dairy near the bottom of the hill flashed into his recollection. Then the true plan was perfected in his mind.

The Gunner dwelling was upon the site of one of the great ante-bellum homes that disappeared when Sherman marched through Georgia, and the spacious dairy dug out of the hillside and fronting upon the little ravine that ran down to the spring was a monument to the old family which had dwelt there. Bill's idea was a covered passage leading from a window down the hill and by a sharp curve into the dairy. Burning with the fever of the scheme, he communicated his plans to Tom and secured at once a powerful ally. The two boys picked cotton at forty cents per hundred for a neighboring planter and secured money enough to buy the necessary lumber, and Bill went to work upon the structure. The diameter of the shute was determined by measuring Nanky Gunner's chair-seat, and a week's hard work completed the structure. It was three feet wide and three high, inside measurement. The upper end rested in the window and the lower entered the old subterranean dairy, the rest of the opening there being closed with stout boards and dirt. For a long time Bill debated upon a traveling railway to run down the passage he had constructed, but the idea involved new difficulties, such as pulleys, wheels and ropes, and consequently a considerable outlay of money—something not obtainable, for the boys had bankrupted their resources in the purchasing of lumber. Besides, the fever of the idea was hot upon them. At this juncture Tom offered a suggestion. It was the nearest approach to an invention he had ever made.

"Bill," said he in his hearty way, "folks as es gittin' erway f'om er cycleone ain't expected ter move erbout in style like they were er-gwine ter er quiltin'. All they wants ter do es ter git up an' git tell the things blows over. Now hit do seem ter me thet ther way ter fix thet ar thing es ter grease them bottom planks thar, an' w'en ther time comes ter be er-movin' jes git en an' scoot down ter ther bottom. Hit ain't gwine ter be much used, an' I reckon we kin stan' hit."

Bill surveyed him admiringly. "Tom," said he, "er inwenter hisse'f cain't beat ye on thet."

And so it was. One day when they had the premises clear they removed the top planks and greased the floorway to the bottom of the hill, until a squirrel would have found it difficult to navigate it. Then they restored the planks, and waited. But no cyclone came. Nanky Gunner surveyed the structure many a day curiously, but she asked no questions. To a neighbor she said once, "I cain't say thet I see edzactly as how ther thing es gwine ter work; but Bill es er inwenter an' he knows. He says thar ain't no use en gittin' skeered uv cycleones an' ther like." It is probably not true that the boys prayed for a storm, but every wind raised hopes in their bosoms, and not a cloud passed but brought suggestions.

"Bill," said Tom one night as they lay awake, "I reckon hit's all right, but 'pears ter me we hed n't oughter take no chances; we oughter know."

Bill was silent, trying to catch the line of Tom's thought. It was beneath the dignity of an inventor to ask suggestions.

Tom continued: "W'en we war over ter Macon las' ye'r 'ith ther cotton, ye ricolleck how they used ter ring ther bells an' turn out ther thing ter put out fires 'ith w'en ther warn't no fire ter put out? Er feller tole me they war er-practzin' ter know jes w'at ter do ef er sho 'nough fire war ter come erlong. Looks like we oughter practiz fer cycleones. Ye know Grandpa es contrairy, an' Ma es pow'ful hefty—" Bill was all excitement in an instant, and sitting up.

"Tom," said he, "let's try hit ter-night." But Tom's judgment was cooler.

"Hit won't do ter-night. Thar ain't no win', an' Ma 'u'd never let us practiz on 'er 'lessen she war pow'ful skeered. Wait tell er big win' comes."

Fortune favored the inventors. There came a week of heavy rain and finally one night a terrific wind.

### III.

"Nankee-e-e-e, Nank Gunner-r-r!" The tones were feminine and rang out shrilly in the morning quiet.

Mistress Gunner came to the door of the shed-room, late the haunt of the born inventor. She had been washing clothes, and her sleeves were rolled up, exhibiting short, fat, red arms.

"Howdy, Cis'ly Toomer, howdy. 'Light," she answered back. Cis'ly Toomer guided her thin plow-horse under a tree and slid to the ground. The breeze was swaying some garments hanging on the clothes-line that she had to stoop to avoid as she approached. Nanky wiped her hand upon her apron and welcomed her.

"Come in, come in," she said. "Hearn ye war done gone back ter Putnum. Lemme wring

out these hyah shirts an' I'll be done." She resumed her position at the tub, and from time to time turned her head as the conversation went on. Cis'ly looked about her as she took her seat, and got out her snuff-cup and mop.

"La, Nanky, w'at ye done 'ith Bill's things?"

"Bill," said the woman at the tub, shaking her fat sides a little, "ain't er-inwentin' much these days."

"How come?"

"Well, Cis'ly Toomer, hit's er long story. Hit all come uv ther cycleone erwhile back an' Bill tryin' ter inwent suthin' ter beat hit."

"La sakes, an' would n't hit work?"

"Work?" Nanky Gunner rested her hands on her tub and looked around quickly. "I reckon ye never seen nuthin' work like hit. Hit mighty nigh worked me an' Pa ter death."

"Nanky, hush!"

"Fact. Hit's piled up thar behin' ther house now, but hit ain't nuthin' like hit war w'en hit war fixed up an' ready fur cycleones."

She described the invention as it had existed, and as she became conscious of the rapt attention of her visitor, she exerted her full powers.

"Now," she continued, "hain't nobody on yarth skeereder 'n me uv win'. One night atter hit hed be'n er-rainin' fur er week an' ther win' war blowin' pow'ful, I war settin' up an' Pa he war-en bed er-tryin' ter git ter sleep, w'en I hearn er boomin' en ther a'r outside." She laughed at the recollection, and as she wrung the last drop of moisture from a shirt, faced her visitor. "Ever hyah one uv 'em thar injines w'at burn coal 'stidder wood—boom-m-m?" She imitated the sound as best she could. "Well, they done got ter runnin' 'em on ther railroad out thar back uv ther house, an' ther first one come erlong thet night an' ther boomin' started 'bout ther time hit got en ther big cut. I never war skeered as bad since ther Lor' made me. I run 'cross ther room an' jerked Pa up en bed. 'Git up, git up!' I hol-lered. Jes then Bill an' Tom come er-runnin' en too, yellin' out, 'Cycleone, cycleone!' loud as they could. I war mighty ready ter drop. 'Save Pa, save Pa!' I hollered. Pa he half knowed w'at war gwine on, an' he hollered, 'Help, help!' an' war gittin' out, w'en ther boys got 'im back uv 'is shoulders an' unner 'is legs an' run 'cross ther room an' shoved 'im foot foremost inter ther inwention. Pa he hollered, 'Heigh! ho! Nank! Tom!' an' war gone. I got thar jes en time ter see 'is white head go roun' ther ben', an' then I hearn er kerchunk an' Pa holler, 'Hoo-oo-oo-oo!' Nanky threw the wet garment down in a chair and shook with laughter over the recollection. "I orter hed mo' sense; but la, w'en er woman git skeered bad she ain't got no sense 't all. Ther

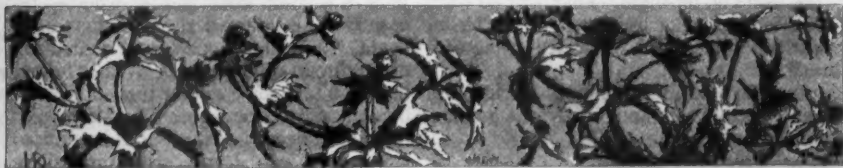
injin' then war right back uv ther house an' ev'ythin' war jes trimblin'. Bill he yelled out, 'Git en, Ma, git en; hit's er-comin'!' I did n't wait er minute, but clum up en er cher an' got en. Ther boys gimme er shove, an' down I went 'ith ther candle en my han' berhin' an' me flat er back. I reckon I mighty nigh fill ther w'ole inwention, fur I war techin' ev'ywhar. Skeered? 'The cycleone war n't nuthin'. 'Time I got ter ther ben' I war full uv splinters, fur Pa lef some, an' w'en I slid roun' like er gourd over ther mill-dam an' hit en two foot uv water down thar, I war screamin' ter be hearn er mile. 'Tom an' Bill like ter not come, hit skeered them so, but ther injine war then er mighty nigh shakin' ther pans offen ther she'f, an' down they come too, kerchunk en ther water. Ye see, they hed stopped up ther ole dairy 'ith planks an' dirt tell it hel' water like er well, an' ther rain hed soaked down. Ther place war dark as pitch, an' w'at 'ith me er-screamin' an' Pa er-settin' over en ther corner hollerin', 'Don't shoot, don't shoot!' hit like ter skeered ther life outer Bill; an' erbout ther time it come ter 'im thet he had n' inwented no way ter git outer ther thing. I war screamin', 'Git me outen hyah, an' open ther do'!' an', 'Oh, Lordy, my back!' till ther boy war mighty nigh crazy."

Cis'ly Toomer had been rolling around in her chair convulsed with laughter. "Nank, how en ther worl' did ye git out?" she gasped.

"Tom clum back up ther spout atter mighty

hard work an' took er ax an' busted ther dairy open. Me an' him pulled Pa out an' put 'im en bed. Ye never seed sech er sight en yo' life like Pa's back. We pick splinters outer hit tell broad day, an' all time 'im er-hollerin', 'Don't shoot, don't shoot!' Pa's back hed er heap er little white scars on hit, an' I reckolleck hearin' tell as how somebody caught 'im en er watermelon patch w'en he war er boy an' filled 'im full uv shot jes as he war crossin' ther fence. I reckon ther splinters sorter brought hit all back ter 'im. He's mighty wand'r'in' en 'is min' nowadays." She took an armful of clothes and went out to the line, where she continued, elevating her voice: "Me an' Bill hed it out en ther shed-room thar, an' w'en I got done 'ith 'im I kicked all ther inwentions ter pieces. 'No more inwentin' en this house,' says I; 'hit's as much as my life es wuth.' An' I put 'im ter work nex' day. See them two boys over yonner en the cotton by the p'int uv woods?" Cis'ly stood up and shaded her eyes in the direction indicated by Nanky's extended hand. "One uv them es ther 'borned inwenter"; and Nanky laughed lightly. "But hit ain' gwine ter do no good, not er bit. Hit's still er-workin' en 'im, an' Tom let out yesiddy thet Bill done inwented er thing thet 'll pick mo' cotton en er day than ten niggers. I reckon time ther cotton es all en I 'll hev ter move them tubs out ther shed-room ergin. Boys got ter hev ther day, yer know, an' Bill es ther baby."

*Harry Stillwell Edwards.*



#### MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

ONE who had lately died stood at the gate  
Of heaven and waited. A great thunder-cloud  
Had followed him like a pursuing fate;  
And now it crashed above him, and he bowed  
His head as to his doom, and cried aloud,  
"My sins, my sins! Alas, too late, too late!"

When lo! an angel form he saw appear,  
Who took his hand and gently led him in,  
And, looking up, the sky was calm and clear.  
Without, the tempest raged with furious din;  
But every thunder-peal was changed within  
To music, as it reached his spirit ear.

*Christopher P. Cranch.*



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

### RETALIATION.—THE ENROLLMENT AND THE DRAFT.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

#### RETALIATION.



HE policy of arming the blacks having been officially announced in the final Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, steps were taken as rapidly as the nature of the case permitted to put the plan into practical execution. Mr. Lincoln not only watched these efforts with great interest, but from time to time personally wrote letters to several of his commanders urging them to active efforts in organizing negro regiments. If a single argument were needed to point out his great practical wisdom in the management of this difficult question, that argument is found in the mere summing up of its tangible military results.

We have seen that at the beginning of December, 1863, less than a year after the President first proclaimed the policy, he was able to announce in his annual message that about fifty thousand men formerly slaves were then actually bearing arms in the ranks of the Union forces. A report made by the Secretary of War on April 2, 1864, shows that the number of negro troops then mustered into the service of the United States as soldiers had increased to 71,976,<sup>2</sup> and we learn further from the report of the Provost-Marshal General that at the close of the war there were in the service of the United States, of colored troops, 120 regiments of infantry, 12 regiments of heavy artillery, 10 companies of light artillery, and 7 regiments of cavalry, making a grand aggregate of 123,156 men. This was the largest number in service at any one time, but it does not represent all of them. The entire number commissioned and enlisted in this branch of the service during the war, or, more properly speaking, during the last two years of the war, was 186,017 men.<sup>3</sup>

This magnificent exhibit is a testimony to Mr. Lincoln's statesmanship which can hardly be overvalued. If he had adopted the policy when it was first urged upon him by impulsive

enthusiasts it would have brought his administration to political wreck, as was clearly indicated by the serious election reverses of 1862; but disregarding the impatience and the bad judgment of his advisers, and using that policy at the opportune moment, he made it not only a powerful lever to effect emancipation, but a military overweight, aiding effectually to crush the remaining rebel armies and bring the rebellion as a whole to a speedy and sudden collapse.

One point of doubt about employing negroes as soldiers was happily removed almost imperceptibly by the actual experiment. It had been a serious question with many thoughtful men whether the negro would fight. It was apprehended that his comparatively recent transition from barbarism to civilization and the inherited habits of subjection and dependence imposed upon him by two centuries of enslavement had left his manhood so dwarfed and deadened as to render him incapable of the steady and sustained physical and moral courage needful to armies in modern warfare. Practical trial in skirmish and battle gave an immediate and successful refutation to this fear, and proved the gallantry and trustworthiness of the black soldier in the severest trials of devotion and heroism. Within half a year after Lincoln's order of enlistment the black regiments had furnished such examples of bravery on many fields that commanders gave them unstinted praise, and white officers and soldiers heartily accepted them as worthy companions-in-arms.

The rebel authorities watched the experiment of arming the blacks with the keenest apprehension and hostility. In Mr. Lincoln's order of July 22, 1862, directing military commanders to seize and use property, real or personal, for military purposes, and to employ "persons of African descent as laborers," Jefferson Davis professed already to discover a wicked violation of the laws of war, apparently forgetting that his own generals were everywhere using such persons in military labor. When it was learned that Hunter and Phelps were endeavoring to organize negro regiments, the language employed to express Southern affectation of surprise and protest borders on the ludicrous. "The best authenticated news-

<sup>2</sup> Stanton's Report, April 2, 1864, unpublished MS.

<sup>3</sup> Report of the Provost-Marshal General.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, 1886. All rights reserved.

papers received from the United States," writes General Lee, "announce as a fact that Major-General Hunter has armed slaves for the murder of their masters, and has thus done all in his power to inaugurate a servile war, which is worse than that of the savage, inasmuch as it superadds other horrors to the indiscriminate slaughter of ages, sexes, and conditions"; and Phelps is charged with imitating the bad example.<sup>1</sup> Halleck very properly returned this and another letter, as insulting to the Government of the United States. A little later the Confederate War Department issued a formal order:

That Major-General Hunter and Brigadier-General Phelps be no longer held and treated as public enemies of the Confederate States, but as outlaws; and that in the event of the capture of either of them, or that of any other commissioned officer employed in drilling, organizing, or instructing slaves, with a view to their armed service in this war, he shall not be regarded as a prisoner of war, but held in close confinement for execution as a felon at such time and place as the President shall order.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Davis seems to have cultivated a sort of literary pride in these formulas of invective, for in his sensational proclamation of outlawry against General Butler and all commissioned officers in his command he repeats: "African slaves have not only been incited to insurrection by every license and encouragement, but numbers of them have actually been armed for a servile war—a war in its nature far exceeding the horrors and most merciless atrocities of savages." In this it was ordered that "negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of said States"; and that Butler and his commissioned officers, "robbers and criminals deserving death, be whenever captured reserved for execution."<sup>3</sup>

President Lincoln's two proclamations of emancipation excited similar threats. About a week after the first was issued it was made a subject of discussion in the Confederate senate at Richmond, and a Confederate writer recorded in his diary the next day: "Some of the gravest of our senators favor the raising of the black flag, asking and giving no quarter hereafter."<sup>4</sup> When the final proclamation reached Richmond, Jefferson Davis was writing his annual message to the rebel Congress, and he ransacked his dictionary for terms to stigmatize it. "Our detestation of those who have at-

tempted the most execrable measure recorded in the history of guilty man is tempered by profound contempt for the impotent rage which it discloses."<sup>5</sup> This new provocation also broadened his field of retaliation. He now declared that he would deliver "such criminals as may attempt its execution"—all commissioned officers of the United States captured in States embraced in the proclamation—to the executives of such States, to be punished for exciting servile insurrection.

The Confederate Congress, while responding to the full degree of the proposed retaliation, nevertheless preferred to keep the power of such punishment in the hands of the central military authorities, apparently as promising a more certain and summary execution. That body passed a joint resolution, approved by Davis May 1, 1863, which prescribed that white officers of negro Union soldiers "shall, if captured, be put to death or be otherwise punished at the discretion of the court," the trial to take place "before the military court attached to the army or corps" making the capture, or such other military court as the Confederate President should designate.<sup>6</sup>

When the Confederate threats regarding negro soldiers were first launched the experiment had not yet been formally authorized by the Government; and as there was no probability that any early capture of such persons would be made by the enemy, no attention was paid to rebel orders and proclamations on the subject. A year later, however, when negro regiments were springing into full organization simultaneously in many places, the matter became one of grave import. As a rule, the black regiments were commanded by white officers, often selected, as was specially the case with the 54th Massachusetts, from the very best material, whose bravery in incurring this additional risk deserved the extra watchfulness and protection of the Government. The most elementary justice required that if it called the black man to do a soldier's duty it must cover him with a soldier's right, and Northern sentiment was prompt in urging the claim. Frederick Douglass has related how he pressed the point upon Mr. Lincoln, and the President's reply:

As to the exchange and general treatment of colored soldiers when taken prisoners of war, he should insist on their being entitled to all privileges of such prisoners. Mr. Lincoln admitted the justice of my demand for the promotion of colored soldiers for good conduct in the field, but on the matter

<sup>1</sup> Lee to Halleck, August 2, 1862. "Rebellion Record," Vol. IX., p. 246.

<sup>2</sup> General Orders, Aug. 21, 1862.

<sup>3</sup> Davis, Proclamation, December 23, 1862. "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1862, p. 738.

<sup>4</sup> Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. I., p. 159.

<sup>5</sup> Davis, Annual Message, January 12, 1863. "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1863, p. 786.

<sup>6</sup> C. S. Statutes-at-Large for 1863, p. 167.

of retaliation he differed from me entirely. I shall never forget the benignant expression of his face, the tearful look of his eye, and the quiver in his voice when he deprecated a resort to retaliatory measures. "Once begun," said he, "I do not know where such a measure would stop." He said he could not take men out and kill them in cold blood for what was done by others. If he could get hold of the persons who were guilty of killing the colored prisoners in cold blood, the case would be different, but he could not kill the innocent for the guilty.<sup>1</sup>

Nevertheless, in view of the great success which attended the enlistment of black recruits, it became necessary for the Government to adopt a settled policy on the question, and on July 30, 1863, the President issued the following comprehensive order:

It is the duty of every government to give protection to its citizens of whatever class, color, or condition, and especially to those who are duly organized as soldiers in the public service. The law of nations, and the usages and customs of war, as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war as public enemies. To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color, and for no offense against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism and a crime against the civilization of the age.

The Government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers, and if the enemy shall sell or enslave any one because of his color the offense shall be punished by retaliation upon the enemy's prisoners in our possession.

It is therefore ordered that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war a rebel soldier shall be executed; and for every one enslaved by the enemy, or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works, and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.<sup>2</sup>

It is a gratification to record that the rebel Government did not persist in the barbarous conduct it had officially announced, and that sanguinary retaliation did not become necessary. There were indeed some unimportant instances of imprisonment of captured blacks, as hostages for which, a few rebel soldiers were ordered into confinement by General Halleck, but the cases were not pushed to extremity under executive sanction on either side. Much more serious excesses, however, occurred under the responsibility and conduct of individual officers growing out of mistaken zeal or uncurbed passion; it is probable that most of them went unrecorded. In October, 1862,

when the guerrilla outrages in Missouri were in one of their moments of fiercest activity, a Union citizen of Palmyra was abducted and murdered under circumstances which clearly marked it as an instance of concerted and deliberate partisan revenge. In retaliation for this, Colonel John McNeil, the Union officer in local command, having demanded the perpetrators, which demand was not complied with, ordered the execution of ten rebel guerrillas of the same neighborhood, and carried out the order with military publicity and formality.<sup>3</sup> Even admitting the strong provocation, modern sentiment cannot justify a punishment tenfold as severe as that demanded by the Mosaic law. Less than a month later there was brief mention in a letter of the rebel Major-General Holmes to the Confederate War Department of an analogous occurrence in northern Texas. "A secret organization," he wrote, "to resist the [Confederate] conscript act in northern Texas, has resulted in the citizens organizing a jury of investigation, and I am informed they have tried and executed forty of those convicted, and thus this summary procedure has probably crushed the incipient rebellion."<sup>4</sup> Even without details the incident is a convincing explanation of the seeming unanimity for rebellion in that region.

The most shocking occurrence of this character, however, followed the employment of negro soldiers. We cannot in our day adequately picture the vindictive rage of many rebel masters at seeing recent slaves uniformed and armed in defense of a government which had set them free. Under the barbarous institution, to perpetuate which they committed treason and were ready to die, they had punished their human chattels with the unchecked lash, sold them on the auction-block, hunted them with bloodhounds; and it is hardly to be wondered at that amid the license of war individuals among them now and then thought to restore their domination by the aid of military slaughter. As an evidence that such thoughts existed here and there we need only cite the language of Major-General John C. Breckinridge, late Vice-President of the United States. Writing under date of August 14, 1862, to the Union commander at Baton Rouge, he recites in a list of alleged "outrages" that "information has reached these headquarters that negro slaves are being organized and armed to be employed against us"; and adds, "I am

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Douglass, *Reminiscences*, "New York Tribune," July 5, 1885.

<sup>2</sup> Report Provost-Marshal General, March 17, 1866. *Mess. and Doc.*, 1865-66, Part III., p. 63.

<sup>3</sup> It is proper to mention that this retaliatory action was under the authority of the State of Missouri. General Curtis, commanding the Department of the Missouri at that time, wrote under date of December 24, 1862:

"General McNeil is a State general, and his column was mainly State troops: the matter has therefore never come to my official notice. When persons are condemned to be shot by Federal authority, the proceedings have to be approved by the President, but no case of this sort has arisen under my command."—*War Records*, Vol. XXII. Part I., pp. 860-1.

<sup>4</sup> *War Records*, Vol. XIII., p. 908.

authorized by Major-General Van Dorn, commanding this department, to inform you that the above acts are regarded as in violation of the usage of civilized warfare, and that in future, upon any departure from these usages, he will raise the black flag and neither give nor ask quarter."<sup>1</sup>

Mere official bravado, from however conspicuous a personage, only deserves mention when, as in this instance, it illustrates a type of feeling which in one case at least manifested itself in an incident of shocking barbarity.

In the spring of the year 1864 President Lincoln went to Baltimore to attend the opening of a large fair for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. In concluding the address which he was called upon to make on that occasion he said:

A painful rumor, true, I fear, has reached us of the massacre, by the rebel forces at Fort Pillow, in the west end of Tennessee, on the Mississippi River, of some three hundred colored soldiers and white officers, who had just been overpowered by their assailants. There seems to be some anxiety in the public mind whether the Government is doing its duty to the colored soldier, and to the service, at this point. At the beginning of the war, and for some time, the use of colored troops was not contemplated; and how the change of purpose was wrought I will not now take time to explain. Upon a clear conviction of duty, I resolved to turn that element of strength to account; and I am responsible for it to the American people, to the Christian world, to history, and on my final account to God. Having determined to use the negro as a soldier, there is no way but to give him all the protection given to any other soldier. The difficulty is not in stating the principle, but in practically applying it. It is a mistake to suppose the Government is indifferent to this matter, or is not doing the best it can in regard to it. We do not to-day *know* that a colored soldier, or white officer commanding colored soldiers, has been massacred by the rebels when made a prisoner. We fear it, believe it, I may say, but we do not *know* it. To take the life of one of their prisoners on the assumption that they murder ours, when it is short of certainty that they do murder ours, might be too serious, too cruel, a mistake. We are having the Fort Pillow affair thoroughly investigated; and such investigation will probably show conclusively how the truth is. If after all that has been said it shall turn out that there has been no massacre at Fort Pillow it will be almost safe to say there has been none, and will be none, elsewhere. If there has been the massacre of three hundred there, or even the tenth part of three hundred, it will be conclusively proven; and, being so proven, the retribution shall as surely come. It will be matter of grave consideration in what exact course to apply the retribution; but in the supposed case it must come.<sup>2</sup>

The investigation referred to by the President was made by the Committee on the Con-

duct of the War, and included the sworn testimony of about eighty witnesses, mostly actual participants in the occurrence. The committee found that Fort Pillow, Tennessee, situated on the Mississippi River, and garrisoned by about 557 Union troops, of whom 262 were colored, was captured by assault, by an overwhelming force of Confederates under General Forrest, on April 12, 1864, and that "of the men from 300 to 400 are known to have been killed at Fort Pillow, of whom at least 300 were murdered in cold blood after the post was in possession of the rebels and our men had thrown down their arms and ceased to offer resistance."

It further appears that this inhumanity was directed principally against the colored soldiers. The rebel general and his subordinates stoutly denied the accusation of vindictiveness, but their explanations and later evidence failed to shake the general substance of the committee's allegation and proof. Indeed it would be difficult to refute the conclusiveness of the first report of General Forrest himself. On the third day after his exploit he telegraphed to General Polk:

I attacked Fort Pillow on the morning of the 12th instant with a part of Bell's and McCulloch's brigades, numbering \_\_\_\_\_, under Brigadier-General J. R. Chalmers. After a short fight we drove the enemy, seven hundred strong, into the fort under cover of their gun-boats, and demanded a surrender, which was declined by Major L. W. Booth, commanding United States forces. I stormed the fort, and after a contest of thirty minutes captured the entire garrison, killing five hundred and taking one hundred prisoners, and a large amount of quartermaster's stores. The officers in the fort were killed, including Major Booth. I sustained a loss of twenty killed and sixty wounded. The Confederate flag now floats over the fort.<sup>3</sup>

The astonishing result is further explained by the contemporaneous threats made officially by these Confederate officers. On the 25th of March preceding, in demanding the surrender of Paducah, Kentucky, General Forrest wrote: "If you surrender, you shall be treated as prisoners of war; but if I have to storm your works, you may expect no quarter."<sup>4</sup>

And on the day following the Fort Pillow massacre, General A. Buford, one of Forrest's brigadiers, said in his demand for the surrender of Columbus, Kentucky:

Should you surrender, the negroes now in arms will be returned to their masters. Should I, however, be compelled to take the place, no quarter will be shown to the negro troops whatever; the white troops will be treated as prisoners of war.

And in a subsequent correspondence Forrest wrote, under date of June 20, to the Union general, C. C. Washburn: "I regard captured

<sup>1</sup> W. R., Vol. XV., pp. 550 and 551.

<sup>2</sup> Raymond, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," pp. 502-3.

<sup>3</sup> "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 189.

<sup>4</sup> "Rebellion Record," Vol. VIII., p. 73.



negroes as I do other captured property, and not as captured soldiers."<sup>1</sup> The language of these officers at Paducah and Columbus is a sufficient commentary on their achievement at Fort Pillow.

President Lincoln formally took up the consideration of the subject on the 3d of May by writing to the several members of his Cabinet:

It is now quite certain that a large number of our colored soldiers, with their white officers, were, by the rebel force, massacred after they had surrendered at the recent capture of Fort Pillow. So much is known, though the evidence is not yet quite ready to be laid before me. Meanwhile I will thank you to prepare, and give me in writing, your opinion as to what course the Government should take in the case.<sup>2</sup>

The answers of his advisers differed widely. Mr. Seward affirmed the duty of the Government to vindicate the right of all its soldiers to be regarded and treated as prisoners of war; nevertheless he urged great caution in any proceedings looking to retaliation, and advised for the present only the setting apart and rigorous confinement of an equal number of Confederate prisoners as hostages until the rebel Government could be called upon to explain or disavow the cruelties and give pledges that they should not be repeated. Mr. Chase held the same view, except that he advised that the hostages should be selected from rebel prisoners of highest rank, in number equivalent, according to the rules of exchange, to the officers and men murdered at Fort Pillow. Mr. Stanton also advised that the hostages be selected from rebel officers; that Forrest, Chalmers, and all officers and men concerned in the Fort Pillow massacre be excluded from the benefit of the President's proclamation of amnesty and from the privilege of exchange, and their delivery for punishment be demanded from the Richmond authorities, in default of which delivery the President should take such measures against the hostages as the state of things then existing might make necessary. The advice of Mr. Welles was essentially the same as that of Mr. Stanton. Mr. Blair, on the contrary, took different ground.

There are two reasons [he wrote] which would prevent me from ordering the execution of prisoners, man for man, in retaliation for the massacre at Fort Pillow. *First.* That I do not think the measure would be justified by the rules of civilized warfare, even in a contest between alien enemies. *Second.* Because even if allowable in such a contest it would not be just in itself or expedient in the present contest. . . . And the inclination of my mind

is, to pursue the actual offenders alone in such cases as the present; to order the most energetic measures for their capture, and the most summary punishment when captured. . . . A proclamation or order that the guilty individuals are to be hunted down will have far greater terror and be far more effectual to prevent the repetition of the crime than the punishment of parties not concerned in that crime.

Mr. Bates agreed in opinion with Mr. Blair. He would demand of the enemy a disavowal or avowal of the act. If he disavow it, then demand the surrender of the generals guilty of the Fort Pillow massacre to be dealt with at your discretion. If he avow and justify the act, then instruct your commanders to cause instant execution upon any and all participants in the massacre, whether officers or privates, who should fall into their power. He added:

I would have no compact with the enemy for mutual slaughter; no cartel of blood and murder; no stipulation to the effect that if you murder one of my men I will murder one of yours! Retaliation is not mere justice. It is avowedly revenge; and it is wholly unjustifiable, in law and conscience, unless adopted for the sole purpose of punishing past crime and of giving a salutary and blood-saving warning against its repetition.

Mr. Usher also joined in the opinion that punishment should not be visited upon innocent persons, but he urged

that the Government should set apart for execution an equal number of prisoners who since the massacre have been, or may hereafter from time to time be, captured from Forrest's command.

He also urged another reason:

We are upon the eve of an impending battle. Until the result shall have been known it seems to me to be inexpedient to take any extreme action in the premises. If favorable to our arms, we may retaliate as far as the laws of war and humanity will permit. If disastrous and extreme measures should have been adopted, we may be placed in a position of great embarrassment, and forced to forego our threatened purpose in order to avoid a worse calamity.

It is probable that this view took a deep hold upon the Cabinet. Grant was about entering upon his Wilderness campaign, and its rapid succession of bloody conflicts crowded out of view and consideration a topic so difficult and so hazardous as wholesale retaliation for the Fort Pillow barbarity, which, on one hand, strict justice demanded, and which, on the other, enlightened humanity forbade. In these opposing duties there could be little doubt as to which the kind heart of the President would incline. He had long since laid down for himself a rule of conduct applicable to

<sup>1</sup> "Rebellion Record," Vol. X., p. 724.

<sup>2</sup> Lincoln to the Cabinet, May 3, 1864. Unpublished MS.

this class of cases. In his annual message of December 3, 1861, he had declared:

In considering the policy to be adopted for suppressing the insurrection, I have been anxious and careful that the inevitable conflict for this purpose shall not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle.

It does not appear that the Fort Pillow question was ever seriously renewed in the Cabinet or definitely concluded by the President.

The proceedings relating to retaliation which we have thus far sketched bring us back to another and by no means the least interesting phase of the general subject of negro soldiers. We may here anticipate the course of events so far as to say that in the autumn and winter of 1864 the cause of the South was already lost and the collapse of the Confederate Government plainly foreshadowed to all except the leaders, whose infatuation and wounded vanity made them unwilling to acknowledge and accept defeat. Yet this effort to avoid confession of error in one direction compelled them to admit it in another. They had seceded for slavery, had made it the corner-stone of their government, had anathematized President Lincoln for his decrees of emancipation, had pronounced the ban of outlawry and had prescribed the sentence of death against every white officer who might dare to command negro troops; but now in their extremity some of them proposed to throw consistency to the winds and themselves commit the acts upon which they had invoked the reprobation of mankind and for which they had ordained extreme punishment.

It would be difficult to estimate the benefit they had derived from the direct military labor of the slave, especially in building fortifications. They now proposed not only to put arms in his hands and make him a soldier to fight in the ranks, but also, as a final step, to emancipate him for the service. Even the flexible political conscience of Jefferson Davis, however, winced a little at the bold abandonment of principle which this policy involved, and in his message of November 7, 1864, to the Confederate Congress he argues the question with the reluctance of a man preparing to walk over live coals. We have not space to abridge his hair-splitting arguments to justify the South in what they had so vociferously denounced when done by the North. The sum of his recommendation is that the 20,000 slaves then employed in various labors in the Confederate army should be increased to 40,000, be drilled in "encamping, marching, and park-

ing trains," and "employed as a pioneer and engineer laborer." He says:

I must dissent from those who advise a general levy and arming of the slaves for the duty of soldiers. Until our white population shall prove insufficient for the armies we require and can afford to keep in the field, to employ as a soldier the negro, who has merely been trained to labor, and as a laborer,—the white man accustomed from his youth to the use of firearms,—would scarcely be deemed wise or advantageous by any; and this is the question now before us. But should the alternative ever be presented of subjugation or of the employment of the slave as a soldier, there seems no reason to doubt what should then be our decision.<sup>1</sup>

While he dwells on the "improbable contingency of our need of resorting to this element of resistance," he nevertheless points out that the Confederate Government might buy the slave from his master and engage to liberate him as a reward for faithful military service.

Mr. Davis's hesitating and tentative recommendation was seed sown on barren ground. If the dose was unpalatable to him it appears to have been yet more bitter to the members of the Confederate Congress, who doubtless felt, as has been pithily expressed by a Confederate writer, that it was an admission of the inherent injustice of slavery; that "if the negro was fit to be a soldier he was not fit to be a slave"; that the proposition "cut under the traditions and theories of three generations in the South"; and that "by a few strokes of the pen the Confederate Government had subscribed to the main tenet of the abolition party in the North and all its consequences, standing exposed and stultified before the world."<sup>2</sup> They debated the unwelcome subject with qualms and grimaces through November, December, January, and most of February. On the 11th of January and again on the 18th of February the proposal received a notable championship in letters from General Lee, in which he declared the measure of employing negro soldiers "not only expedient but necessary," and recommended that the Confederate President be empowered "to call upon individuals or States for such as they are willing to contribute, with the condition of emancipation to all enrolled."<sup>3</sup> Even under this pressure, however, the rebel lawmakers could not wholly conquer their repugnance. Nearly six weeks more elapsed, and the fall of Richmond was already imminent, when on the 30th of March, 1865,<sup>4</sup> the Confederate Congress passed an act upon the subject. The writer already quoted sums up the result as follows:

<sup>1</sup> "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1864, p. 697.

<sup>2</sup> Pollard, "Life of Jefferson Davis," pp. 453-4.

<sup>3</sup> Lee to Hunter, Jan. 11, 1865. (THE CENTURY,

August, 1888), and Lee to Barksdale, Feb. 18, 1865 (McCabe, "Life of Lee," p. 574).

<sup>4</sup> Report of Provost-Marshal General Fry.

The law, as finally enacted, was merely to authorize the President to receive into the military service such able-bodied slaves as might be patriotically tendered by their masters, to be employed in whatever capacity he might direct; no change to be made in the relation of owners of slaves, at least so far as it appeared in the bill. The fruits of this emasculated measure were two companies of blacks, organized from some negro vagabonds in Richmond, which were allowed to give balls at the Libby Prison and were exhibited in fine fresh uniforms on Capitol Square as decoys to obtain sable recruits. But the mass of their colored brethren looked on the parade with unenvying eyes, and little boys exhibited the early prejudices of race by pelting the fine uniforms with mud.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE ENROLLMENT AND THE DRAFT.

THE successive steps by which the army of the United States, numbering some seventeen thousand men when Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated, grew to the vast aggregate of a million soldiers deserve a word of notice. We can do no more than to summarize briefly the process, referring those of our readers who may wish to study the matter more in detail to the admirable historical statement of General Fry appended to the report of the Secretary of War to the Thirty-ninth Congress. The first troops mustered into the service were the militia of the District of Columbia; thirty-eight companies were thus obtained. On the 15th of April was issued, under the law of 1803, the President's proclamation calling for 75,000 troops for ninety days. Their work was the protection of the capital; their service mainly ended with the battle of Bull Run. On the 3d of May the President issued a call for 42,000 volunteers to serve three years, unless sooner discharged; he increased at the same time the regular army by eight regiments, and directed the enlistment of 18,000 seamen. This was done without authority from Congress, but the act was legalized when that body came together. The volunteers called for were immediately raised and many more were offered; but the recruits for the regular army came in slowly, and the new regiments were in fact never fully organized until the close of the war. After the disastrous battle of Bull Run the patriotism of Congress promptly rose to the emergency, and within a few days successive acts were passed giving the President authority to raise an army of a million men.

So enthusiastic was the response of the people in those early days that the chief embarrassment of the Government was at first to check and repress the offers of volunteers. Some regions were more liberal in their tenders of troops than others; individuals and companies rejected from one State whose quota was full

enlisted from another; pious frauds were practiced to get a place under the colors. Much confusion and annoyance afterwards resulted from these causes. Under authority of the acts of Congress referred to, a force of 637,126 men was in the service in the spring of 1862. This, it was thought, would be adequate for the work of suppressing the insurrection: the expenses of the military establishment had risen to appalling proportions, and the ill-advised resolution was taken of putting a stop to volunteer recruiting on the 3d of April. As the waste of the armies went on without corresponding successes, the error which had been committed was recognized, and recruiting was resumed in June; but before much progress was made, the ill fortune of McClellan<sup>2</sup> in the Peninsula, and its unfavorable effect on the public mind, chilled and discouraged recruitment. The necessity for more troops was as evident to the country as to the Government.

While General McClellan was on his retreat to the James, the governors of the loyal States signed a letter to the President requesting him to issue a call for additional troops, and it was in response to this that Mr. Lincoln issued his call, on the 2d of July, 1862, for 300,000 volunteers. The need of troops continuing and becoming more and more pressing, the call for 300,000 nine months' militia was issued on the 4th of August, and in some of the States a draft from the militia was ordered, the results of which were not especially satisfactory. Only about 87,000 of the 300,000 required were reported as obtained in this way, and this number was greatly reduced by desertion before the men could be got out of their respective States.

In Pennsylvania a somewhat serious organization was formed in several counties for resisting the draft. Governor Curtin reported several thousand recusants in arms. They would not permit the drafted men who were willing to go to their duty to leave their homes, and even forced them to get out of the railway trains after they had embarked. By the prompt and energetic action of the State and National Governments, working in harmony, this disorder was soon suppressed. But there, as elsewhere, the enrollment was inefficient and the results entirely inadequate.

Early in the year 1863 it became evident that the armies necessary for an effective prosecution of the war could not be filled by volunteering, nor by State action alone, and a bill for enrolling and calling out the national forces was introduced in the Senate in the beginning of February, and at once gave rise in that body to a hot discussion. It was attacked by the Democratic senators, who were mostly from the border States, with the greatest en-

<sup>1</sup> Pollard, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 456.

<sup>2</sup> Report of Provost-Marshal General, Part I., p. 9.

ergy and feeling. They contended that it was in direct violation of the Constitution, and, if passed, would be subversive of the liberties of the country. They were joined by Mr. Richardson, who had succeeded Mr. Douglas as senator from Illinois, and who warned his colleagues that they were plunging the country into civil war.<sup>1</sup> The bill was principally defended by Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts and Mr. Collamer of Vermont, the former laying most stress upon the necessities of the country, and the latter characteristically advocating the measure on legal and constitutional grounds. The bill passed the Senate, and came up in the House on the 23d of February. Mr. Olin, who had charge of it, announced at the beginning, with a somewhat crude candor, that he proposed to permit discussion of the merits of the bill for a reasonable time and then to demand a vote upon it. He was not willing to hazard the loss of a bill he deemed so important by opening it to propositions for amendment. But in spite of this warning, perhaps by reason of it, an animated discussion at once sprung up and many amendments were offered, some in good faith, and some with the purpose of nullifying the bill. The measure was attacked with great violence. The object and purpose of the President was proclaimed by Democratic members to be the establishment of an irresponsible despotism, and the destruction of constitutional liberty was prophesied as certain in case the bill should pass. There was a great difference of tone between the opponents and the supporters of the Administration; the latter, confident in their strength, were far more moderate in their expressions than the former, but there were reproaches and recriminations on both sides. Democrats, like Mr. Cox of Ohio, Mr. Biddle of Pennsylvania, and Messrs. Mallory and Wickliffe of Kentucky, claimed that the antislavery measures of the Administration were the sole cause of military failure, and that if the President would return to constitutional ways the armies would soon be filled by volunteering; to which the Republicans answered that the cessation of volunteering was due to the treasonable speech and conduct of the opposition. Some unimportant amendments were attached to the bill, which was sent back to the Senate for concurrence, and after another debate, scarcely less passionate than the first, the amendments of the House were adopted, and the measure became a law by the approval of the President, on the 3d of March, 1863. It was the first law enacted by Congress by which the Government of the United States, without the intervention of the authorities of the several States, appealed directly to the nation to create large armies. The act declared that, with

certain exceptions especially set forth, all able-bodied male citizens, and persons of foreign birth who had declared their intention to become citizens, between the ages of 20 and 45, should constitute the national forces, and empowered the President to call them forth by draft. All were to be called out if necessary: the first call was actually for one-fifth, but that was a measure of expediency. The act provided for the appointment or detail, by the President, of a Provost-Marshal General, who was to be the head of a bureau in the War Department, and for dividing the States into districts coinciding with those for the election of congressmen. The District of Columbia and the Territories formed additional districts. A provost-marshal was authorized for each of these districts, with whom were associated a commissioner and a surgeon. The board thus formed was required to divide its district into as many subdistricts as might be found necessary, to appoint an enrolling officer for each, and to make an enrollment immediately. Colonel James B. Fry, an assistant adjutant-general of the army, who had formerly been chief-of-staff to General Buell, and who was not only an accomplished soldier but an executive officer of extraordinary tact, ability, and industry, was made Provost-Marshal General. Officers of the army, selected for their administrative capacity, were appointed provost-marshals for the several States. The enrollment began the latter part of May, and was pushed forward with great energy, except in the border States, where some difficulty was found in selecting the proper boards of enrollment. While there was more or less opposition, General Fry says:

It could not be said to be serious. Some of the officers were maltreated, and one or two assassinated, but prompt action on the part of the civil authorities, aided when necessary by military patrols, secured the arrest of guilty parties and checked these outrages.

Those who attempted to obstruct enrollment officers were promptly punished, and orders from the War Department gave a clear definition of what constituted impediments to the drafts. Not only the assaulting or obstructing of officers was cause for punishment, but even standing mute and the giving of false names subjected the offender to summary arrest.

In addition to the duties of enrolling all citizens capable of bearing arms, of drafting from these the numbers required for military service, and of arresting deserters and returning them to the army, the Provost-Marshal General was also charged with the entire work of recruiting volunteers. This insured harmony and systematic action in the two methods of raising troops, and the work was carried on

<sup>1</sup> "Congressional Globe," Feb. 4, 1863, p. 709.



with constantly increasing efficiency and success. A comparatively small number of men was obtained strictly by the draft, but the draft powerfully stimulated enlistments, and the money obtained by commutation furnished an ample fund for all the expenses of the bureaus of recruitment. Improvements in the law and the modes of executing it were constantly made, until at the close of the war the system was probably as perfect as human ingenuity could make it under the peculiar conditions of American life. The result proved the vast military resources of the nation. In April, 1865, with a million soldiers in the field, the enrollment showed that the national forces not called out consisted of 2,245,000 more. We need not cumber these pages with the figures of the successive calls and their results; we quote the aggregates from General Fry's final report (p. 46). The quotas charged against the States, under all calls made by the President during the four years from the 15th of April, 1861, when his first proclamation echoed the guns at Sumter, to the 14th of April, 1865, when Lincoln died and recruiting ceased, amounted to 2,759,049, the terms of service varying from three months to three years. The aggregate number of men credited on the several calls, and put into service in the army, navy, and marines, was 2,690,401. This left a deficiency of 68,648, which would have been readily filled if the war had not closed. In addition to these some 70,000 "emergency men" were from first to last called into service.<sup>1</sup>

During the progress of the work an infinite variety of questions arose as to the quotas and the credits of the several States, and the President was overwhelmed by complaints and reclamations from various governors in the North. Even the most loyal supporters of the Administration exerted themselves to the ut-

most to have the demands upon them reduced and their credits for troops furnished raised to the highest possible figure; while in those States which were politically under the control of the opposition these natural importunities were aggravated by what seemed a deliberate intention to frustrate so far as possible the efforts of the Government to fill its depleted armies.<sup>2</sup> The most serious controversy that arose during the progress of the enrollment was that begun and carried on by Governor Seymour of New York.

So long as the administration of Governor E. D. Morgan lasted, the Government received most zealous and efficient support from the State of New York. It is true that at the close of Governor Morgan's term, the last day of 1862, the Adjutant-General reported the State deficient some 28,000 men in volunteers under the various calls of the Government, 18,000 of which deficiency belonged to the city of New York. But in spite of this deficiency there had never been any lack of cordial coöperation on the part of the State government with that of the nation. In the autumn of that year, however, in the period of doubt and discouragement which generally prevailed throughout the Union, General Wadsworth, the Republican candidate for governor, had been defeated after a most acrimonious contest by Horatio Seymour, then, and until his death, the most honored and prominent Democratic politician of the State. He came into power upon a platform denouncing almost every measure which the Government had found it necessary to adopt for the suppression of the rebellion; and upon his inauguration, on the first day of 1863, he clearly intimated that his principal duty would be "to maintain and defend the sovereignty and jurisdiction of his State."

The President, anxious to work in harmony

<sup>1</sup> The following details of the several calls and their results are taken from the report made to Congress by the Secretary of War in the session of 1865-66:

	Number of Men.	Term of Service.
Call of April 15, 1861, for 75,000 men, produced	98,235	3 months
	2,715	6 months
Calls of May 3, July 22 and 25, 1861, for 500,000	9,056	1 year
	30,952	2 years
	657,863	3 years
Call of July 9, 1862, for 500,000	419,627	3 years
Call of August 4, 1862, for 300,000	86,960	9 months
Proclamation of June 15, 1863, for militia (100,000)	16,361	6 months
Calls of October 13, 1863, and February 1, 1864, for 500,000	374,807	3 years
Call of March 14, 1864, for 200,000	284,021	3 years
Militia mustered in the spring of 1864	83,613	100 days
Call of July 16, 1864, for 500,000	149,356	1 & 2 yrs.
	234,798	3 years
	798	4 years
	151,105	1 year
	5,076	2 years
Call of December 19, 1864, for 300,000	48,065	3 years
	312	4 years

The aggregate shows a great many more soldiers than

ever served, as a large number enlisted more than once. Veteran volunteers to the number of 150,000 reenlisted in 1863-64. Deserters and bounty-jumpers must also be deducted.

<sup>2</sup> Though the President knew that fairness and accuracy prevailed in the demands made upon the different localities for their proportion of troops, he was so much embarrassed by complaints that he found it necessary at last to constitute a board, consisting of Attorney-General Speed, General Delafield, Chief of Engineers, and Colonel Foster, Assistant Adjutant-General, to examine into the proper quotas and credits, and to report errors if they found any therein, and he announced in the order constituting the board that its determination should be final and conclusive. The board went carefully over the whole subject, explained the mode of proceeding adopted by the Provost-Marshal General, and said, "The rule is in conformity to the requirements of the laws of Congress and is just and equitable; we have carefully examined and proved the work done under this rule by the Provost-Marshal General and find it has been done with fairness." This report was formally approved by the President.

with the governors of all the loyal States, and especially desirous on public grounds to secure the cordial coöperation in war matters of the State administration in New York, had written to Mr. Seymour soon after his inauguration as governor, inviting his confidence and friendship.

You and I [he said] are substantially strangers, and I write this chiefly that we may become better acquainted. I, for the time being, am at the head of a nation which is in great peril, and you are at the head of the greatest State of that nation. As to maintaining the nation's life and integrity, I assume and believe there cannot be a difference of purpose between you and me. If we should differ as to the means it is important that such difference should be as small as possible; that it should not be enhanced by unjust suspicions on one side or the other. In the performance of my duty the coöperation of your State, as that of others, is needed—in fact, is indispensable. This alone is sufficient reason why I should wish to be at a good understanding with you. Please write me at least as long a letter as this, of course saying in it just what you think fit.<sup>1</sup>

The governor waited three weeks and then made a cold and guarded reply, retaining in this private communication the attitude of reserve and distrust he had publicly assumed.

I have delayed [he said] answering your letter for some days with a view of preparing a paper in which I wished to state clearly the aspect of public affairs from the standpoint I occupy. I do not claim any superior wisdom, but I am confident the opinions I hold are entertained by one-half of the population of the Northern States. I have been prevented from giving my views in the manner I intended by a pressure of official duties, which at the present stage of the legislative session of this State confines me to the executive chamber until each midnight.

After the adjournment, which will soon take place, I will give you without reserve my opinion and purpose with regard to the condition of our unhappy country. In the meanwhile I assure you that no political resentments or no personal objects will turn me aside from the pathway I have marked out for myself. I intend to show to those charged with the administration of public affairs a due deference and respect, and to yield them a just and generous support in all measures they may adopt within the scope of their constitutional powers. For the preservation of this Union I am ready to make any sacrifice of interest, passion, or prejudice.<sup>2</sup>

This closed the personal correspondence between them. The governor never wrote the promised letter; he did not desire to commit himself to any friendly relations with the President. With the narrowness of a bitterly prejudiced mind he had given an interpretation to

the President's cordial overture as false as it was unfavorable. In an article,<sup>3</sup> published with his sanction many years afterwards, he is represented as expressing his conviction that at the time of this correspondence there was a conspiracy of prominent Republicans to force Lincoln out of the White House; that the President was aware of it, and that this was "the cause of the anxiety which he displayed to be on intimate friendly terms with Mr. Seymour." There could be no intimate understanding between two such men. Mr. Lincoln could no more comprehend the partisan bitterness and suspicion which lay at the basis of Mr. Seymour's character than the latter could appreciate the motives which induced Lincoln to seek his cordial coöperation in public work for the general welfare. He gave the same base interpretation to a complimentary message which Stanton sent him in June, 1863, thanking him for the energy with which he had sent forward troops for the defense of Pennsylvania, and when, a year later, Stanton invited him to Washington for a consultation,<sup>4</sup> he refused either to go or to reply to the invitation.

Mr. Thurlow Weed is quoted as saying in his later years that Mr. Lincoln, after Seymour's election and before his inauguration, authorized Mr. Weed to say to him that holding his position he could wheel the Democratic party into line and put down the rebellion; and that if he would render this great service to the country Mr. Lincoln would cheerfully make way for him as his successor.<sup>4</sup> Mr. Weed says he made this suggestion to Seymour; but that he preferred to administer his office as an irreconcilable and conscientious partisan. It is probable that Mr. Weed, as is customary with elderly men, exaggerated the definiteness of the proposition; but these letters show how anxious Lincoln was that Seymour should give a loyal support to the Government, and in how friendly and self-effacing a spirit he would have met him.

In what must be said in regard to the controversy in which Governor Seymour soon found himself engaged with the National Government there is no question of his personal integrity or his patriotism. He doubtless considered that he was only doing his duty to his State and his party in opposing almost every specific act of the National Government. The key to all his actions in respect to the draft is to be found in his own words: "It is believed," he said, "by at least one-half of the people of the loyal States that the conscription act is in itself a violation of the supreme constitutional

<sup>1</sup> Lincoln to Seymour, March 23, 1863. MS.

<sup>2</sup> Seymour to Lincoln, April 14, 1863. MS.

<sup>3</sup> "New York Times," Aug. 18, 1879.

<sup>4</sup> Memoir by T. W. Barnes, p. 428.

law."<sup>1</sup> This belief he heartily shared, and no moral blame attaches to him for trying to give it effect in his official action. His conduct led to disastrous results; his views of government were shown to be mistaken and unsound. The nation went on its triumphant way over all the obstacles interposed by him and those who believed with him, and during the quarter of a century which elapsed before his death his chief concern was to throw upon the Government the blame of his own factious proceedings. He constantly accused the Administration of Mr. Lincoln of an unfair and partisan execution of the law, which he regarded in itself as unconstitutional. He assumed that because the enrollment of the arms-bearing population of New York City, which had given a majority for him, showed an excess over the enrollment in the rural districts, which had given a large majority for Wadsworth, the city was to be punished for being Democratic and the country rewarded for being Republican; to which the most natural reply was that the volunteering had been far more active in the Republican districts than it had been in the Democratic. He attacked all the proceedings of the provost-marshals. He accused them of neglect and contumacy towards himself. All these accusations were wholly unfounded. General Fry was a man as nearly without politics as a patriotic American can be. He came of a distinguished Democratic family, and during a life passed in the military service his only preoccupation had been the punctual fulfillment of every duty confided to him. The district provost-marshals for the city of New York were selected with especial care from those recommended by citizens of the highest character in the place. Three provost-marshal generals were appointed for New York, and great pains were taken to choose "those who would be likely to secure the favor and coöperation of the authorities and the people of New York."<sup>2</sup> They were Major Townsend, Colonel Nugent, and Major Diven. Nugent and Diven were war Democrats, and the last "an intimate acquaintance and personal friend of Governor Seymour." Townsend was a well-known resident of Albany. They were specially charged to put themselves in communication with the

Governor, to acquaint themselves with his views and wishes, and to give them due weight in determining the best interests of the Government; and to endeavor, by all means in their power, to secure for the execution of the enrollment act the aid and hearty coöperation of the Governor, the State officers, and the people. A letter was at the same time written to the Governor by the Provost-Marshal General commending these officers to him and asking for them his coöperation. A similar letter was sent to the mayor of New York City. The Government exhausted all its powers in endeavoring to commend the enrollment to the favorable consideration of the civil officers of the State. "But Governor Seymour," says General Fry, "gave no assistance; in fact, so far as the Government officers engaged in the enrollment could learn, he gave the subject no attention." Without the aid or countenance of the Governor, in face of his quiet hostility, the enrollment was carried forward as rapidly as possible. The work was impeded by numerous and important obstacles; the large floating population of the city threw great difficulties in the way of the enrollment; opposition was encountered in almost every house that the enrolling officers entered. Where artifice did not succeed violence was sometimes attempted. In some places organized bodies of men opposed the enrollment, in others secret societies waged a furtive warfare against the officers. But in spite of all these drawbacks the enrollment was made with remarkable fairness and substantial success. It was no more imperfect than was inevitable, and the draft which followed it was conducted in such a manner as to neutralize to a great extent the irregularities and hardship that might have resulted from the errors it contained.<sup>3</sup> The enrollment having been completed, orders for the draft in the State of New York were issued on the 1st of July. At that date drafting had been going on for some time in New England. Colonel Nugent was left at liberty, if thought expedient, to execute the draft in New York City by districts, and in one or more at a given time, rather than all at once, throughout the city. Governor Seymour was notified in almost daily letters, from the 1st to the 13th of July, of the drafts which had been

<sup>1</sup> The attacks upon the constitutionality of the enrollment act were mainly political. Several attempts were made to have it declared invalid by the courts, but these were generally unsuccessful. In the United States circuit courts of Pennsylvania and Illinois two important decisions were rendered, the one by Judge Cadwalader and the other by Judge Treat (Judge Davis concurring), affirming the constitutionality of the law. Only one important decision in the contrary sense was obtained, and that was in the supreme court of Pennsylvania, Chief-Justice Lowrie and Justices Woodward and Thompson concurring in the decision that the law was unconstitutional, Justices Strong and Read

dissenting. This decision was afterwards reversed. Chief-Justice Lowrie was a candidate for reelection and Justice Woodward ran for governor the next year. The main issue in the canvass was this decision. They were both defeated by large majorities, A. G. Curtin being reelected governor, and Daniel Agnew taking the place of Lowrie on the bench. The court, thus reconstituted, reversed the former decision, Woodward and Thompson dissenting.

<sup>2</sup> General J. B. Fry, "New York and the Conscription of 1863."

<sup>3</sup> Official Report of Provost-Marshal General.

ordered in the several districts. The Provost-Marshal General begged him to do all in his power to enable the officers to complete the drafts promptly, effectually, fairly, and successfully.<sup>1</sup> He paid no attention to these requests further than to send his adjutant-general to Washington on the 11th of July for the purpose of urging the suspension of the draft. But while this officer was away upon his mission the evil passions excited in the breasts of the lowest class of Democrats in New York City by the denunciations of the enrollment act and of the legally constituted authorities who were endeavoring to enforce it, broke out in the most terrible riot which this Western Continent has ever witnessed.

The state of popular distrust and excitement which naturally arose from the discussion of the enrollment was greatly increased by the vehement utterances of the more violent Democratic politicians and newspapers. Governor Seymour, in a speech delivered on the Fourth of July, which was filled with denunciations of the party in power, said:

The Democratic organization look upon this Administration as hostile to their rights and liberties; they look upon their opponents as men who would do them wrong in regard to their most sacred franchises.

The "Journal of Commerce" accused the Administration of prolonging the war for its own purposes, and added, "Such men are neither more nor less than murderers." "The World," denouncing "the weak and reckless men who temporarily administer the Federal Government," attacked especially the enrollment bill as an illegal and despotic measure. The "Daily News," which reached a larger number of the masses of New York than any other journal, quoted Governor Seymour as saying that neither the President nor Congress, without the consent of the State authorities, had the right to force a single individual against his will "to take part in the ungodly conflict which is distracting the land." It condemned the manner in which the draft was being executed as "an outrage on all decency and fairness," the object of it being to "kill off Democrats and stuff the ballot-boxes with bogus soldier votes." Incendiary hand-bills in the same sense were distributed through the northern districts of

the city, thickly populated with laboring men of foreign birth.

Although there had been for several days mutterings of discontent in the streets and even threats uttered against the enrolling officers, these demonstrations had been mostly confined to the drinking-saloons, and no apprehensions of popular tumult were entertained. Even on Saturday morning, the 11th of July, when the draft was to begin at the corner of Forty-third street and Third Avenue, there was no symptom of disturbance. The day passed pleasantly away, the draft was carried on regularly and good-humoredly, and at night the superintendent of police, as he left the office, said "the Rubicon was passed and all would go well."<sup>2</sup> But the next day, being Sunday, afforded leisure for the ferment of suspicion and anger. Every foreigner who was drafted became a center of sympathy and excitement. There were secret meetings in many places on Sunday night, and on the next morning parties of men went from shop to shop compelling workmen to join them and swell the processions which were moving to the offices of the enrollment board. The commissioner proceeded quietly with his work, the wheel was beginning to turn, a few names were called and recorded, when suddenly a large paving-stone came crashing through the window and landed upon the reporters' table, shivering the inkstands and knocking over one or two bystanders; and with hardly a moment's interval a volley of stones flew through the windows, putting a stop to the proceedings. The crowd, kindled into fury by its own act, speedily became a howling mob; the rioters burst through the doors and windows, smashed the furniture of the office into splinters, sprinkled camphene upon the floor, and set the building on fire. When the fire department arrived they found the mob in possession of the hydrants, and the building was soon reduced to ashes. This furious outburst took the authorities completely by surprise.<sup>3</sup> The most trustworthy portion of the organized militia had been ordered to Pennsylvania to resist the invasion of General Lee. There was only a handful of troops in the harbor, and the mob, having possession of the street railways, prevented for a time the rapid concentration of these, while the police, who were admirable in organization and efficiency, being at the time under Repub-

<sup>1</sup> General J. B. Fry, "New York and the Conscription of 1863."

<sup>2</sup> "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1863, p. 811.

<sup>3</sup> General Fry, in his valuable treatise, "New York and the Conscription of 1863," gives the following as reasons why no large military force was assembled to preserve the public peace in New York: "On the occasion of the first draft these questions were carefully weighed by the President and the War Department. The conclusions were that no exception in the applica-

tion of the law should be made in New York, that no presumption that the State or city authorities would fail to cooperate with the Government should be admitted, that a Federal military force ought not to be assembled in New York City on the mere assumption that a law of the United States would be violently and extensively resisted, and that if it were thought best to assemble such a force there was none to be had without losing campaigns then going on or battles then impending."



lican control,<sup>1</sup> were of course inadequate, during the first hours of the outbreak, to deal with an army of excited and ignorant men, recruited in an instant from hundreds of workshops and excited by drink and passionate declamation. The agitation and disorder spread so rapidly that the upper part of the city was in a few hours in full possession of the maddened crowd, the majority of them filled with that aimless thirst for destruction which rises so naturally in a mob when the restraints of order are withdrawn. They were led by wild zealots, excited by political hates and fears, or by common thieves, who found in the tumult their opportunity for plunder. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the body of rioters in the upper part of the city numbered several thousand. Their first fury was naturally directed against the enrolling offices. After the destruction of the building in the Ninth District they attacked the block of stores in which the enrolling office of the Eighth District stood.<sup>2</sup> The adjoining shops were filled with jewelry and other costly goods, and were speedily swept clean by the thievish hands of the rioters, and then set on fire; here, as before, the firemen were not permitted to play on the flames. But the political animus of the mob was shown most clearly by the brutal and cowardly outrages inflicted upon negroes. They dashed with the merriment of fiends at every colored face they saw, taking special delight in the maiming and murdering of women and children. Late in the afternoon of the 13th the mob made a rush for the fine building of the Colored Orphan Asylum.<sup>3</sup> This estimable charity was founded and carried on by a society of kind-hearted ladies; it gave not only shelter but instruction and Christian training to several hundred colored orphans. A force of policemen was hastily gathered together, but could defend the asylum for a few minutes only, giving time for most of the inmates to escape. The policemen were then disabled by the brutal mob, who rushed into the building, stealing everything which was portable, and setting the house on fire. They burned the residences of several Government officers, and a large hotel which refused them liquor.

For three days these horrible scenes of unchained fury and hatred lasted. An attack upon the "New York Tribune" office was a further evidence of the political passion of the

mob,<sup>4</sup> headed at this point by a lame secessionist barber who had just before been heard to express the hope that he "might soon shave Jeff. Davis in New York," and who led on the rioters with loud cheers for General McClellan; but after dismantling the counting-room they were attacked and driven away by the police. From beginning to end they showed little courage; they were composed, in great number, of the most degraded class of foreigners, and as a rule they made no stand when attacked in any number by either the police or the military. The only exception to this rule was in the case of a squad of marines who foolishly fired into the air when confronting the rioters. Colonel O'Brien, having sprained his ankle while gallantly resisting the mob, stepped into a drug store for assistance while his detachment passed on. The druggist, fearing the rioters, begged O'Brien to leave his shop, and the brave soldier went out among the howling mob. In a moment they were upon him and beat and trampled him into unconsciousness. For several hours the savages dragged the still breathing body of their own countryman up and down the streets, inflicting every indignity upon his helpless form, and then, shouting and yelling, conveyed him to his own door. There a courageous priest sought to subdue their savagery by reading the last offices for the dying over the unfortunate officer; then the climax of horror was reached by the brutal ruffians jostling the priest aside and closing the ceremonies by dancing upon the corpse. But a squad of fifty regulars was able to work its will against thousands of them. The city government, the trusty and courageous police force, and the troops in the harbor at last came into harmonious action and gradually established order throughout the city.

The State government was of little avail from beginning to end of the disturbance. Governor Seymour, having done all he could to embarrass the Government and rouse the people against it, had left the city on the 11th and gone to Long Branch in New Jersey. On the receipt of the frightful news of the 13th he returned to the city a prey to the most terrible agitation. He was hurried by his friends to the City Hall, where a great crowd soon gathered, and there, in sight of the besieged "Tribune" office, he made the memorable address the discredit of which justly clung to him all his days. His terror and his sympathy with the mob, in conflict with his convictions of public duty, completely unmanned him. He addressed the rioters in affectionate tones as his "friends," and assured them that he had "come to show them a test of his friendship." He informed them that he had sent his adjutant to Washington to confer with the authorities

<sup>1</sup> Several years afterwards Governor Seymour said: "The draft riots of 1863 were put down mainly by the energy, boldness, and skill of the police department. In saying this I am certainly not influenced by prejudice, for the force was politically and in some degree personally unfriendly to myself."

<sup>2</sup> Broadway, near Twenty-eighth street.

<sup>3</sup> Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth street.

<sup>4</sup> Trial of J. H. Whittier, Aug. 12, 1863.

there and to have the draft suspended. This assurance was received with the most vociferous cheers. He urged them to act as good citizens, leaving their interests to him. "Wait until my adjutant returns from Washington," he said, "and you shall be satisfied." The words in this extraordinary speech for which the governor was most blamed were those in which he addressed the mob as his friends; but this was a venial fault, pardonable in view of his extreme agitation. The serious matter was his intimation that the draft justified the riot, and that if the rioters would cease from their violence the draft would be stopped.<sup>1</sup> He issued two proclamations on the 14th, the one mildly condemning the riot and calling upon the persons engaged in it to retire to their homes and employments, and the other, somewhat sterner in tone, declaring the city and county of New York to be in a state of insurrection, and warning all who might resist the State authorities of their liability to the penalties prescribed by law. It is questionable if the rioters ever heard of the proclamations, and if they did the effect of these official utterances was entirely nullified by the governor's sympathetic speeches. The riots came to a bloody close on the night of Thursday, the fourth day. A small detachment of soldiers<sup>2</sup> met the principal body of rioters at Third Avenue and Twenty-first street, killed thirteen and wounded eighteen more, taking some dozens of prisoners. The fire of passion had burned itself out by this time, and the tired mob, now thoroughly dominated, slunk away to its hiding-places. During that night and the next day the militia were returning from Pennsylvania, several regiments of veterans arrived from the Army of the Potomac, and the peace of the city was once more secured. The rioters had kept the city in terror for four days and had destroyed two millions of property. For several days afterwards arrests went on, and many of the wounded law-breakers died in their retreats, afraid to call for assistance.

There were unimportant disturbances in other places which were speedily put down by the local authorities, but, as Mr. Greeley says: "in no single instance was there a riot incited by drafting wherein Americans by birth bore any considerable part, nor in which the great body of the actors were not born Europeans, and generally of recent importation." The part taken by Archbishop Hughes in this occurrence gave rise to various comments. He placarded about the city on the 16th of

July an address "to the men of New York who are now called in many papers rioters," inviting them to come to his house and let him talk to them, assuring them of immunity from the police in going and coming. "You who are Catholics," the address concluded, "or as many of you as are, have a right to visit your bishop without molestation." On the 17th, at 2 o'clock, a crowd of four or five thousand persons assembled in front of the Archbishop's residence,<sup>3</sup> and the venerable prelate, clad in his purple robes and full canonical attire, appeared at the window and made a strange speech to the mob, half jocular and half earnest, alternately pleading, cajoling, and warning them. He told them that he "did not see a riotous face among them." He did not accuse them of having done anything wrong. He said that every man had the right to defend his house or his shanty at the risk of his life; that they had no cause to complain, "as Irishmen and Catholics," against the Government; and affectionately suggested whether it might not be better for them to retire to their homes and keep out of danger. He begged them to be quiet in the name of Ireland—"Ireland, that never committed a single act of cruelty until she was oppressed; Ireland, that has been the mother of heroes and of poets, but never the mother of cowards." The crowd greeted his speech with uproarious applause and quietly dispersed.

The number of those who lost their lives during the riots has never been ascertained. The mortality statistics for that week and the week succeeding show an increase of five or six hundred over the average. Governor Seymour estimated the number of killed and wounded at one thousand.

Naturally, in such days of terror and anger, there were not wanting those who asserted that the riots were the result and the manifestation of a widespread treasonable conspiracy involving leading Democrats at the North. The President received many letters to this effect, one relating the alleged confession of a well-known politician, who, overcome with agitation and remorse, had in the presence of the editors of the "Tribune" divulged the complicity of Seymour and others in the preparation of the *émée*.<sup>4</sup> But he placed no reliance upon the story, and there was in fact no foundation for it. With all his desire to injure the Administration, Governor Seymour had not the material of an insurrectionist in his composi-

was, under the circumstances, making a concession to the mob, and endangering the successful enforcement of the law of the land. [General J. B. Fry, "New York and the Conscription of 1863."]

<sup>2</sup> Of the 12th Regulars, under Captain Putman.

<sup>3</sup> Corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-sixth street.

<sup>4</sup> J. R. Gilmore to Lincoln, July 17, 1863. MS.

<sup>1</sup> While the riot was going on, Governor Seymour had an interview with Colonel Nugent, the acting Provost-Marshal General of New York City, and insisted on the colonel's announcing a suspension of the draft. The draft had already been stopped by violence. The announcement was urged by the governor no doubt because he thought it would allay the excitement; but this

tion, and when the riot came his excitement and horror was the best proof that he had not expected it.

The scenes of violence in New York were not repeated anywhere else, if we except a slight disturbance in Boston, but the ferment of opposition was so general as to give great disquietude to many friends of the Government throughout the country. Leading Unionists in Philadelphia, fearing a riot there, besought the President by mail and telegraph to stop the draft. In Chicago a similar appeal was made, and by recruitment and volunteering the necessity for a draft was avoided in Illinois until the next year.

No provision of the enrollment law excited such ardent opposition as that which was introduced for the purpose of mitigating its rigors — the provision exempting drafted men from service upon payment of three hundred dollars. "The rich man's money against the poor man's blood" was a cry from which no demagogue could refrain, and it was this which contributed most powerfully to rouse the unthinking masses against the draft. The money paid for exemptions was used, under the direction of the Provost-Marshall General, for the raising of recruits and the payment of the expenses of the draft. It amounted to a very large sum — twenty-six millions of dollars. After all expenses were paid there was a balance of nine millions left to the credit of the Bureau in the Treasury of the United States. The exemption fund was swelled by the action of county and municipal authorities, especially by those of New York, who in the flurry succeeding the riots passed in great haste an ordinance to pay the commutation for drafted men of the poorer class. A certain impetus was given to volunteering also, but the money came in faster than the men; and in June, 1864, the Provost-Marshall General reported that out of some 14,000 drafted men 7000 were exempted for various reasons and 5000 paid money commutation. This statement was sent to Congress by the President with the recommendation that the commutation clause be repealed. This was done<sup>1</sup> after a hot discussion which exhibited a curious change of front on the question, Messrs. Saulsbury, Richardson, and other Democrats energetically opposing the repeal, and making it the occasion for as bitter attacks on the Administration as those which had been for a year directed against the law.<sup>2</sup>

It may not be without interest to look for a moment at the measures pursued by the Confederate authorities to raise and maintain their army. There is a striking contrast between methods and results on either side of the line.

The methods of the Confederates were far more prompt and more rigorous than those of the National Government, while the results attained were so much less satisfactory that their failure in this respect brought about the final catastrophe of their enterprise. They began the war with forces greatly superior in numbers to those of the Nation. Before the attack on Fort Sumter their Congress had authorized the raising of an army of 100,000 men and Mr. Davis had called into service 36,900 men, more than twice the army of the United States; and immediately after beginning hostilities he called for 32,000 more. On the 8th of May the Confederate Congress gave Mr. Davis almost unlimited power to accept the services of volunteers without regard to place of enlistment, and a few days later he was relieved by statute of the delays and limitations of formal calls, and all power of appointments to commissions was placed in his hands. So that, while from the beginning to the end the most punctilious respect was paid by the National executive and legislature to the rights of the loyal States in the matter of recruitment, the States which had seceded, on the pretext of preserving their autonomy, speedily gave themselves into the hands of a military dictator. In December, 1861, the term of enlistment was changed from one to three years, the pitiful bounty of fifty dollars being given as compensation. During all that winter recruiting languished, and several statutes continually increasing in severity were passed with little effect; and on the 16th of April, 1862, the Confederate Congress passed a sweeping measure of universal conscription, authorizing the President to call and place in the military service for three years, unless the war should end sooner, "all white men who are residents of the Confederate States, between the ages of 18 and 35 years," not legally exempt from service; and arbitrarily lengthening to three years the terms of those already enlisted. A law so stringent was of course impossible of perfect execution. Under the clamor and panic of their constituencies the Confederate Congress passed, repealed, and modified various schemes of exemption intended to permit the ordinary routine of civil life to pursue its course, but great confusion and heart-burnings arose from every effort which was made to ease the workings of the inexorable machine. The question of overseers of plantations was one especially difficult to treat. The law of the 11th of October, 1862, exempted one man for every plantation of twenty negroes. This system was further extended from time to time, but owners of slaves were obliged to pay five hundred dollars a year for each exemption. By one statute it was provided that on plantations where these exemptions were granted the exempt should pay two

<sup>1</sup> Law approved July 4, 1864.

<sup>2</sup> "Congressional Globe," June 23, 1864.

hundred pounds of meat for every able-bodied slave on the plantation. Gradually all exemptions as of right were legislated away and the whole subject left to the discretion of the executive, which vastly increased his power and his unpopularity. It finally rested upon him to say how many editors, ministers, railroad engineers, and expressmen were absolutely required to keep up the current of life in the business of the country.

The limit of age was constantly extended. In September, 1862, an act of the Confederate Congress authorized the President to call into service all white men resident in the Confederate States, between the ages of 18 and 45; and in February, 1864, another law included all between 17 and 50, which gave occasion to Grant for his celebrated *not*—afterwards credited by him to General Butler—that the Confederates were robbing the cradle and the grave to fill their armies.

Severe and drastic as were these laws, and unrelenting as was the insurrectionary Government in their execution, they were not carried out with anything like the system and thor-

oughness which characterized the action of the National authorities. The Confederate generals were constantly complaining that they got no recruits, or not enough to supply the waste of campaigns. On the 30th of April, 1864, the chief of the Bureau of Conscription at Richmond made a report to the Secretary of War, painting in the darkest colors the difficulties encountered by him in getting soldiers into the ranks, though he had all the laws and regulations he needed and there were men enough in the country. He said, and in these words confessed that the system had failed and that the defeat of the revolt was now but a question of time:

The results indicate this grave consideration for the Government, that fresh material for the armies can no longer be estimated as an element of future calculation for their increase, and that necessity demands the invention of devices for keeping in the ranks the men now borne on the rolls. The stern revocation of all details, an appeal to the patriotism of the State claiming large bodies of able-bodied men, and the accretions by age are now almost the only unexhausted sources of supply. For conscription from the general population the functions of this bureau may cease with the termination of the year 1864.



### A JEST OF FATE.



IT was eight o'clock on a clean-washed, clear-cut, sun-bathed October morning when my mother and I climbed into the second-best buggy behind old white Telly for a twenty-mile drive "up the country." The Judge waved us a courtly adieu; little Tom and his sister hooked themselves on behind to go with us to the big gate, the opening of which furnished them with a reason for being; Aunt Sally called out from the back gallery last messages to Cousin Nancy; the negroes collected at doors and windows to see us off, and we rolled gently away into the fairyland of unfamiliar roads.

Our route wound here and there past fodder-stacked corn-fields, brier-grown old pastures, irregular old farm-houses sleeping in the sunshine, populous negro cabins, and, last and best, through vine-tangled, enchanting, enchanted woods. The country we traversed

had for our æsthetic interests the advantage of being poor and sparsely settled; as we went on it became still rougher and lonelier. When the sun set behind us we were at a fork in the road, in the fullest uncertainty as to our proper route, and with the last house three miles behind us.

Our last instruction had been to "Jes keep the plain, big road right on to Squire Claymore's."

One road, so far as we could see, was as big as the other. One led down into a swampy wood that looked in the failing light as if it might be all too fruitful of adventure. The other took its way over a high, open country and seemed safer and pleasanter, and on this ground we logically chose it. Soon the open country ended and we found ourselves in something worth calling a forest; it grew denser and darker as we advanced; the night was settling down upon us.

"There are immense tracts like this up here in the barrens," said my mother in a voice that assumed the tone of a philosophical statement, but which rebelliously vibrated with a growing uneasiness. "I thought back there when we first got into the woods that the road looked



like an old unused track. I suppose we might drive on so all night."

Just then there appeared at Telly's head the dark figure of a man. Vague horrors — escaped convicts, desperate negroes — pressed on my brain, but my mother showed that she had not forgotten backwoods manners and methods and pluck. She stopped the buggy, and in tones as friendly and confident as she could make them asked where we were.

"Wale, ma'm," said the dim and dreadful figure in an amiable masculine drawl, "it air called 'twext four an' five miles to Squar' Claymore's, though it air my conviction it air nearer five than four. Your road lay p'intedly the other way about from the way you air a-comin'. I would say to you that you stand a powerful pore chance of gettin' to the Squar's to-night, an' I should be proud to have you stay at my house. Jes drive along a yard or two: there's my house, an' sech as 't is you air freely welcome to it."

Before us was a clearing, and in the midst stood a well-built, double log-house the open doors and windows of which poured out upon the night the rich and changeful lights of hickory fires. The sight was good to the eyes. We gladly accepted its master's invitation and alighted.

In this haven of quiet and homely comfort I met that one of our blind and blundering race whose history of all I have known I credit Jove with finding most amusing. She hardly seemed food for Olympian mirth that night, she was such a serious, modest little maid. Of course she was fair to look upon, else who would care to write her story?

She was too grave in line to be really pretty, and too slight and small to be beautiful, and the word handsome was made for earthlier beings; but with her severe linsey-woolsey gown defining her figure as might have been done in immortal marble, and with her straight, pure yellow hair in a knot that was Greek without knowing it and with her knitting to give her grace, she filled me with delight. I longed to hurl her straightway into some vague bright romance.

My mother fell to talking with the loquacious father of early days in Tennessee, of old settlers, and panthers, and early politics. She had warned to him from the moment she saw Henry Clay's picture above the door. The sons sat about in heavy hospitable discomfort; the fat mother dozed in the corner. I roasted before the fire till I was drunk with sleepiness, and Patsy, the yellow-haired little damsel, was detailed to show me to bed. She led me from the fire-lighted room across a passage, roofed, but not closed at the ends, where for a moment we were in the dark, still night, and could see,

over the close black woods, the sparkling stars, and could hear distant wild noises.

With serious courtesy she showed me into a big square room like the one we had left, and like it abundantly furnished and decorated by a blazing fire. Two four-post bedsteads, piled high with feather-beds and adorned with gorgeous clean patchwork, stood in imposing array one behind the other against one wall. An ancient colored picture of a family of albinos hung against the naked wood of the wall. A low splint-bottom chair stood beside a scrupulously swept hearth. The crisp night air had waked me up. Patsy and I eyed each other.

"Don't you want to sit down here with me awhile?" I said.

"Yessum," said Patsy, seating herself demurely but with bright eyes; and not till she was quite settled did she add in a deprecatory tone, "but I 'm afeard I 'm keepin' you up; I reckon you 'd ought to be goin' to bed atter your journey."

Patsy was a backwoodsman, and with all her demureness was devoid of rural shyness. I thought her interest in Strathboro' extraordinary as she gently plied me with questions about that sleepy little town.

"Strathboro' is mighty enticin', I reckon; you don't live there neither, do you? You've lots of kinsfolks there though, hain't you? I've heern as Judge Kilbraith have a marvel of a house. He's your uncle, ain't he?"

"His boys is small, ain't they? Miz Claymore's mighty nigh growed up"; and here Patsy paused in her soft prattle to get her knitting out of her pocket. I was keeping her going as tactfully as I could.

"Your cousin Walter air mightily interested in the farm. He do think, I heern the men say, that he can improve the lan'. Your cousin Elmore air makin' a lawyer of hisself they say down to Strathboro'."

She was a brave little maid and as full of skilled duplicity as a mother-bird, but nature played her a cruel trick, and as on the last word she lifted her eyes from a troublesome stitch in her knitting a tidal wave of a blush drowned her. I bent studiously over the shoe I was unbuttoning and said yes, that Elmore was studying law with my uncle, Judge Kilbraith, and that he did this and wore that and intended the other, all in the most incidental manner. I thought the pleasure of hearing about him would soonest efface the bitter consciousness of the blush. In taking this course I suppressed my own sentiments.

I detested my cousin Elmore Claymore. He was a curious being, as beautiful as an angel, with straight, strong features, large, limpid, dark-lashed gray eyes, an exquisite smile, and

a wonderful, inexplicable imitation intellect. I don't think any one ever quite understood what he was and what he was not, and by the mass of his acquaintances the sham character of his cerebration was never detected. He made speeches at meetings—election meetings, town meetings, temperance meetings, and Sunday-school picnics. All oratorical opportunities were embraced, and his speeches were full of metaphor and alliteration and were informed with a really splendid temperamental fire—which had nothing whatever to do with his ideas, or rather which successfully survived their absence.

Southerners of all classes worship intellect and are much given to regarding it as something quite too bright and good for human nature's daily food, and not to be judged by the coarse logic of every-day existence. Nowhere else is the failure of the man who "would have done great things in Paradise" looked upon with such kindly respect, and this beautiful trait, the awe of what they can see and can't see over, serves well many a hare-brained crank and rattle-headed charlatan.

Elmore Claymore was not exactly either a crank or a charlatan. He had flashes of appreciation and curious flickerings of thought through his rhetoric. Of course he was made to be an actor if only he had ever heard of such a thing; it is odd to think, with his beauty and his ardor, what a great man he might have become. In the world in which he lived I saw nothing before him but ignominious failure; it did not seem to me that he had the mental coherence to see that the whole of a thing is equal to the sum of all its parts.

I could fancy him going off: "What is the whole of a thing equal to? What can it be equal to in this land of equality, in this reunited Union, but to its own unity, each individual in one common brotherhood?" and with luminously pale face and glowing eyes feeling that he had made a step towards bridging the bloody chasm of civil war.

My uncle, John Kilbraith, a grimly humorous and somewhat cynical personage, saw through Elmore completely. He was, I believe, the chief joy of Uncle John's life; to see the impression that he made on people, to watch him sway a crowd with his passionate, sounding swash, to observe his deepening regard for himself, were pleasures which never palled.

I burst forth one day in the presence of several people with my estimate of Elmore's powers, and he stopped me with a look.

When we were alone he said: "Remember, if you could unmask Elmore and have him recognized as a fool, you'd deal him a death-blow, and his mother as well."

"But, uncle," said I, "you—don't you suppose—you must—that life will unmask him? You don't think he can go on through actual affairs and be estimated as these schoolgirls estimate him?"

Judge Kilbraith looked at me with curious scorn.

"You don't know much about actual affairs, do you? When you do you'll find out that it is not in this world that they reduce men to their fighting weight. That's an illusion. Some affairs may. You'd think war would as much as anything, but it did n't. Ask any soldier if the best men got the best places. I suppose a professor of mathematics must know something of his business, and in the dry-goods trade an eye on the market may be imperative; but though a lawyer does n't have as good a chance as a doctor to be a fraud, I can tell you that there are more things than law or logic that decide his fate. Elmore stands a good chance for a good living. Lawyers may have their opinion about him, but as long as he has juries on his side it will not become the lawyers to express themselves; and until he gets a chance to establish himself with the juries the less his kinsfolk do to discount him the better for the family."

Patsy listened and knitted as I chattered on about my various relatives, particularly Elmore, and she occasionally brought forth a question or remark.

"Miz Claymore's mighty proud. She air good to rale pore white folks and to niggahs, but she's ha'sh and proud with 'e neighbors which ain't pore and ain't quality," she said once. She trusted herself no more on the fatal name, and this apt and true characterization of Cousin Nancy, whose darkest dread was that of becoming or having any of her children become one with the people around her, was her nearest approach to the subject of Elmore or her relations with him or his family. She did not quite recover her equanimity, and when she went to go the faint color crept reminiscently up her snowdrop face.

Evidently this homespun, small person belonged to the class of women in whom sex and pride are forever united as one thing; whose sense of femininity and dignity are one. To have her heart's blood thus turn rank and successful traitor to her heart's secret—it struck me as a small tragedy. After she had gone I lay deep cuddled in my clean, fresh feather-bed, watching the firelight flicker on the big polished cherry knobs of my four-post bedstead, trying to see the case in the humorous light which I felt it should by rights present. But no; the humor was there certainly, but my mind steadfastly refused to be amused, and I slipped into sleep with a weird confusion in my dreams between Patsy knitting stead-

fastly by the fire and the sweet ringing notes of the fatal horn in "Hernani."

Naturally the next morning the whole matter looked very commonplace. Only Patsy's fresh and gentle loveliness, as she came in with a bucket of spring water, saved me from so reacting on my own emotions as faintly to detest her; so much are we ourselves akin to the capricious powers we rail against. But I melted completely when she stood gazing at me silently and wistfully as I put the last touches to my toilet while old Telegraph and the buggy awaited us at the door. All the yearning and wonder about the great world of Strathboro', all my fascination and charm as its representative, and more still as a kinswoman of Elmore's, were expressed in her serious, fine little face.

To me it was anything but an anticlimax when she touched with reverent finger my jacket and half whispered, "Air that the fashion?"

The poor little daughter of Eve, with her heavy heart, and yet room in it for this sweet interest in that great abstraction, the Fashion!

Before I left I promised to send her patterns of every visible garment I wore. I saw her again sooner than I expected; indeed, there was then little reason to suppose we should meet again.

We were to stay but a week at Cousin Nancy's, and we would then pass over the utmost boundary of her world into that unimagined universe beyond Strathboro'. Cousin Nancy's sternly handsome profile grew sterner when I attempted to gossip lightly about our hosts, the Nonlys. Through a long and lonely life she had too conscientiously asserted her class superiority — such as it was — against poverty and a *mesalliance* and an untoward environment to find it practicable to approach the subject of the Nonlys in that easy, matter-of-course, undefining way. Moreover it appeared that the Nonlys were in a measure disgraced among their own class.

"Bob Nonly is a distiller," said Cousin Nancy finally and with a final air. Up to a recent date the temperance sentiments of the South found their chief if not their sole expression in the social ostracism of all but the largest and most prosperous of the dealers in spirituous liquors. The thoroughgoing nature of this ban atoned by severity upon the weak for its relaxation in favor of the strong, and relieved most minds of any sense of further obligation to the morals of the question.

Bob Nonly, we were told, now found his associates chiefly among the neighboring mountaineers, whose code on whisky-making is even more liberal than the Government's; and his children were growing up "with little more

manners or learning than if they lived on the mountain themselves," proceeded Cousin Nancy, warming to the subject with human interest despite herself.

Two days later Elmore unexpectedly appeared from Strathboro'. I was sitting wrapped in a shawl on the lop-sided old porch-steps, watching the sunset between the two holly trees at the paintless old gate. Elmore came riding up, managing a little flourish of a dramatic entrance even after such a journey. He hitched his horse at the gate,—he missed the luxury and effect of throwing the reins to one of Judge Kilbraith's negroes,—and came up to me with a smile like an angel's for sweetness and light.

"Are you enjoying the beauties of nature, cousin?" quoth he.

"I am watching the sun go down," I said.

He turned and looked long and silently, his soft hat in his hand on his hip,—you would have loved him if you'd seen him,—and then he said, "I've come up to drink at this fountain with you for a few days."

That night, as I was roasting a sweet-potato in the ashes and Elmore was attitudinizing and watching me, I said:

"We spent our first night up here with one of your neighbors; we got lost, and were taken in by the Nonlys."

Aha, my young man, so! He did not stir; his expression did not obviously change; but, more significant, he grew fixed and still where he stood.

"I was delighted with them all, but I fell in love with the girl," I went on.

"For the Lord's sake, Matt, don't go to talking about Nonly girls here," broke in Cousin Nancy sharply from the other side of the fireplace, and giving one quick glance at Elmore; "there are entirely too many such around here. I should think you and Elmore could find plenty of Strathboro' young people to talk about."

My chief occupation this week was going on long, irregular rambles over the rough, wild country. The loveliest place I found, so far as loveliness went, was a little lonely, laurel-embowered spot around a moss-banked spring, where summer longest tarried. After two visits of course I felt that I had created it and that it existed only for me. How far egotism may mislead one I found when I discovered that it was a lover's trysting-place.

I was coming through the woods with old Tige, the yellow farm dog, at my heels, when suddenly through the bushes I saw Elmore and Patsy! More than that, he was at that moment kissing her, and doing it very prettily, I must admit.

In such case there can be no question that

it is the miserable intruder who is most to be pitied. Lovers are buoyed up by the complacency peculiar to their state.

They saw me when it was just too late. For some moments my own discomfort occupied all my thoughts; when I saw anything it was that Elmore was much disconcerted, and that Patsy, despite her conflicting emotions, was not. Patsy plainly felt that her blush at last was justified. She had not expressed unmaidenly emotion about an indifferent stranger, but quite maidenly emotion about her own lover, and amid other emotions she was shyly pleased to have things set right before me. No conventional views about clandestine love affairs imposed upon Patsy; in fact, I don't suppose she had ever heard of any. All betrothals are, I believe, more or less clandestine among her class until actual preparations for the wedding begin, and the most advanced individualism regarding matrimonial contracts prevails in this otherwise unevolved society.

"I am very unfortunate," I stammered. "I beg your pardon a thousand times; but, as I have discovered the secret, I trust you'll accept my congratulations, Elmore," and I found myself with one arm around Patsy and my hand in his.

Elmore was very white, but he had an instinct for ceremonial that came to his aid.

I expressed myself quite sincerely in what I said. My interpretation of the situation was based principally on the absence of any shade of real mortification in little Patsy's pretty confusion and alarm; the alarm was shown in anxious glances at Elmore and had reference to himself alone. She turned her face glowing and dewy up to me, and then buried it on my shoulder in the prettiest way.

Elmore looked dubiously and with some bewilderment at me, and then with a gleam of something like spontaneous tenderness at her. These occasional notes of sincerity in the midst of his unconscious artificiality always particularly aggravated my feeling against him, they so interfered with a ready comprehensible summing-up of him. A man of straw it is easy enough to consider, but a man of straw with organs, passions, affections, this is what tests the knowledge of human nature.

Naturally I took myself and the discreet Tige away as soon as I could. That evening as the stars were coming out I went and stood beside Elmore at the lonely old gate under the holly tree. A whippoorwill was calling in the woods close by.

"Though I can't see any good reason for it," I began, "I feel dreadfully guilty about disturbing you to-day."

He turned with an uneasy look around and a softly whispered "Sh-h-h-h!"

"Indeed, Elmore, you need not be so uncomfortable; I need hardly say I hope that I shall be very careful not to expose a secret I have found out in this way. I know that you must be meaning to act for the best; how could you help it with such a dear little girl to guard!"

He looked at me dubiously.

"She is mighty uneducated," he advanced tentatively.

"She is one in a million. She has an exquisite nature and a charming, rational, observant mind" ("much as appearances are against her in falling in love with you," I put in mentally), "and her beauty is delightful."

Elmore's pleased surprise overtopped other feelings for the moment. He had a great faith in my opinion. Had I not spent a winter in Nashville, besides various unguessable experiences in that dim, unpleasant, but impressive world, "the North"?

"I think she has a fine native intellect," he said finally—he always wanted to talk to me about intellect. "But of course before I can marry her she will have to be educated some way, and then my mother would rather see me dead."

"No doubt, but that is a reflection that belonged to an earlier stage of the game. I am afraid there are sad possibilities of constancy in the small Patsy, and that she will wait for you indefinitely instead of throwing you speedily over, as she should do."

Elmore stared.

"Patsy is so clever that I don't doubt that if you began tutoring her a little yourself you could very soon help her to the essential thing—an ability to speak and write English as well as the people you'll take her among."

"I think that is probably a good suggestion, cousin; I shall consider the feasibility of putting it in practice."

It was now dark, but I could see my kinsman's melancholy poet's profile cut against the western sky, and to look at it made me melancholy too. I was glad to leave him and the falling dews and the disconsolate whippoorwill and go into the firelighted house, to toast my shins and tell myself that it was not my affair. I saw that Patsy's fate hung on painfully slender chances, and I was young enough to credit my impression of the seriousness of the issue for her. I resented the way I was disquieting myself on her account.

I need not have been so disturbed about it, for Heaven knows I ceased to concern myself about her soon enough. We came to New York for the winter, and my own life closed in around me, and in two weeks all the world I had left behind was as if it was the creation of a dream.

The next summer we returned South and



went to a little embryonic mountain resort where half a dozen old friends of my mother's with their sons and daughters formed the company. We had not seen any one from Strathboro', and Elmore and Patsy were still in dreamland to me, when one noonday, as I came out of the dining-room upon the vine-shaded gallery, one of the servants came to me and said:

"Merky's little Ellen say, Miss Matt, dat dere young white gal down to de kaleebit spring as is wantin' to see you. I tell Merky be mighty becomin' in dat young white gal to come up hyah to you, but she say dat she rekested dat you be tole dat she desire yoh 'sistance. She done tole dat little Ellen huh name, but law, dat chile! she ain't got no mo' hayd on huh—"

I got my hat and started for the chalybate spring with a misgiving heart. I knew it was Patsy. Yes, there she stood, in a copperas-dyed cotton riding-skirt, her white, Sunday, slat sun-bonnet fallen back, as she strained her eyes up the wrong path.

"Patsy!"

"O—O Miss Matty! You 're mighty good to come to me. It were fearful bold an' presumin' in me to send for ye, an' ask ye to come hyer to me. I crave your pardon! You 're so good! I 've come up from the valley to speak to ye. I did n't know where else on the airth to go, an' I hyern from the preacher that you-uns were hyer."

"Sit down, Patsy—no, come; we will walk over towards the bluff; then we will not be disturbed."

I took her hand as if she were four years old, and comforted and reassured, as if she were four, she walked with me. We sat down on a big log a few rods seemingly from the end of the earth, a great sky breaking through the trees at our feet.

"Now," I said, "tell me all about it."

"It 's schoolin'," she answered solemnly, laying her hand upon my knee and gazing in my face.

"Oh, it certainly might be worse. What is it, Patsy dear—you want to go to school?"

"I 've worried Pappy tell he is plum wore out, an' he now say he air willin' to put me to school to git shed of me. Yes, Miss Matty, he sartainly have give his consent, but Miss—Miss Matt, we don't know the fust thing about it, whar to go, nor nothin'; an' ef Pappy have to worry about it, he 'll gin up the whole project. Now he 's made up his mine he won't begrudge the money, but I 'm skeered of his bein' worried. When I foun' he was comin' up the mounting, I put in to come along an' ask you to help me, for I never forgot how good ye ware to me, an'

how, though bein' kinsfolks to Elmore, ye pardoned me."

Her face with its brimming eyes was turned up to mine again in her own irresistible flower fashion.

"Elmore teached me some," she said presently.

"I wonder you did n't make up your mind to go to Strathboro' to school, where you 'd be near Elmore," I said.

She flushed. "I reckon—I—ye see I could n't abear bein' there an' not havin' Elmore take no notice of me; an'," she hurried on to say, "I could n't abear to let him make trouble for hisself by lettin' people see his feelin's as long as I am so unlearned an' backward. I make Elmore be mighty keerful—keerfuller than he likes."

We settled upon a cheap country academy in an adjoining county, where I thought she would be as little discounted as anywhere, and where the head teacher was an acquaintance of mine, whom I hoped to stir up to a little special sympathy and interest.

Patsy returned home that afternoon, riding behind her father, as she came; but she repeated her visit several times during the summer. That season had now sunk into the position of a mere forerunner to the autumn, when school began. I had a beautiful time overseeing her dresses and making her look pretty. She was a very superior sort of doll. Once she staid all night at our cottage. The way in which she waited and watched for suggestions and examples of etiquette at table and elsewhere, yet managed while pursuing that arduous occupation to preserve her own soft, bright, unconscious bearing, was a bit of social skill such as a court might not match in a year.

I am aware how improbable this sounds to the unsentimental observer of country girls, but there was much that was childlike about Patsy—among other things she was plastic like a child. Then too if she was from the backwoods she was also Southern, which in this connection means that wide-reaching, deep-reaching Puritanism had played small part in checking her natural instincts of social grace.

Our acquaintances were told nothing about her, but they, particularly the elders, let her pass with a graciousness born of experience of life in a poor and thinly populated and aristocratic country, where anybody may be akin to anybody, and where kinship counts—a state of society similar to that in Scotland, especially the Scotland of the past. I feared that the callow school-girls even at Burns's Corners would be less elastic.

I gave little Miss all the points on grammar that it seemed she could digest, and she made

wonderfully good use of them. One day I said, "Do you and Elmore write to each other?"

She colored, and bent over her sewing. The tears had sprung to her eyes, but if I had not been a brute in the way I watched her I never should have known it, she recovered herself so gallantly. In an instant she answered steadfastly:

"Oh, no. He writes to me onct in a while, but in course he don't like to do all the writin', an' ye see my letters would shame him,



PATSY'S FATHER.

an' I don't want to make him consider how ignorant I am—when I 'm not there," she added, half archly, wholly pathetically.

She realized any meanness in Elmore's attitude only so dimly and confusedly that she could not be mean enough herself to give the charge a hearing. He was full of a sort of devotion and subjection to her spell when he was with her, and of course was assertive of his faithfulness in proportion to his own distrust of it. Of course, too, he was also proportionately anxious about hers.

"He keeps a-sayin' to me to be true to him," she said once. "I'd rother he'd feel sure without askin'."

She had plenty of dignity of character, but how was that to teach her to release a lover like this? It simply made her feel his neglects like wounds, without even the solace of indignation.

Patsy was far from loquacious, but at times when favoring conditions started her chirping and twittering she brought forth discriminating remarks. In talking of her brothers she said:

"Ab have the mos' sense, but what 's that when Eb have all the determination?"

I wondered how it would be when this coherent intelligence was brought to bear on Elmore's colossal incoherence on something like equal terms. Or could there ever be an approach to equal terms so long as he had those eyes and that smile? They even warped my satisfaction in declaring him a fool.

One day Patsy's father twirled his shapeless old white hat in his hands in uncommon discomfort as he said to me:

"I don't feel no ways at ease in my mine about this schoolin' business for my little gal. Patsy have the bes' head in the house, the bes' head in the house I allus say; I set powerful store by her; she could 'a' hed schoolin' before ef I hed seen the good of it for her. Ef we could all be schooled an' live in Strathboro' there might be profit in it. I'd go through fire an' water to make that little gal happy, but I kint feel at ease in my mine about makin' her differ from all her kith an' kin. I don't see the nex' step satisfactory. I don't see the nex' step."

Sure enough, what would it be? In September my mother and I again left Tennessee. We went abroad and were gone three years. It was as if we had spent that time on another planet. Our foreign post-offices effectually estopped in our Tennessee friends any possible impulses to write to us.

After we returned to America we got an enumeration of events covering the three years, in four pages from my Aunt Sally Kilbraith.

Cousin William Anderson is married to one of the Merriam girls—the second one. Abe Tuckerman has sold his place and is going to Texas. Cousin William has bought it. Elmore Claymore is dead; died a year and a half ago.

Two months later we sat with the good Aunt Sally around the wood fire in her own room. Uncle John smoked his pipe in the corner.

"Poor Elmore," said Aunt Sally as she was completing a chapter of details about his death and burial. "You did not know of his engagement, did you?"

"No," said my mother. "Was he engaged to be married?"

"Oh, yes; but it was not generally known at all; is n't now; it 's quite a secret; but, dear me, I don't see any reason for not telling you, so long as you don't speak about it. The girl got us to promise not to let it be known among people here. She is John Penkerman's youngest; Edith is her name. It would have been counted a mighty good match for Elmore. John made a deal of money in those Texas lands, and Edith 's pretty, but I never called her a good match for anybody."

"Why not?" said my mother with a courteous effort at interest. She knew nothing of the other story.

"Why, because she is a two-faced, cold, calculating little cat. She loves admiration and to show her power; that 's all she ever loved; and she has n't been any too nice, in her way, of getting what she wanted, either. She had no brains; she had to manage her men—O Mr. Kilbraith! Clarissa and Martha are prudent, if I 'm not. You might let me free my mind; they 'll be off to the ends of the earth pretty soon, and what they 've heard about people in Strathboro' will make no difference one way or the other. You see I hate the girl,—Martha, child, put your foot on that spark,—but you don't have to stretch the truth to find plenty to say against her. She 'd been flirting with Tom, Dick, and Harry ever since she was fifteen; her looks turned her mammy's head to begin with. She 'd been engaged to half a dozen, more or less, but some way she did n't get married. At last Elmore was put on the list; he was bedazzled with the idea of marrying Edith Penkerman. He did n't know enough, poor fool, to understand that other men looked upon her as being too much of a belle. She and her mother thought, I reckon, that she might do worse; so they kept him in reserve. Don't shake your head at me, Mr. Kilbraith; you know I 'm quoting your own words. Well, they kept the engagement mighty secret—gave Elmore some rose-water reason, you know. When he died, lo and behold they were more anxious to keep it quiet than ever, and in less than a year she married this Tom M'Grath, who was hangin' round her all the time, and is a better match than Elmore was. See? I did n't care so tremendous much about Elmore; 't is n't that; but that kind of a female creature, the smooth, pretty, plausible ones—Lord!"

During the week I learned that there was then on the place a negro woman who had been for years Cousin Nancy's servant. Recently she had married one of my uncle's hands, and was living in a cabin at the back of the orchard. I made occasion to call upon her.

"La, yes, Miss Matt," said she after seating me in her splint-bottom chair before a ruff-raff fire; "Miss Patsy 's livin', leastwise dat wah my information at las' accoun's. Dey do circalate de repohts dat she ain't long foh dis wohl; an' 'deed I reckon what she ain't. Mighty funny, Miss Matt, how you come to 'member a little slip of poah-white folksy gal like dat all dis time, gallivantin' roun' de wohl like you is too. What Miss Patsy goin' to die ob?"

"La, Miss Matty, she nebah wah no 'count



COUSIN NANCY'S SERVANT.

ahtah she went off seekin' lahnin' at dat ah boardin' school. I know a 'ooman what hab a dahtah, a yellah gal, what 's hiahd out at dat school, an' she say dat little Patsy, she say she wuk huh-sef to def at dat school f'om staht. She study an' study huh book much as any two gals, an' not bein' use to it, it woh upon huh; but dat want de whole ob what broke huh down. You know, Miss Matt, when Mahs Elmore die? Well, she home f'om de school foh Sunday dat day when de news come, an' she 'sisted on comin' down hyah to de fun'ral, an' when huh pappy he won't bring huh, she go an' ax a place in Squiah Monsen's wagon, an' dey say what she dat white an' still an' cur'os lookin' out ob huh eyes dat dey was sohey foh huh, an' dey was wonderin' wheddah she was cahin' ent'ly 'bout Mahs Elmore, ah wheddah she was jes natchly wohnd out wid school lahnin'. Then dey reckon she wahn't cahin' so much 'bout Mahs Elmore, 'cause she nebah cry na nothin' at the grabe—dat what Miss Monsen's Milly done tole me. But enhow she kotch cole on de way home,—it uz cole weddah,—an' den she hab de lung fevah an' spit blood. She got up out o' dat, but she ain't nebah quit spittin' blood. She boun' to die foh great space o' time. Don't you want

to roas' sweet tater in de ashes, Miss Matty, like you use? La, no, Miss Matty, she ain't at home. She up on de moontain. Huh pappy mighty exohcised 'bout huh, an' he meck huh stay dah, 'cause she done spit so much blood up dah; an' lawsy massy, Miss Matt, what you 'magine—dat gal, dat little snoopin' white-headed gal ob 'Tim Nonly's ez teachin' school on dat moontain! Yessum, she ez at de Ridge whah you an' Miss Cla'issa was dat summah. I reckon 't is quite poss'ble dat dat gal do know 'nough to teach dat moontain trash. No 'm, I done s'pose she well 'nough, but Miss Monsen's Milly she say she mighty res'less tell she know she got dat school. Likely huh pappy ain' so much money ahtah huh schoolin' an' doctorin' to pay huh boahd up dah."

It was spring before I got to the mountain. The day was soft, though the trees here on the summit were still bare, as I walked through a demoralized bit of encroaching forest to the little pen of a schoolhouse where Patsy Nonly was spending her last stores of mortal strength.

The children were tumbling out, dismissed for the day, as I came in sight. When I stood at the door, I saw her, little Patsy, half sitting, half lying, on a bench against the wall.

Yes, she was ill, she was changed, she was older; but what was the meaning of the exquisite, soft happiness illuminating her face through its weariness?

She opened her eyes,—large and dark they looked,—and with a little cry came towards me. The tears were running unheeded down her cheeks when she slipped into my arms.

"Miss Matty, Miss Matty! Ah, how glad I am you come; you come in time for me to see you. Now I can speak to you. I can speak his name, my Elmore's name, to some one."

She slipped down on the floor and buried her face in my lap. She did not know!

When she looked up she was shining through her tears.

"You must n't think I'm unhappy because I cry," she said. "I'm goin' to him soon. God has been mighty good to me. But no one but you knows my heart is in the other world. It would n't 'a' seemed right to make his people mad at him by tellin' what he was to me after he was gone, and it's been most more than I had strength for to mourn him in secret, and

to look forward to seein' him in secret also. But I 'm happy, Miss Matty; God's mighty good to me!"

I arranged to return to the valley the next morning. I could not face this situation. For awhile I was in fear lest in some way she should learn the truth. I felt that the opportunity for so supreme and humorous a cruelty was one that chance would hardly miss. But I drew reason to my aid, and remembering how little ordinary gossip would shake her



AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

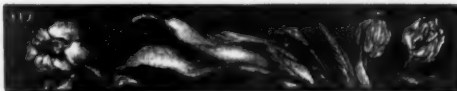
faith, and how short the time she had to live, it seemed probable that she would be allowed to die in peace.

Then—then?

There is an interrogation for you! I wanted to escape saying good-bye to her, but after I was in the little wagon that was to carry me down the greening mountain she came for a last word.

She was worn and wan, but the look of a person with a happy secret was in her eyes. She carried a mass of the early wild pink azaleas; she had gathered them herself,—it was a beautiful, life-stirring, spring day,—and her errand was to ask me to lay these for her sake on Elmore Claymore's grave.

*Viola Roseboro'.*





## AMBROGIO LORENZETTI.

(BORN ABOUT 1275, DIED 1348.)



**A**MONG the losses the world has to lament in the achievements of early Italian art the most important from the historical and one of the most important from the artistic point of view is that of the greater part of the works of Lorenzetti. The few things of his which remain, principally the pictures in the town hall of Siena, show an ability as painter and an intellectual largeness which none of the painters of that day except Giotto and Duccio rivaled, and which, in the particular vein in which religious art ran in those times, were even more subtle and mystical than those of Giotto himself. And though in the purely technical and dramatic powers which mark the universal artist and determine his rank to all time Giotto still reigns supreme, in that field which to his contemporaries was the most important, namely, the moral and didactic, Lorenzetti is as much alone. Vasari, whose own judgment in art seems to have been a very lame one, reflects the temper of an earlier and more religious time when he says:

If, as is certain, the debt is great that artists of genius owe to nature, much greater is ours towards them, seeing that they with so much earnestness fill our cities with noble buildings and useful and beautiful compositions of histories, reaping for themselves generally great fame and riches by their work, as did Ambrogio Lorenzetti, a Siennese painter who had a great and happy invention in composing thoughtfully, and posing his figures in his histories.

He then goes on to tell of the series in which Lorenzetti tells the story of a monk who goes to the Sultan and suffers martyrdom, and in which he seems, by Vasari's description, to have painted some remarkable and at that day unprecedented landscape effects, in which the blowing of the wind and the falling of the rain upon his personages are introduced. From all that we know of art contemporary with his, this was certainly a bold and daring invention, for even Giotto never treats landscape with any suggestion of the landscape spirit. The earliest attempt at a genuine landscape effect of which I know is in one of the Pinturicchio series in the library of the Duomo at Siena, in which is represented the storm which drove the ambassador of the Pope, Piccolomini, ashore in Africa; but this was more than a hundred years after Lorenzetti, and it is pretty certain that the work of which Vasari speaks as of his personal knowledge must have been seen by Pinturicchio. We

may therefore, without straining conjecture, conclude that the landscape of Lorenzetti was no more naturalistic than that of the later artist, who, with his predecessor's work before his eyes in Siena, could hardly have failed in the scope of his own, however he might in individual ability. For the rest the exceedingly interesting treatment of a stormy sky by Pinturicchio is an important lesson in the way in which the early painters—Pinturicchio was contemporary with Raphael—treated Nature; and this is not at all in the modern or naturalistic spirit, of which, in fact, even Vasari could have known nothing, so that when he lauds Lorenzetti's landscape he may indeed be right in calling it unprecedented without rendering a judgment which to us has the same significance that it had to him.

Vasari praises Lorenzetti's technical power, and especially his treatment of fresco and tempera, which indeed were the only methods known to him. He sent a panel with a sample of his work to Volterra, Siena's nearest neighbor, and was called there to paint for the churches; thence to Massa and to Florence, where he painted some pictures in San Procolo. Going to Cortona for another commission, he returned to Siena, where he passed the rest of his life in the highest honor in the state as painter and as man of letters. Vasari says of this part of his life:

Thenceforward he not only associated with literati and learned men, but was also employed with much honor and utility in the affairs of the republic. His habits were always of the most praiseworthy and rather those of the gentleman and philosopher than of the artisan, and, what most showed his prudence in human affairs, he had always his mind disposed to contentment with what the world and time gave him, whence he accepted with moderation and tranquillity the good and ill of fortune.

Then the biographer goes on in the moralizing vein to which the contemplation of the character of Lorenzetti had induced him, with a general conclusion not much in agreement with ours of to-day:

And truly it is impossible to say how much gentle manners and modesty, with other good moral qualities, are honorable company to all the arts, but especially to those which grow out of the intellect and noble and lofty genius—whence every one ought to make himself as acceptable by his manners as by this excellence of his art.

It is impossible to look into the world of art by any of those little peep-holes which these passages of personality give us, even in Vasari's time,—which was one of decadence in every quality of art and in most of intellect,—

without seeing that the artist of the three centuries prior to the death of Michael Angelo was a creature of very different influences from those which rule him to-day; was in all senses and directions a more serious, more largely developed, and more widely affiliated man than the men who rule the taste of to-day. The excessive and exclusive study of nature not only has narrowed and lowered art, but in so doing has restricted the field in which the greater intellects of the time can find a satisfactory range of activity. A man like Lorenzetti coming into the world to-day would be more likely to be in the pulpit or the professorial chair; the value of art as a moral or an intellectual lever is too little to-day to call his enthusiasm into its channels. He was a teacher, and allegory was in his day the form in which the moralities reached the world with most power. Though his works have mostly perished, those which remain in the council room of the town hall of Siena will show how he felt his art. He painted great allegories where Justice, Concord, and Peace were presented to the common mind with all the force of moral law. Justice is a crowned and royally robed woman on a golden throne, looking up to Wisdom, who stands above with a balance in her right hand and a book in her left; Justice, reaching out, holds the balance in equilibrium. From the right scale of the balance comes a winged genius who places a crown on the head of one man of two before it while decapitating the other, thus rewarding good and evil deeds. Another genius in the other scale gives a sword and a lance to one man and a box of money to his companion. The former is called Distributive Justice, the latter Compensatory. Under Justice sits crowned a richly appareled woman holding on her knees a plane with two handles where is written "Concordia." She holds two cords which pass through the hands of twenty-four persons, evidently well-disposed citizens, and thence to a gray-bearded man on the right, who sits on a bench above some others,—probably the symbol of the government of the city,—Civic Rule being crowned. He is robed in a black mantle with a vest covered with pearls and precious stones, and holds a scepter in his right hand to which the cords are attached. In his left he holds a shield with a Madonna and Child and the arms of Siena. Above him are the virtues, theological, moral, and civil, with a long metri-

cal inscription—probably the painter's. This is an explanation which needs a commentary, and is not easy of translation. It runs as follows:

Questa santa virtù la dove regge  
Induce ad unita le animi molti,  
E questi a ciò ricolti  
Ma ben comune per lor signor si fanno,  
Lo qual per governar suo stato elegge  
Di non tener già mai gli occhi rivolti  
Da lo splendore de volti  
Delle Virtù che turno [intorno] a lui si danno.  
Per questo con trionfo a lui si stanno:  
Censi tributi e signorie de terre.  
Per questo senza guerre  
Seguita poi ogni civili effetto  
Utile necessario e di diletto.

(TRANSLATION.)

This holy virtue where it rules  
Draws to unity the many minds,  
And these to that intent collected  
Work for their lord<sup>1</sup> the general good,  
And he to rule his state elects  
Never to turn his eyes away  
From the splendor of the faces  
Of the Virtues ranged around him.  
For this with triumph come to him:  
Praises, tributes, and lordship of lands.  
For this, without wars,  
Follows all civic influence  
Useful, necessary, and delightful.

The school of Lorenzetti has left many works from which the characteristics of his art may be seen, and his elder brother Pietro, though less celebrated and esteemed in their own day, was one of the eminent painters of the Sienese school. There is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts a picture of the school and by one of Ambrogio's scholars, who, though not known by name, is recognizable by his style. It preserves the quaint architectural framing and decorative accessories which were inherent in all work of that epoch from the Byzantine down to Masaccio, during which time painting was in the estimation of its patrons, the clergy, simply ecclesiastical furniture, a consideration which explains why the pictures were so frequently repainted, or even simply renewed by whitewashing. Whatever might have been the ideas of the artists, the clergy were until a late period in the Renaissance utterly indifferent to the artistic merit of their decoration, and the period of enlightenment was of brief duration.

Lorenzetti is supposed to have died in the plague of 1348.

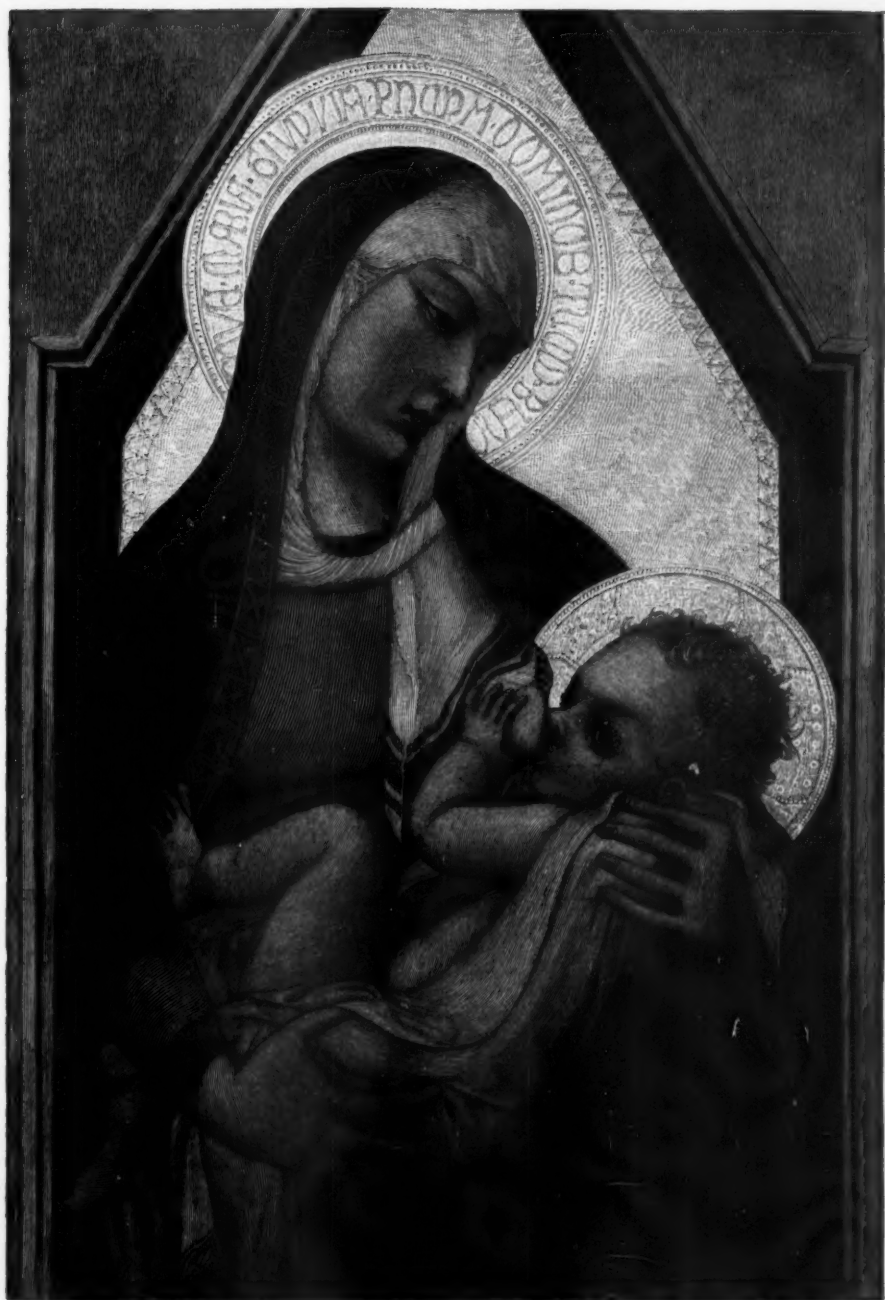
W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE Madonna and Child of Ambrogio Lorenzetti is in the sacristy chapel of the Church of S. Francesco, Siena. Being underneath the little window of the chapel and covered with glass, it is not in a very

favorable light; but towards the afternoon, when the sun shines in upon the white walls of the place, it is seen to better advantage by the reflected light. It is painted upon a panel, in tempera, and measures about thirty

<sup>1</sup> The graybeard shown in the picture.



MADONNA AND CHILD, BY AMBROGIO LORENZETTI.

(IN THE OLD SACRISTY OF THE CHURCH OF S. FRANCESCO, SIENA.)



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY



or thirty-two inches high by eighteen or twenty inches wide. In my reproduction of it I have cut off a portion of the Gothic point, in order to get the figures larger upon the block; so by continuing the sloping lines of each side to a point you have the shape of the original.

I first saw a photograph of this picture at the studio of Mr. Murray in Florence, who referred to it as the finest and best preserved of all this master's works. It is soft and rich in coloring. The background and glories are gilded, the latter being elaborately and delicately worked. The robe of the Madonna, which falls down from her head, is of a rich dark blue with a border of soft brown. Her breast and her sleeve are of a fine soft tone of red. The rest of her garment, showing underneath the Child, is of some deep tone of green or blue. The white veil or linen around her head and falling over her breast is finely contrasted with the mellow tones of the flesh. The drapery of the Child is of a yellowish tone, and blends very harmoniously with the color of his skin. The whole is a warm and pleasing combination of color, and forms one of the finest examples in this respect of the Sienese school. There is a dignified air of tenderness in the Madonna, and the

soul of the mother is seen in the way she holds her Child. It is the most motherly Madonna I have seen. And how true a child it is, with both its little hands clasped about the breast! Something has attracted its attention, and it instinctively strikes this attitude as it endeavors to glance around, which gives the crescent form to the white of the eye and which many a father has noticed, especially in his first-born, under like circumstances. It is this which arrests the attention of the beholder and fixes it upon the main object of interest. It is a perfectly natural expression in an infant, and, selected and portrayed in a picture such as the present, it assumes a singular air of importance, and suggests in a most artless manner the supernatural character of the Child.

AN excellent work by Lorenzetti is in the Gallery of the Belle Arti, Florence—"The Presentation in the Temple," one of his very finest works, and from which I should have selected a detail had not the picture in Siena presented the advantage of giving a full-page illustration, and so disposing of the necessity for cutting out a detail, always a painful thing to have to do.

*T. Cole.*

## SOME ASPECTS OF THE SAMOAN QUESTION.

BY THE SPECIAL COMMISSIONER SENT BY THE UNITED STATES TO SAMOA IN 1886.



SAMOA is very far away and hitherto little known, but in spite of these conditions discussion has disclosed the fact that there still remains in the American people, regardless of party lines, the instinct of self-assertion and of adherence to honorable engagements, whether express or implied, always characteristic of our people. The settlement of the Pacific coast and of the great interior regions of our country has been so rapid that it requires a mental effort even now to realize that in place of a confederation of States lying mainly between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean, with the narrow strip upon the Pacific coast, we have now a great empire stretching from ocean to ocean, in which, between the Missouri River and California, great and populous States will soon replace vast unsettled Territories. In the near future the interests of the Pacific coast will be equal to those of the Atlantic, and it is possibly fortunate that the Samoan difficulty has arisen to awaken the minds of our Eastern people to the true extent of our interest in the Pacific.

Owing to the active operations of European powers in absorbing Polynesian groups, there

remain but three principal groups of islands respecting which this Government may concern itself actively without grave complications. These are Hawaii, Samoa, and Tonga; and with the Government of each of these groups the United States has now entered into treaty stipulations. A glance at the map will show that all these island groups are situated in longitude east of the extreme north-western possessions of the United States, and all of them are east of the 180th meridian, and therefore within the Western Hemisphere. Taking the two latter groups together the distance from the equator varies little from that of Hawaii, and between Hawaii and Samoa in the line of longitude there are no islands of importance.

The position of Samoa, with respect to lower Mexico and the Isthmian coast, is relatively the same as that of Hawaii with respect to the California coast. Hawaii and Samoa are equally distant from the Isthmus; Samoa being in the direct line of trade to Australia, and the course from the Isthmus to China lying equally distant between the two groups.

The necessity for our insisting upon and even guaranteeing the neutrality of the Isthmus of Panama, with respect to any canals being constructed, is a conceded point in American diplomacy. It has been frequently asserted that the importance of the Sandwich Islands

as a strategic point with reference to the commerce of the Pacific is of equal importance to us with that of the Isthmus of Panama, and brings these islands equally within the range of an American commercial policy. If this be so, certainly the neutrality of Samoa, of no greater distance from the Isthmus and lying more immediately in the track of our future commerce, is of greater importance than even that of Hawaii.

The treaty relations of Samoa with the Great Powers may be briefly stated. In 1872 Commander Meade, U. S. N., entered into an agreement with Mauga, the great chief of Tutuila, under which there was granted to this Government the exclusive privilege of a naval station for the use and convenience of the vessels of the United States Government, and it was expressly stipulated that a like privilege should not be granted to any other foreign power or potentate. The consideration of this grant was the friendship and protection of the great Government of the United States of America. In January, 1878, a treaty was entered into between the Governments of the United States and Samoa, in which the right of the United States to the use of the port of Pago-Pago was solemnly affirmed. And in another article the Government of the United States undertook to employ its good offices for the purpose of adjusting any differences which might thereafter arise between the Samoan Government and any other Government.

The German treaty with Samoa was made in January, 1879, and it secured to the German Government the right to a coaling station in the harbor of Saluafata. The British treaty with Samoa was made in August, 1879, authorizing the establishment of a naval station and coaling depot on the shores of a Samoan harbor to be thereafter designated, excluding expressly the harbors of Apia and Saluafata and that part of the harbor of Pago-Pago to be selected by the United States as a station under the provisions of its treaty. On September 2, 1879, what was known as the Municipal Convention for the government of the town and district of Apia was entered into between the Governments of Great Britain and Samoa, and to this the representatives of the German Government became parties absolutely, and the representatives of the United States provisionally, subject to the approval of their Government. This convention, under which that part of Samoa inhabited by foreigners was actually governed, although not submitted to the Senate, and therefore not a treaty, was in fact acquiesced in by our Government, which joined in its execution as a convenient medium of local administration.

As the result of these treaty relations, the

representatives of the United States, Great Britain, and Germany have in fact, from 1879 to the disruption of the municipal government by Germany, carried on a tolerably efficient municipal government in the district of Apia, and they have also from time to time interfered either to make or to preserve the peace in the various native wars. Whether right or wrong, it is too late to discuss the question of intervention in Samoan affairs; what must now be decided is, whether after an active and continued intervention of more than ten years we shall make ourselves felt or shall retire from the field.

There has been much discussion whether intervention in Samoan affairs is within the limits of the Monroe doctrine. It must be remembered that when the Monroe doctrine found its expression in the famous message of 1823 the only points at which the encroachments of the European nations could cause any apprehension were in Central and South America and in the West India islands. Any sensible attempt to limit this doctrine and apply it at the present time must necessarily seek to ascertain the underlying principle and not the mere terms in which it was couched. The keynote of that doctrine was not a philanthropic desire to preserve the Central and South American republics from European interference, but it was to prevent any such extension of the European system within this hemisphere as might be dangerous to our peace and safety. In plain language, self-preservation and not philanthropy was the end which Mr. Monroe had in mind. It would be absurd to apply this doctrine in any technical sense; but even if a fair interpretation of it would exclude from its operation such a group of islands as Samoa, it is only necessary to remember that Mr. Monroe in his day could not possibly have conceived that the time would come when Hawaii and Samoa would be more closely connected with our national interests than any one of the South American republics can ever become.

The Monroe doctrine was a rule of expression and not of exclusion. It was a statement by a far-seeing and patriotic man that certain things then apprehended would not be submitted to. Doubtless it could never have entered into his mind to conceive that his expression at that time would be tortured into a limitation of the powers of this Government to forbid in 1889 such interference by European nations in the affairs of other countries as would be far more detrimental to the peace and safety of the United States than that which was apprehended in 1823, and against which the declaration of Monroe was particularly aimed. But Mr. Monroe builded wiser than he knew. It was not against an extension of the European

system to the American continent that he protested, but to any portion of this hemisphere, and the uniform course of our diplomacy negatives the idea that the application of the Monroe doctrine is merely continental. Dr. Wharton, during the last four years the learned legal adviser of the State Department, in his excellent Digest of International Law classifies our action respecting Hawaii and Samoa among "special applications" of this doctrine. If, however, by any technicality, whether of reasoning or of expression, the Monroe doctrine is to be limited to exclude Samoa, we may trust the genius of our people to find some new doctrine which, legitimately succeeding that of 1823, will adjust itself to our changed condition and protect our national interests from the tendencies of Great Britain and Germany, which, not content with desiring as much as they can seize of "the earth," have actually entered into a solemn covenant to divide and make partition of the sea.<sup>1</sup>

The question, What interest have we in Samoa? is not a difficult one to answer. In the first place, we are committed to the Samoans to see to it that no final disposition of their Government shall be made without our assent. The diplomatic correspondence on this subject between our Government and the Governments of Great Britain and Germany, and the conduct of our official representatives in Samoa, are susceptible of no other interpretation than that, whether rightly or wrongly, we have assumed the position that no adjustment of the internal affairs of Samoa should be made except by the consent of our Government as one of the three treaty powers. From this position it is impossible for us to retreat without dishonor.

Again, intervention is necessary for the protection of the persons and property of our own citizens residing in that country. It has been abundantly demonstrated that these are not safe with Germany dominating a so-called Samoan Government.

But above and beyond the mere property interests of individual Americans is the greater national interest for the preservation of the neutrality of this group. We require a naval and coaling station in that part of the Pacific. No better illustration could be had of this than the fact that, having in 1887 exhausted the supply of coal which we sent to the harbor of Pago-Pago during President Grant's administration, our single naval vessel at Apia was obliged to send 2500 miles to Sydney for coal; and when events recently required our Government to send three or four war vessels to Samoa it was also necessary to send a naval vessel as a store-ship, with coal as a deck-load.

<sup>1</sup> Treaty between Great Britain and Germany, April 6, 1886.

But the crowning interest of the United States in preserving the neutrality of Samoa grows out of its commanding position in the Pacific. This has been already stated, but can be better appreciated by observing it on a globe or a map than from any written statement. In a comparatively recent diplomatic paper Hawaii was said to be the key of maritime dominion in the Pacific. This was true under the former conditions of Pacific navigation, the direction of the trade winds making Honolulu a necessary point of call for all vessels bound to and from our Western coast; true, to a less extent, it still is, even under the ever-changing conditions of trans-Pacific commerce. But even now, of the two great steamship lines sailing from San Francisco, one finds its most direct course lying between the Samoan Islands of Upolu and Tutuila. And it is well understood in California that, were there facilities for landing freight on a pier at Apia, the trade of that port would already be sufficient to tempt the Oceanic Steamship Company to make it a point of call. Under all existing disadvantages, in 1886 there were landed at Apia over \$200,000 worth of American goods, shipped by sailing vessels from San Francisco. Even during the nine weeks of my stay in that vicinity I saw three sailing ships unload their cargoes, consigned to American and English merchants. The position of Apia makes it a distributing point for a large portion of Polynesia, whose islands are continually increasing in that demand for manufactured goods that keeps pace with the civilization which continually enlarges the circle of human wants.

It cannot be doubted that these islands, with Australia, will open up markets more than sufficient to absorb our surplus production, which a more enlightened economic policy will ere long teach our producers to distribute to the world rather than to store it up in warehouses or to contract it by trusts and other devices, while waiting for the alternate ebb and flow of the domestic demand.

The construction of an Isthmian canal is now a mere matter of time, and when the world's commerce floats through such a channel it needs no prophet to assure us that Hawaii will resign to Samoa the key of the maritime dominion of the Pacific. Surely no argument is needed to show what will then be the value of a healthy autonomous nationality, planted almost in the center of the Western ocean, where the commerce which we yet hope to see carried on under our flag as formerly may find ports of supply and repair in time of peace and of refuge in war. Can it be that American foresight is so lost and American prowess so dead that, having acquired the right to insist upon Samoan neutrality, we should hesitate to enforce it promptly

and at any reasonable hazard? Indeed, above and beyond all mere material considerations, there is involved our national self-respect. As before stated, no possible distinction can be drawn between our relations with Hawaii and Samoa except that the latter has become the more important, in view of the certainty of an Isthmian canal. We have unqualifiedly committed ourselves to the maintenance, by force if necessary, of the independence of Hawaii.<sup>1</sup> It has been repeatedly asserted that its position makes it a part of the American system. The uniform tone of our diplomatic utterances on this subject renders it needless to do more than to refer to a few of the late expressions of our Government.

Considerations already stated require that the same policy should equally apply to Samoa. Mr. Frelinghuysen on December 8, 1883, refused to interfere against the annexation of the New Hebrides, then agitated in Australia, because they were allied rather to Australia than Polynesia. But he added that the circumstances were different with Hawaii and Samoa, which had "so asserted and maintained a separate national life as to entitle them to entrance, by treaty stipulations and establishing forms of competent self-government, into the family of nations."

The examination of the diplomatic history of the Samoan question is beyond the limits of this paper, but it may be confidently affirmed that from the day of our treaty until now we have assumed the right to insist upon Samoan autonomy. Nay, more, we have by official utterances and action led Samoa to rely upon our assurances; we have tied the hands of the king whom we recognized, and have led him to refrain from the easy suppression of rebellion by the promise of endeavors "to secure permanent native government for Samoa"; we have stood by and watched the rebellion grow, under the inaction which we counseled and morally compelled, until this patient king was kidnapped and torn from his people, and his followers left to be slaughtered with the active coöperation of one of the powers with which we still keep up the pretense of negotiation about the autonomy of Samoa.

Under these circumstances is it too much to assert that our national self-respect is involved in making and enforcing a demand that this people who have relied upon us be put back to the condition in which they were when we began to mislead them?

Equally must we insist that, since Germany and Great Britain have constantly assented to Samoan independence as the base of all the

negotiations and upon that assent we have interfered with the native struggle, the same self-respect should compel us to hold them to their assurances even were our national interest less vital than it is.

The course pursued by Germany, the insults to our citizens and our flag, and more than all to our Government itself, in deceiving us with assurances which were belied by simultaneous inconsistent action, certainly should forbid further efforts in the direction of coöperative action until disclaimers are accompanied with "fruits meet for repentance."

The tearing down and treading underfoot of the emblem of our nationality, in a private house, by German sailors, may not be technically a *casus belli*, but it might be considered, when encouraged by local officials, as sufficient reason for intermitting the ordinary diplomatic assurances of our distinguished consideration.

The details of these matters cannot now be touched upon, but if the conclusions be challenged the facts can be readily established from the documentary history of the past three years.

But if we were to intervene—how? The only consistent policy for our Government was to require the restoration of the *status quo* existing when we were in conference with Great Britain and Germany. This necessarily involved the return of Malietoa and the opportunity for the Samoans to choose their king untrammelled by local foreigners, whether officials or others. Then it was imperative to require Germany to desist from assuming that preponderating control which we refused to give her when the conference was broken off. Above all it was requisite to make our demands known in a tone which even the German Chancellor could not misunderstand. There was scarcely to be apprehended any danger of war. With Boulangism—the synonym for revenge upon Germany—rampant in France; with Russia watching her opportunity; with the North German Lloyds, to say nothing of other commerce, a ready prey for our cruisers, Germany could hardly be thought likely to go to war with us over Samoa. But if it had been otherwise, even war, terrible as it is, is better than dishonor, which in a nation should crimson the cheek of every citizen as readily as the blow of a gauntlet did that of the knight of old.

There are ample precedents for armed interference by the navy to prevent such indignities to their persons and injury to their property as Americans in Samoa have been subjected to. The bombardment of Greytown by Captain Ingraham was for no other reason than that our citizens and others associated with them in business were subjected to gross indignities and injuries by local authorities who

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Legaré, June 13, 1843; President Fillmore's Annual Message, 1851; Mr. Fish, March 25, 1873; Mr. Blaine, November 19 and December 1, 1881.



were British, but claimed to act under authority of a native king, just as the Germans in Samoa tried to cover themselves with the scanty mantle of Tamasese. The commander of the *Cyane* bombarded the town to punish the local authorities, and he returned home to receive the approval of his Government and the plaudits of his countrymen. Similar action was directed by President Monroe, in 1817, in the case of Amelia Island. And General Jackson, in his seventh annual message, admirably stated the principle upon which such intervention rests, with the citation of which we may conclude:

Unfortunately many of the nations of this hemisphere are still so tortured by domestic dissensions.

Revolution succeeds revolution, injuries are committed upon foreigners engaged in lawful pursuits. Much time elapses before a Government sufficiently stable is erected to justify expectation of redress. Ministers are sent and received, and before the discussion of past injuries is fairly begun fresh troubles arise; but too frequently new injuries are added to the old to be discussed together with the existing Government after it has proved its ability to sustain the assaults made upon it, or with its successor if overthrown. If this unhappy condition of things continues much longer other nations will be under the painful necessity of deciding whether justice to their suffering citizens does not require a prompt redress of injuries by their own power without waiting for the establishment of a Government competent and enduring enough to discuss and make satisfaction for them.

*George H. Bates.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The First Inauguration.

IT is not so much to the mere passing of an historical milestone that so many men's thoughts turn back, this month,<sup>1</sup> to the first inauguration of a President under the Constitution, as to the commemoration of the critical point in the development of the United States. History has changed its point of view of late years. It used to be thought that the accomplishment of national unity by the former English colonies of central North America was merely an evidence of the great political wisdom of our forefathers. Now it is conceived that national unity was the fit and natural line of development; that countless natural forces, seen and unseen, tended to drive the colonies, however unwilling, in that direction; that, successfully resisting these forces and missing their true road, they would have struggled hopelessly for all time in shallows and in miseries; but that, finding the true road, they have gone on triumphantly to achieve their destiny and become the great Republic. And, as the historical indication that the true road had been found at last, the first inauguration must have peculiar interest for every American.

Even from the purely human side, however, the event is very far from being confined to natural forces; it had its great personal element of such clear prominence as to give it a far higher interest. The emergency was so serious that the wisest of men saw and said that upon a rejection of the Constitution the course of events would turn to the establishment of national unity by armed force of some sort. And yet, in spite of the most singular errors on the part of the people, it never came to violence; we must go to the annals of other peoples to study the agonies of the birth of a nation in the throes of armed revolution. And, as the first inaugura-

tion showed that the American people had yielded wisely and peacefully to the demands of their natural position, every historical student must see how appropriate it was that Washington, whose existence, character, and influence had made that form of peaceful solution possible, should have been the central figure of the ceremony — the first President.

The belief is not uncommon that Washington had been the leader of the people before and through, as well as out of, the armed struggle against the British ministry. But the course of events which led to war was singularly lacking in leaders of national influence. Almost the only one who approached that position was Franklin. The people of the middle and New England colonies had faith in the common sense of Poor Richard; and, when his course was seen to be veering towards an apparent support of resistance, the silent influence of the fact was very considerable. But no contemporary would have dreamed of rating the Virginia colonel, during the twenty years after 1756, within many degrees of the hard-headed Pennsylvania printer as a leader. Until the recognition of Washington's usefulness on the military committee of the First Continental Congress, he was merely one who had done good service in the French and Indian War, and was now hardly to be distinguished from any other Virginia gentleman.

And so the character of Washington developed through twenty years of inglorious obscurity. There were examples in plenty in his time, as in ours, of the truth of Bacon's famous saying as to the varying effects of reading, writing, and conversation on man's development. Washington has left no special evidence that his development took any of these roads. It seems to have been a case in which a strong spirit, guided by strong sense, grew into greatness by constant thinking; by freedom from conventionalizing association with

<sup>1</sup> It is familiar history that the inauguration was to take place at New York City March 4, 1789, according to the vote of the Congress of the Confederation; but that the shiftless habits learned under the Confederation, difficulties of travel, etc., delayed the

ceremony until April 30. There is nothing sacred or even constitutional in March 4 as an inauguration day. The Congress of the Confederation named the first Wednesday in March, which in 1789 was the fourth day of the month.

others, and by the development of an individuality, strong, natural, and always and instinctively honest and true. No four years in college will graduate a man in such a course as this; and it is not likely that one of these twenty years of silent training was superfluous.

It is an open secret that, so far from being the real authors of American independence, the "fathers of the republic," through the pettiness, self-seeking, or cowardice of many of them, and the short-sightedness of others, were often about the most serious obstacle in Washington's path. But that path never once swerved from the straight line of absolute rectitude which was the fruit of twenty years' self-discipline, nor had it gone far before the "plain people" all over the continent, recognizing in the General-in-Chief their ideal, gave him a universal and loyal affection which the politicians of his time never freely offered. From the "time that tried men's souls" down to the day of his death, Washington was the unique political force of the country. The fact that his tried judgment, unselfishness, and crystal honesty approved or disapproved a measure was decisive with the mass of the people. History has no scales in which to weigh the incomparable political advantage of the American people in having such a character among them at such a time; but one is safe in ascribing to that fact the peace, security, and order of the process by which the transformation from an imperfect to a finished national Constitution was accomplished. And when New York City commemorates, this month, the first inauguration, it is but fitting that the occasion should be permeated with the personality of Washington, in the spirit of Lowell's noble apostrophe to Virginia in his ode, "Under the Old Elm":

Mother of States and undiminished men,  
Thou gavest us a country, giving him,  
And we owe alway what we owed thee then.

And yet the "plain people" of his time should not be denied the merit, great in any people, of a prompt and whole-souled recognition of their ideal in the great man as he came into their horizon. They did not kill the prophet who had been sent to them, but followed him reverently, affectionately, and to their country's highest good. One place of honor after another was thrust upon him, and not one of them with the trace of an effort to obtain it. His most confidential correspondence shows invariably the same sincere conviction, whenever any such advancement was proposed for him, that it was entirely beyond the range of his abilities and that it was his duty to urge the selection of some one else. The popular recognition of his sincerity deserves to be recorded. It was an honor to both sides — Washington's unaffected reluctance to accept the offices provided for him, and the people's intense belief that he was the Heaven-sent occupant of those particular positions.

Have our people changed their ideal or changed their nature in the past century? It would seem that one or other of these events has taken place, in the view of shrewd politicians. This is a period of our history in which a vacancy in office is a signal for self-seeking candidates for nominations on either side to publish and push their "claims," to trumpet the superiority of their chances, to have their committees,

workers, newspaper organs, and all the other apparatus of self-laudation, carefully overseen by themselves and paid for by themselves or their admirers. Is this the way in which the American people of this generation is condemned to seek and discover its ideal? Then must we say, still in Lowell's words, but with a tinge of deeper longing and regret:

Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still  
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;  
Not honored then or now because he wooed  
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;  
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one  
Who was all this and ours, and all men's,—WASHINGTON.

#### Constitutional Amendments.

As this is one of our eras of great striving and cry for reforms of various kinds, it is probable that we shall hear a great many proposals of amendments to the Constitution of the United States, as if the suggestion of even the best of amendments gave it any more real chance of life than if it were meritless. It is therefore necessary to retain, as a very prominent element of our political consciousness, the knowledge that the adoption of any isolated amendment is now a matter of such enormous difficulty as to be practically impossible. The time may come when some amendment shall evidently have behind it, as in the case of the civil war amendments, so general a popular and party interest as to "rush" it over all the inevitable obstacles; but that time is not now. The reform which is limited to the road of constitutional amendment may besiege the entrance to it until it dies of inanition; it must abandon hope long before it even enters.

The very first difficulties are those of mere constitutional machinery, which Sir H. S. Maine has stated with so much Tory gusto that his statement has already become classical. They are obstacles which the people imposed upon their own action in the original constitution in order to guard against what was supposed, a century ago, to be democracy's characteristic turbulence and impatient desire for change. A change in the English constitution, no matter how radical, needs only a majority vote in the two houses of Parliament; and in practice a determined majority in the House of Commons will insure a majority in both houses. A change in the American Constitution demands, at the very beginning, a two-thirds' majority in both houses of Congress. Every one familiar with such matters knows that the difficulty of getting a two-thirds' majority in either house is far more than a geometrical increase over that of getting a simple majority; and that a two-thirds' majority in both houses is a difficulty almost geometrically greater still. Here the framers of the Constitution might have stopped, but they did not. They provided that the amendment, after passing the gauntlet of Congress, should not be valid until ratified by three-fourths of the State legislatures. As there are now 38 States, three-fourths means 29; and, as each of these bodies has two absolutely independent houses, this means that the budding amendment must find friends to introduce it, champions to fight for it, and a majority to support it, in each of 58 separate legislative bodies, each with its peculiar interests, prejudices, and characteristics. Who can name any single amendment which is at all likely ever to be backed by such popular interest, the country over, as

to command such wholesale legislative support as this? <sup>1</sup>

It cannot be said, either, that the mass of the American people feel any dissatisfaction with these restrictions on their power of change. Their general mental attitude has had an odd illustration during the past winter. One of our leading weekly journals sent out a request to a number of distinguished gentlemen to enumerate the points in which they believe that the Constitution should be amended. Then, having advertised his action, and reserved a sufficient portion of the next issue, the editor awaited the responses. With one exception, they came in the shape of curt notes stating broadly that the distinguished gentlemen were certain that the Constitution, unchanged and reasonably construed, was quite good enough still for all the needs of the country. The editor closed the account with a protesting list of amendments which, to his thinking, deserved consideration at least. Very many of us are strongly inclined to agree with the editor, but the people are not. The responses in this case are a peculiarly clear indication of the popular indifference, since they come from our distinguished men, whose office, the true *noblesse oblige* of a democracy, is to reflect the prevailing type of their people.

If this be substantially true of "distinguished men," it is even more so of the men who declare the law—the judges. On any theory of the source and origin of law, it must be admitted that no law, whatever the forms under which it is passed, has much chance of life unless it is in harmony with the spirit and temper of the people. In this respect the judges also reflect the popular type. Even when an amendment passes the congressional Scylla and the Charybdis of the legislatures, as did the civil war amendments, the judges will always be apt to meet it, as in their case, and prune its scope and meaning into entire harmony with the general system to which it was intended and supposed to be a radical change.

The politicians, apart from their natural desire to pose as distinguished Americans, have found a further use for this constitutional American trait; they have made it their Golgotha for embarrassing reforms, their easiest way of how not to do it. If they could persuade the Prohibitionist that he must confine his efforts to obtaining a constitutional amendment, there would be a long breath of relief, at the South as well as at the North. If they attack ballot reform, it is always by selecting some essential point, declaring it in conflict with the Constitution, and asking that that be covered by an amendment; that is, that it and the whole scheme with it be postponed to the Greek Kalends. Garfield's death and the popular feeling growing out of it gave civil-service reform a considerable exemption from the parallel charge of being an unconstitutional restriction upon the President's appointing power. If the present efforts to secure uniformity in marriage, divorce, and interstate extradition law were as distasteful to the "old war horses" of either party, complaint would

soon be made that the proper constitutional road to the end in view would have been the adoption of an amendment permitting States to form combinations or alliances for such purposes.

It seems hardly necessary to do more than present such considerations as these to show that any isolated amendment starts on a course of predestined neglect or ill-usage to an inevitable failure. It may be that changes in the Constitution are likely to be made through a second convention, like that of 1787. It would propose a number of amendments together; and, though these would not necessarily be at all interdependent, those of them which should be sufficiently in harmony with the genius of the people would undoubtedly have, in the common support of only slightly different interests, a prospect of success such as no isolated amendment can ever command.

But the second convention seems very far off, and its road is as yet as hopeless as that of the single amendment. This fact postpones many reforms indefinitely, for the maintenance of constitutional orthodoxy, of a high standard of popular knowledge and of respect for the details of the Constitution, is itself a continuing process of reform, outweighing in importance other more pretentious claims. But there are some cases where the provision of the Constitution is not so much mandatory as permissive; where the agent, by giving up a constitutional privilege, while shirking no constitutional duty, may clear the way for great reforms. Ought the President to be considered as acting unconstitutionally when he restricts the appointing power by bringing new classes of public servants under the civil-service rules? or the House of Representatives, if it should consent to accept as final the decision of Federal judges on disputed cases under a general election law? In default of any possibility of an amendment at present, the charge of unconstitutionality, as a barrier to such reforms as these, seems hardly worthy to be final; here, at least, is a fair substitute for an amendment.

#### The Coast and the Navy.

SMALL as is the excuse for the recent system of international armament in time of peace adopted by the governments of Europe, there would be even less excuse for a voluntary assumption of the burdens of the system by the United States. To enter upon such a course would be to give up at once all the advantages of the wise policy which has guided American diplomacy from the beginning. The nation which, through the kind offices of three thousand miles of stormy ocean, can afford to decline on principle all manner of "entangling alliances," to confine its attention mainly to its own continent, and to ignore the diplomatic combinations and policy of the Old World, has an advantage which it would be folly to forego. Up to the present time the path of wisdom has been readily perceived and willingly followed by the Ameri-

<sup>1</sup> The difficulties have been overcome in the first ten amendments, which were almost a part of the original instrument, though two others founded after passing the congressional barrier (see Professor McMaster's article in this number); in the XIIIth Amendment, which had behind it the selfish interests of the States; in the XIIth Amendment, which had behind it the determination of the dominant party to make the electoral system a trifle at least more democratic; and in the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth Amendments, which had behind them

the determination of the dominant party to gather up and store away the successive results of the civil war. The congressional difficulty was also surmounted in 1867 by an amendment forbidding American citizens to accept foreign honors, and in 1861, by the narrowest of margins, by Douglas's proposed XIIIth Amendment. But neither of these had any real or general impelling force behind it; the latter was ratified by but two States, and the former still hangs in limbo, and it would be difficult to say whether it is now constitutionally dead or alive.

can people and their most trusted leaders; and the spirit of which the so-called Monroe Doctrine is really but a narrow phase has governed American policy from Washington's time onwards.

However it may have been in the early years of weakness, it has become more and more evident, as the nation has grown more powerful, that its traditional attitude of neutrality is not the result of fear. European governments have been progressively more willing to permit the American Republic to go on its own undisturbed course in consideration of the fact that their own system was not to be disturbed by the entrance into it of this new planet whose possible attracting influences were so far beyond calculation. This steadily neutral position of a great and growing nation has been of the highest service to all neutrals, whose interests are regularly those of civilization itself. The American Government, by accepting and supporting those principles of international law which have seemed in accordance with abstract justice and natural law, and rejecting or resisting such as were the product of mere local jealousies, European policy, or overmastering force, has been able, with the slow acquiescence of older governments, to do far more than its share in that amelioration of the intercourse among nations which has been the hope of all the great publicists since Grotius. With some few errors, the international record of his country is one on which an American may look with satisfaction and pride.

Events seem to be tending towards the imperiling of this historical position of the United States. It was probably inevitable that there should be some change for the worse as the process of armament in other countries became more intense. Although the foreign commerce of the country has diminished to a miserable showing, and the people have shown again and again that they have sufficient self-restraint to reject even the most tempting opportunities of foreign annexation or conquest, yet it should be remembered that reasons or excuses for the clashing of American and foreign interests must recur, and that every such rude contact with an armed nation contains the germ of a possible war. This is an age in which neutrals have fallen upon evil times. There are countries which would be but weak antagonists for ours in a war for which both were fully prepared, but which have provided in advance iron-clad navies strong enough to lay San Francisco or the Atlantic or Gulf cities hopelessly under contribution from the declaration of war. Under such circumstances, is the great American Republic to trust supinely for safety to luck or to the forbearance of other governments? Spain or Chili could do our coasts more damage in six months than we could recoup by final war indemnities, even if we took possession of the whole of the offending country. Nor is it so certain as is often assumed that their naval success would be limited to the first six months of a war, with a series of retributive victories over them during the remainder of the hostilities: how or where are we to build a navy when every nook and corner of our coasts is open to entrance and search by a superior iron-clad force? It may be thought that we have only to accumulate money in order to have guns and iron-clads at command, and that we have nothing to fear while the Clyde is open and our treasury has a surplus. But we ourselves are responsible for a case which fairly bris-

les with awkward precedents as to the duties of neutrals in preventing the sale of armed vessels to either of two belligerents; and it is not likely that the precedents would ever be disregarded in favor of the United States. All the modern circumstances unite to demand a care in fortifying our coasts, and a liberality of expenditure upon our navy, such as have not been thought of before; but there is not necessarily any waste involved. The case is simply that of the belated traveler, who, knowing that his road is infested with foot-pads, goes to the expense of providing himself with a pistol.

There are many evidences, however, that the intoxication of warlike expenditure is not to spend its force in simply making the nation's coasts and commerce safe; that the sense of power and the combative instinct grow as they are fed. There are in every country, our own being no exception, newspapers and public men who are always ready to float on the crest of a wave of popular passion, no matter whither it may be driving, or on what inhospitable shore it is to break in tumultuous surf at last. The case will bring its peculiar temptations for the United States, for the navy is just that branch of the service for which our people have a traditional weakness, and on which they will spend the public money with least complaint. We may still echo the fine saying of Webster, in his appeal to Congress in 1814 for a naval rather than a land war: "Even our party divisions, acrimonious as they are, cease at the water's edge."

The dangers involved are of course too great to admit of parsimony. It was a pleasant jest of Washington's, when some one in the Convention of 1787 moved a permanent restriction of the standing army to 5000 men, to suggest as an amendment a solemn constitutional requirement that no enemy should ever invade the United States with more than 3000; and we should take care not to expose ourselves to the spirit of the sarcasm. But when the building of a single vessel has come to cost millions of dollars, instead of the modest two or three hundred thousand which sufficed to build even a 74-gun ship in 1815; when scores of ambitious naval officers are anxious to show a clear justification for this expenditure; and when the thoughtless people who are always ready to have every fancied insult wiped out in blood are the ones who are apt to be heard first, loudest, and most persistently, who shall say there is no possible danger in the "new navy"? It is beyond question that it is a necessity; but in yielding for the time to the evident necessity it should be with the determination that the war-spirit shall find no further admission to the American policy than an honest, though liberal, estimate of the necessity of the case shall require.

The interests with which this Congress and the next are to deal are vast, varied, and delicate. It is of course the first business of our legislators to see that the Republic receives no detriment. But the provision for this duty should not be made the means of transferring the once great neutral Republic to the list of quasi-belligerents who now give an added stigma to the term civilization by their system of permanent armament. A failure to guard this point would rank as one of the most unfortunate events in the history of international law.



## Republicanism in France.

THE difficulty in the definition of a republic is a familiar one. Every one speaks of France, but not of Russia, as a republic; and few will deny that Great Britain, spite of crown and aristocracy, is nearly as much entitled to be called a republic as she ever will be. Perhaps a rough but satisfactory definition would make a republic a representative government, in which democracy is the rule for the individual, while there is just enough centralization in the government to secure a good working administration. Examined by this test, it would seem that our Confederation, for example, did not deserve to be called a republic, or anything more than a congeries of republics, by reason of its lack of centralization; and it is to be feared that the French Republic is as little deserving of the title, by reason of its superabundance of centralization.

Frenchmen are not generally flyaways; in most of the relations of life they are sober, calculating, foresighted, forehanded men. Few of them are so low in the scale of economic humanity as to be without some small stake in the welfare of the country: why should any considerable number of them desire in politics to give life and movement to such episodes as that to which General Boulanger has given name and perhaps fame? It may very well be that the lack of balance already referred to will furnish an answer. The essential elements of democracy, the equality of all men before the law, and the right of each man to declare his will by vote on the subjects which lie nearest to him, are now features of the French political system. They have not yet been carried to an ideal point, perhaps; but almost every change of government in this century is a landmark for some advance in this direction. The last twenty years in particular have seen a distinct and new development in the disposition of Frenchmen to assert for themselves not only the republican privilege of choosing national representatives, but the democratic privilege of managing their own immediate concerns, either directly or through local assemblies. By this development the French voter, if he has got nothing else, has gained the power to annoy the Government. It becomes then a serious question how far the political system of the country has been so subjected to parallel development as to avoid giving voters provocation for such annoyances.

We are somewhat familiar in this country with the name and attributes of the so-called "spoils system." Some of its evil effects have been covered over by the natural capacity of most Americans for executive work; even when "rotated" into office they are apt to do their work far better than there was any good reason to expect. But the evil effects cannot be concealed altogether. Defalcations and scandals in one department of Government work after another sap the confidence of the voters in the party which permits them. Even such minor inconveniences as the going astray of letters play their part in alienating votes. Finally, what is the democracy to do but that which it is apt to do even in case of a panic or a bad harvest—put the blame on the party in power, and vote its opponent into its place.

If this be the case in the United States, whose political system has been only so far centralized beyond

that of the Confederation as to bring the Government into contact with a comparatively few well-defined interests, what must be the result under a governmental system like that of France, where spoils is the guiding-star of party, and where the Government, nevertheless, essays to manage countless interests which under our system are left to individual enterprise? Such a system, applied to an American population without restriction of suffrage, would result in an immediate revolution, not of parties alone, but of the whole political system. With a French population, never used to anything but dependence on the Government, change of the system being unthinkable, the extended suffrage can be used to annoy, or in case of profound dissatisfaction to overturn, the Government.

The contrast is stronger still when we consider the influence of tradition. The spoils system is no more or less than the selling of offices, the getting of a *quid pro quo* for them. The French politicians, like our own, cannot be brought to look upon an office as anything more than a representative of value, received or to be received; to give it away, which is to them the only outcome of a reformed civil-service system, seems naturally a terrible waste of the raw material of "politics." When the spoils system made its way into the texture of American politics it had no traditions behind it; it was comparatively a parvenu, and any disposition on the part of democracy to drive it out again would leave no constitutional gap. But in France the traditions are all the other way. The political system is descended from that under which for centuries the open and universal sale of offices was a recognized part of the income of the Government, and under which, moreover, the spoils system was never confined to offices, as with us, but extended to the whole policy of Government and every other political interest. The results have been such as one would hardly venture to summarize in the case of a great and friendly nation like France. Those who have followed the direct and scarcely concealed dependence of the whole De Lesseps Panama scheme upon political "influence," and the manner in which press and politicians have treated economists who have endeavored to tell the truth about the affair, have no difficulty in understanding what is meant by a spoils system which goes beyond the mere matter of offices. The French voter apparently has no such difficulty; his difficulty is in finding a remedy. To attempt to extirpate the "principle" of the spoils system from its wide field would be to tear up the whole political system by the roots, as in the Nihilist programme, with no attempt to supply a substitute. The best the voter can do, then, is to make his vote the medium of some sort of protest until the class from which his representatives are usually chosen has learned greater political wisdom.

It cannot be doubted that this goal will be reached if democracy in France is given the necessary time and opportunity to release itself from the thralldom of tradition. For the Republic to seek a remedy in increase of centralization without any reform of political methods, in the intensification of Government control over elections, in decrease of the privilege of suffrage and of democracy, would be the policy of him who covers an incipient fire with new combustibles and goes away thinking that the danger is over.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### A Trained Military Reserve.<sup>1</sup>

#### I. OUR DISBANDED VETERANS.

A QUESTION of the highest importance to a nation that maintains only a small standing army is that of a trained military reserve — a reserve to the active regulars and the militia. Roughly, I estimate the number of volunteer veterans of the civil war, and militia veterans in the whole country, who had good military training between 1861 and 1865, at one million. These veterans now average fifty years of age and are nearly all exempt from service, and there is no body of men in training to replace them.

There are perhaps 200,000 well-trained soldiery at present, counting the active and veteran militia under 45 years of age, the discharged regulars, and the old soldiers of foreign armies who are now citizens here. There should be at all times at least one million men of this class actually enrolled and accounted for.

One way to keep the number and the status good in times of peace would be to pass young men through a short service of training, carry them on the rolls as reserves, and hold them to an interest in the maintenance and development of the military system. Some such method as this proved the salvation of Prussia after her conquest by Napoleon, early in the present century. The magnificent military establishment founded by the Great Elector, and so zealously fostered by Frederick the Great, lost its prestige when pitted against Napoleon, and after the French victory over the Prussians and their allies in 1806-7, Frederick William III. was constrained by the terms of peace to reduce his standing army to 42,000 men. A very clever war minister, among other things, limited the term of service to six months, and in a few years Prussia had a large trained reserve ready for the field, and yet the number in actual service at any one time did not exceed the maximum allowed. In later wars with Napoleon, Prussia came to the front as a military power, and she has since kept her place. The present one-year volunteer system of the German Empire answers the same purpose, and distributes annually throughout the nation a body of soldiery trained for field service.

The principle could be tried here by adopting plans for special education in the regular army and the militia as suggested by General Kautz and Colonel Rice in this magazine. The enlistment in either branch of service would be voluntary, but after the training had been received at the expense of the state and the soldier discharged, he should be enrolled among the reserves of his district. His discharge should be evidence that he had received a stated amount of preparation, and should give him precedence over recruits for promotion whenever the reserves are called to arms. In infantry, at maximum strength, there is one officer (counting those not commissioned) to every six men, and the whole number of trained reserves available for service would be needed to officer new levies in case of an uprising.

<sup>1</sup> See the articles on "Our National Military System," in *THE CENTURY* for October, 1888.

A competent leader for every six men would make soldiers out of the whole mass in a very short time.

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#### II. SUGGESTIONS FOR ORGANIZATION.

As one who has personal and practical knowledge of the development of the National Guard system from the old militia, I ask attention to some defects in the system and to some suggestions for possible remedies.

The adjutant-general, in all the States, is the ranking officer on the military staff of the governor, usually the ranking officer in the State. While the position is quite uniformly a political, appointive one, yet in the majority of instances the desirability of permanence is recognized, many of these gentlemen having held office through more than one term. In every instance, I believe, the incumbent is one who has fairly earned his appointment by military service. Nevertheless the tenure of office should be changed at once, for the danger is imminent, in our larger States, that the military character of the function will be lost in the political. If the United States should be permitted to assume any control of our State troops in times of peace, it can only be in some such way as detailing officers to act as adjutants-general to the governors of States, for the usual tour of detached service. In no other way would the National Guard as a whole consent to United States supervision, in the sense of the communication of Colonel Rice. This is the debatable point in his paper, and to that I desire, in behalf of many comrades, briefly to address myself.

The brigade and regimental commanders in the National Guard throughout the country are to a very large degree men of soldierly training and instincts, with a good war record; there are very few of this grade of officers in the National Guard who have not done full duty on the field of battle. The same is true, to some extent, with the company commanders, at least in many of the States. Men of this character would not be pleased to be sent to school to the young officers of the army; a proper respect for their position would forbid it. More than that, the discipline of the command would suffer when its head conducted its administration under the supervision of another. Such a plan is unwise. The officers of the army who visit our encampments, while always ready to give any assistance in their power, do not come in the capacity of *instructors*. They come as *inspectors*, to report on our efficiency and readiness for service if called upon. I have never met an officer detailed to my encampments who considered himself an instructor, nor one who failed to avoid any appearance of criticising my routine, drill, or administration, while all have been prompt to assist me in any way I might desire. A proper regard for military discipline would forbid a commanding officer surrendering his command, even for a moment, to another; he would richly deserve the loss of the respect of his men, and would probably get his deserts. The

commanding officers of brigades, regiments, and companies in the National Guard need a strengthening of their just power, certainly not a weakening, as "army instructors" would surely bring about.

Granting that the commanding officers of the National Guard in general are competent, although in some States the absence of a military board and the pernicious system of elections are responsible for some incapable officers, it is not at this end of the line that reform is most needed. The rank and file in too many companies are banded together in a sort of social military club, the social character sometimes being of first, and again, in other organizations, of secondary importance. When largely social, the membership is prone to be confined to a narrow circle of society, and the support of the company becomes a heavy pecuniary burden. At the same time the military efficiency is likely to become impaired. Under other circumstances, the monotony of drill drives many to seek discharge, and the membership is very unstable. I have known a company of forty to change completely its membership in two years; it is not uncommon, indeed it is quite the rule, to find one-third of a company new men at each annual encampment. In one sense these frequent discharges are beneficial, as some knowledge of drill is widely diffused in a community, but it makes a drudgery for the drill-officers, who are continually breaking in recruits. All commanding officers in the National Guard find this the most trying feature in their service, the same thing being gone over year after year, reaching a certain point only to go over it again. Many have come to the conclusion that the only relief will be found in a total change of the system, and something like the following has met the approval of many competent officers:

The strength of the National Guard to be proportioned to the population—say a battalion to each congressional district. The officers to be commissioned for an indefinite period, during good behavior, after passing a military board. Each regimental organization to have lineal promotion on examination. The brigade, regimental, and company commanders to receive sufficient allowances to cover their expenses, and all officers United States pay when in active service. The assistant adjutants-general on brigade staffs, and adjutants of regiments, to be United States officers detailed for that duty. Each district to be required to furnish a stipulated number of enlisted men for one year,—or two possibly,—to be chosen by lot when voluntary enlistments fail. The district to furnish suitable armories and pay a portion of the expense, the State to furnish uniforms (always of United States regulation pattern) and equipment, as now. Attendance on drill, authorized parades, and annual encampments to be enforced by statute, and a small *per diem* paid for such service. Of course a man can reenlist as often as his captain chooses to accept him, but the district must be compelled to furnish its quota, and no more—that is, an excess in one district cannot be credited to another not so fortunate. This would give us a reliable force, one under perfect control, and with little more expense than the present system. The company subalterns and junior field-officers, being in the line of promotion to command, would not need money allowances beyond pay when on duty.

Of course there are many matters of detail not touched

upon, but the main features are not difficult to understand, and, it would seem, must stand as self-evident facts. The National Guard is an absolute necessity if we would avoid the cost of a standing army. How to make it more efficient is the question now seeking solution.

J. G. Gilchrist,

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IOWA CITY, IOWA.

### III. NEED OF PRACTICAL TRAINING.

How many of our National Guardsmen know how to take care of themselves on the march and in camp? This is essential for soldiers to know, and they should be instructed in that respect by actual experience, so as to be ready in case they are called upon for field service. When the National Guardsmen are ordered to go into summer encampments in their different States, instead of being transported by rail or by boat, they should march there—be properly equipped, and the rations issued the same as they would be in active service. Officers and men would learn more on one march than they would in camp, where everything is prepared for them, if they were there a month, and they would never forget it. What the National Guardsmen want is more practical work and less of the parade and review while in camp. There should be no rifle practice except volley and skirmish firing, which should be practiced more than it is. It not only makes the men familiar with the rifle, but also teaches them steadiness in the ranks and confidence in one another, so that when the word of command is given they would be as one man. In case of riot this would be invaluable to a command. Visitors should be allowed in camp on stated days only, and they should be few. Nearly every State camp is overrun with visitors, taking the attention of the soldiers from their duties, and putting the officers to great expense in entertaining their friends.

It should be esteemed an honor to be a member of the National Guard, and every inducement should be offered to the young men of the country to join it. The officers should be selected with care, and should consist of men in whom the rank and file have confidence. The General Government should have control over all, so that should trouble arise they would be available as United States volunteers.

The regiments in seacoast States should be instructed in heavy artillery drill. The officers of the army would be only too glad to instruct them, and the United States Government would put every fort at the disposal of the National Guard for that purpose. A few officers and men of the militia know how to work a Gatling gun or a howitzer, but outside of this they know but little of the artillery arm of the service.

William H. Howard,

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### IV. A PLEA FOR SOCIAL INTERESTS IN THE GUARD.

ANY attempt to introduce more of the discipline of the regular army into the National Guard may prove fatal. The lack of interest does not arise from a lax discipline, as one of the writers in *THE CENTURY* implies, but from a want of enthusiasm, which the present system fails to furnish. It is argued that if one is not inclined towards that which is strictly military, let him stay out. But how are we to maintain an interest among the companies in the small cities and villages,

where the military element is limited at best?—and such communities add no insignificant quota to the numbers of the National Guard.

The want of interest comes not from lack of a pecuniary, but a *social* compensation; for men, unless professionally inclined, are sure to lose interest in any consecutive line of study. There is no social coherence, chiefly because there is nothing in common beyond an irksome routine of military discipline. The monotony of such a life is the chief complaint of officers in the regular army. In the face of this it is to be expected that the young men are going to bind themselves for any length of time when the only object of it all is the display of gold and tinsel twice a year? Under the present system this is the limit of outdoor display that our small city companies receive. If we expect the private to take an interest in smoothing the rough places in his manoeuvres, he must be given frequent chances to parade his achievements. For instance, let the regiments which are composed of companies from neighboring cities hold a monthly regimental drill, alternating between the cities from which the regiment is made up. This would engender a friendly rivalry, which would stimulate the pride, ambition, and military zeal of the communities from which they are drawn.

I have asserted that the social as well as the military interest must be kept up; this can be done by giving such aid as will not only stimulate present interest, but be a guaranty of the company's future existence.

An individual allowance of twenty-five dollars per annum for attendance at drill—this would be the smallest amount that could be called an inducement—would in five years, counting fifty men to a company, build an armory suitable for all the purposes of military and social entertainment. The drill-room should be constructed not only for use as the school of the company, but also for musical, dramatic, and literary entertainment as well. In every town of any importance can be found a club-room for the older generations: the pride that is taken in it, and the fraternal feeling that it engenders, suggest that if the members of the National Guard had some such feature in connection with their military work, the bond of mutual fellowship would be strengthened.

Another feature in inducing the National Guardsman to fill out his enlistment would be a suitable reward for services faithfully rendered. Now, beyond his discharge-papers, the private has nothing to show that he has been a member of the National Guard. Surely the young men who pledge five years to the service of their Government are entitled to something more than the distinction they may have found during their enlistment. Their hearts and their hands have been enlisted for their country's safety, and though their military experience may have been more an imitation of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" than an actual contact with the stern realities of the field of battle, yet their patriotism, if not their deeds, entitles them to a badge of honor.

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#### V. GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

I HAVE read with great interest the articles on "Our National Military System."

The National Guardsman takes an oath to go, even at the risk of his life, wherever and whenever called during a period of from three to five years. In most cases he has to pay for the privilege. This should not be so. All military expenses should be met by the State and the United States governments. If the National Guardsmen choose to give a ball on other than drill nights—why, those who dance must pay the piper.

The National Guard should be a *national* and not merely a State guard, and, as suggested by Major Brush in *THE CENTURY*, should take oath to support the General as well as the State government. I am quite sure this is the case in Pennsylvania.

While it is true that for mere instruction purposes a regimental camp is best, as President Wingate says, still I should attach great value to the *esprit de corps* that can only be evoked by the massing of large bodies of troops. Will it not be found best to alternate regimental with brigade or division camps, as is done in Pennsylvania?

Would it not be feasible to have United States Regular troops participate in brigade encampments with State troops, to set a soldierly example?

The National Guard while in camp should be paid from \$1.50 per day for privates, to say \$20 for colonels, to make it possible for valuable men to stay in the service.

Adjutant-General Drum, of the Regular Army, suggests, in his report for 1887, that the Government would be willing to spare "young officers, during the winter, to aid in the instruction." Could not the Government spare officers of at least six or eight years' service, and for not less than two years continuously? I would suggest the proportion of one officer to fifty companies, which should form a brigade. This proportion would allow him to spend at least five drills a year with each company, and the advantage in the way of uniformity will be conceded. He should have appropriate rank in the State organization, his pay should be divided between the State and General governments, and he should report to both the State and United States military organizations.

Could not the National Guard be more exercised in day marching, skirmishing through rough country, and intrenching itself at night? Along with this would go signal-practice; guard and picket duty would become more real, and an extra corps of surgeons or experienced officers should be on hand to make it learn how to take care of itself.

Artillery should receive more attention, and that with modern breech-loading guns and machine guns. New York has, I believe, taken a good step in instruction with heavy artillery. This example should be followed wherever the guns afford a chance.

I like General Kantz's suggestions, and believe they ought to be carried into effect on the part of the United States Army, and also that more should be done in and by the National Guard.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

W. J. Gregory.

#### VI. ANNUAL COST OF A NATIONAL GUARDSMAN.

THE following articles of uniform and equipment, with prices, are enumerated in the United States Army list. The amount of uniform given is sufficient for a five-years' enlistment. Most of the equipments would last through two or three enlistments, and on the other



hand, in case of much actual service, the amount allowed for uniform would not be sufficient.

Uniform.		Equipment.	
Helmet.....	\$1.64	Springfield rifle and bayonet.....	\$13.12
Cap.....	.59	Waist-belt.....	.54
Dress-coat.....	6.92	Cartridge-box.....	1.22
Blouse.....	3.68	Bayonet-sabbard.....	.90
Trousers, 2 prs.....	7.04	Gun-sling.....	.36
Shoes, 2 prs.....	4.64	Blanket-bag.....	2.29
Overcoat.....	10.36	Haversack.....	1.44
Flannel shirts (2).....	4.66	Canteen, meal-can, cup, knife, fork.....	.51
Berlin gloves, 12 prs.....	1.32	Woolen blanket.....	4.30
		Rubber blanket.....	1.13
	\$42.09		\$25.81
Total uniform and equipment.....			\$67.83

Linen and underwear same as worn in civil life.

From the foregoing table it will be seen that it would cost \$67.83 to clothe and equip a soldier. Each year he should be allowed fifty dollars for attending armory drills; twenty dollars pay and four dollars subsistence for a ten-days' camp tour. Add to this four dollars for his percentage of the cost of camp equipage and transportation. The total cost for five years (one enlistment) would be \$457.83. Armory, target practice, and incidental expenses would increase these figures; but it is believed that five hundred dollars would cover the ground—making an annual expense of one hundred dollars per man.

General A. V. Kautz has stated in *THE CENTURY* that "the annual cost per man of maintaining our military establishment is about twelve hundred dollars." That statement refers to the regular army, and in comparing it with the figures given in this article it is to be remembered that a National Guardsman, unlike a regular soldier, wears a uniform at stated periods only and sustains himself, except during a short annual encampment. I have not considered the cost of maintaining the administrative departments or of officering the National Guardsman. There is no way of getting at this with any degree of accuracy by estimating from the military expenditure of the different States, but it is believed that one hundred dollars more per annum would cover everything, including the increased expense of maintaining cavalry and artillery, and thus make the annual cost of a National Guardsman two hundred dollars.

The National Government is now spending annually upon the National Guard about four dollars per man. Each State maintains its own National Guard,—the four dollars from the Government helping that much,—and the efficiency of the National Guard depends largely upon the liberality of the State.

In order to make the National Guard uniformly efficient it should be under the pay and control of the General Government. The time has come to do away with State militia and to have United States militia or a National Guard in fact.

Edmund Cone Brush,  
Major 1st Reg't Light Artillery, Ohio N. G.  
ZANESVILLE, OHIO.

#### Railway Relief Associations.

PERMANENCE in his position and probability of promotion are what the railroad employee is now virtually guaranteed. Were he equally as well assured of assistance during sickness, disablement, or superannuation,

and for his family at his death, his condition as a wage-earner could not be improved.

It cannot be denied that the average employee considers the railroad officer a cold-blooded machine whose sole duty it is to get as much work out of the men as possible and to save the dollars whenever he can. And it has become the rule that when one of the rank and file receives an injury while in the discharge of his duty, and he himself is to blame, he makes no request for aid except from his benevolent association if he belongs to one; if not, the hat is passed around for him.

So, then, because railroad companies have adopted no system of relief for their sick and disabled employees, benevolent associations and mutual aid societies were started among them. Originally these societies and brotherhoods were formed for benevolent purposes. Had the managers been allowed to appropriate the funds of the company to assist to a reasonable extent the disabled employee, many of these associations would not have been formed, or if formed would now be under some control by the railroad company. The enforced lack of interest of the managers in the condition of their employees was one main reason why a fighting by-law for self-protection was added to the benevolent by-laws of those associations. Strikes have followed and much loss of money and loss of friendship on both sides have resulted, which might in nearly every case have been prevented had the corporations forestalled the employees by adopting and putting in force some system of relief.

Many of these relief associations among railway employees are of long standing, and were organized during periods of rapid railway development when the financial resources of the companies were taxed to the utmost to pay not only interest but operating expenses. Any increase in expenses in the way of contributions for the physical relief of employees was naturally looked upon with disfavor, especially by the managers of those roads whose ownership was continually changing hands; and, besides, a large percentage of employees was changing from one road to another as they could better their condition in the matter of wages and location. This was also the case, but to a less degree, with certain grades of officers. It has only been during the last few years that the tramp element among employees has become reduced to a minimum, and the feeling of permanence in their situations has taken strong hold upon the others.

Seeing as we do the many lines in the country grouped into large systems whose ownership will no doubt remain stable in years to come, permanence of employment and stability of position is easy to be guaranteed, and the corporations can now better secure their own rights and strengthen themselves against the encroachments of the public by drawing their employees more closely to them, showing that paternal care and solicitude for them which tend to establish good feeling and community of interest.

Relief associations under the guidance of the companies will do this. They are flourishing on the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads. The organizations on those roads may be taken as the type of what other companies should do. On the former, the scheme originated with the elder Garrett nearly ten years ago. At its organization all employees could join without regard to age. After a short period those over forty-

five years and those who could not pass a medical examination were not allowed to join. All persons employed regularly by the company are required to pass a medical examination, must be under forty-five years of age, and must join the relief association. Thus it will be seen that nearly all their employees are members. The compulsory feature looks to an outsider like a hardship, but the obligation is on him only who seeks employment.

The employees are divided into two classes—hazardous and non-hazardous; and these two classes are divided into five others who pay into a fund certain fixed sums each month, according to the amount of wages regularly received. Benefits are paid in weekly indemnities in cases of sickness and disablements and a gross sum to the beneficiary when death occurs. They vary according to the amount contributed. Free medical and surgical attendance is given; hospitals are established; physicians are appointed at convenient points on the line. The company has contributed \$100,000, the interest on which at six per cent. goes into the fund yearly. It also puts \$25,000 per year into a superannuation fund. A building loan association has also been formed, which has become quite popular.

There are many other liberal features, of which limited space will not permit an enumeration.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has also adopted a system of relief similar to that of the Baltimore & Ohio, but not so extensive. It is entirely voluntary and numbers over 20,000. It rapidly increases in popularity as its benefits become more appreciated.

In both companies the employees are rapidly leaving the local benevolent associations; they find they can insure themselves with the aid of a solvent and powerful company for much less money than in the thousand and one local lodges whose solvency depends on the honesty of a secretary or a treasurer.

Other systems of relief, but to a minor extent, have been adopted by railway companies—notably free hospital service for the sick and disabled upon the Santa Fe and Missouri Pacific, all of which materially lessen the number of claims for damages and subsequent costly trials and judgments in the courts.

While the features of these relief associations may be improved upon, they are certainly productive of great good to the employee and tend to create a feeling of permanency in their situation and a bond of interest between them and the owners of the property. The liberality which is displayed by the corporation, in establishing these relief associations, and which might be increased to still greater mutual advantage, will certainly prove to the employee that his welfare is watched and guarded zealously by his superiors.

If other railroad corporations improve upon the methods recited above, nothing further need be done to make the friendly relations between them and their employees so complete and cordial that all causes of dissatisfaction arising from time to time in the conditions of their service will be readily adjusted without resorting to strikes, boycotts, or other despicable means of warfare.

L. O. Goddard.

"The University and the Bible."

APROPOS of the article in the November CENTURY by Mr. Newton M. Hall, concerning the adoption of a

course of study in the Bible by Dartmouth College, it may be of interest to those who desire a short study of the Bible, but do not have it in the curriculum, to learn of an experiment tried last year at Johns Hopkins. Although the attempt was made under the design of one of the associate professors, the movement had the sanction and best wishes of the president. The results are worthy the consideration of all interested in the study of the Bible, particularly of the Old Testament, as well as of those in the various colleges who have not time to pursue a regular course in this subject, yet have a desire to become more familiar with the Bible, its history, and its teachings.

The plan of class organization, together with the scheme of study, was worked out by Dr. H. B. Adams, associate professor in history. Originally the members of the class, about fifteen in number, were graduate students, except three. Only those known to take great interest in Old Testament history were invited to join. At first the class met fortnightly for an hour and a half on Sunday afternoons. The earlier meetings were held by the courtesy of Dr. Adams in his rooms; later, when the class was opened to all who desired to come, one of the rooms of the university, "College Hall," was placed at the service of the class.

The members of the class were representatives of nearly all the departments of investigation. The plurality of students were from the historical department; but there were also men who had made Oriental languages a special study, others had read the *Ulfilas Bible*, and still others could give interesting comparisons between the biblical account of the world and the legends of various peoples. One important feature was the presence of two Japanese students, who gave, when occasion offered, myths from the Orient. The representation of creeds was very like that of departments of inquiry. All the more prominent sects were present, from a converted Catholic to an orthodox Jew. This one fact was found to be of material advantage; a catholicity of belief was attained which would have been impossible had all been of the same religious belief. As it was, the members had to respect one another's belief; and one not unimportant result of the class was that each member found out that amid differences of sect all were striving for a common end.

The plan of study was to take up great landmarks in Old Testament history at each meeting. The subject was announced in advance, so that the preparation in each case might be as elaborate as each chose to make it. The list of subjects considered was as follows: Science and Genesis; Science and Man; Biblical and Babylonian Accounts of the Flood; The Babylonian Background of Hebrew History; Egypt and the Hebrews; Phenicia and Israel; Hebrew Law; Constitutional History of the Hebrews; Hebrew Culture; Continuity of Hebrew Influence. There was no textbook used; citations were made, on the one hand, from such extreme writers as Wellhausen and Renan, and, on the other, from the orthodox authors and commentators. The opinions gleaned by all in the class in reading during the two weeks previous received due consideration. The general method was discussion, and that alone.

The study was found to be of great advantage to those taking it. Not only did each acquire a knowledge of the Old Testament, but the scientific student

became aware of the methods of work of the historical and linguistic investigators, and *vice versa*. The plan is one adaptable to any college or body that desire a study of the Bible. It proved eminently successful at the university, which has already an extensive course in church history, and which, no doubt, will soon incorporate in its curriculum the study of the Bible from purely scientific motives.

John B. Daish.

#### Imperial Federation.

It would be difficult to discover in Canada any active interest in the proposed reorganization of the British Empire, commonly referred to as Imperial Federation. A few branches of the Federation League have been established in the Dominion; but I do not recall the name of a prominent public man who favors the project; while several may be named, such as Sir Hector Langevin and the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, the leaders of the French Conservatives, and the Hon. Edward Blake, lately leader of the Liberal party, who have put themselves on record against it. Mr. Blake some years ago appeared to look with favor upon such a federation; but he has recently avowed a change of opinion, and has declared that he believes his present views are shared by the people of Canada.

Mr. G. R. Parkin is scarcely correct in implying, in his paper on this subject in *THE CENTURY* for December, that Goldwin Smith's views as to the future of Canada are "rejected with indignation by the vast majority of Canadians." The "vast majority" of those

who know what are Mr. Smith's views of the ultimate relations of the United States and Canada concede that those relations ought to be discussed from every possible standpoint, and regard them as scarcely second in importance to British connection.

Two influences are very potent in molding public opinion in Canada. One is the almost universal desire for closer commercial connection with the great nation to the south of us; the other is a strong aversion to the assumption of any obligations which may involve the Dominion in Old World controversies. The discharge of those responsibilities which arise from the possession of half the North American continent will sufficiently tax the ability of Canadian statesmen. "England has become an Oriental power," said the late Lord Beaconsfield; and he emphasized the declaration by advising the Queen to declare herself Empress of India, and by bringing Indian troops to Cyprus, with the view to having them ready for a possible European emergency. What advantage it would be to Canada to place herself in a position to be involved in Oriental complications, which are neither few nor remote, has never yet been demonstrated.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Charles H. Lugin.

#### "Abraham Lincoln." A Correction.

By a typographical error on page 559 of the February *CENTURY*, "the estimated wealth of the loyal States in 1860" was stated to be "\$100,000,000,000," when the reading should have been "ten thousand millions."

### BRIC-À-BRAC.

#### That Poet of the Future.

I'VE been reading, Mr. Riley, in a recent magazine, Of your Poet of the Future with the truly rural mien, Of the careless, simple fashion in which he'll choose to come—

With the beauty of his bugles overbalancing the drum:  
And by what his hands hold not, and by what he does not wear,  
I rather think I'd know him, if I met him anywhere:  
But really, Mr. Riley, I do not clearly see  
How you can at such a distance say that the Poet's "he."

For it may be that this singer who shall our souls confess  
And come to us with bugles—will wear them on her dress;  
That she shall find her shining with pearls upon her breast,  
Or radiant in some cottage as she lulls her babes to rest;  
In the choir of the cathedral we may hear her pure voice swell,  
Or murmuring some sweet measure as she serves us from the well;  
For her hands may not be sunburned—although her gloves be tan:  
And your poet, Mr. Riley, may not be at all a man!

Oh, the Poet of the Future shall find welcome and have room,  
Whether singing at the plowshare or sweeping with a broom;  
But this "honest arm of labor" that you speak of in your song,

Always to a "him" pertaining, may it not to "her" belong?

For some women's "palms" are sisters to the "honest toiler's" too,—

And they cannot always fold them when the plowman's toil is through,  
And it may be that this Poet, on whose coming we agree,  
When really come and with us will be spoken of as "she."

Charles Henry Webb.

#### The Prime of Life.

JUST as I thought I was growing old,  
Ready to sit in my easy chair,  
To watch the world with a heart grown cold,  
And smile at a folly I would not share,

Rose came by with a smile for me,  
And I am thinking that forty year  
Is n't the age that it seems to be,  
When two pretty brown eyes are near.

Bless me! of life it is just the prime,  
A fact that I hope she will understand;  
And forty year is a perfect rhyme  
To dark brown eyes and a pretty hand.

These gray hairs are by chance, you see—  
Boys are sometimes gray, I am told:  
Rose came by with a smile for me,  
Just as I thought I was getting old.

Walter Learned.

## Spring.

FAIR Spring, sweet messenger of summer joys,  
We hail thee! — (quick, my handkerchief, my dear!) —

Bright harbinger of kites, up-gazing boys,  
May's smile and April's iridescent tear!  
All hail! All hail! We bow before thy train  
Of — (Where's the sun? Don't tell me that is rain!)

Beneath thy rosy feet the flowers blow  
Their fragrant breath, while southern zephyrs tune  
The air — (my dear, I'm catching cold, I know;  
Pray shut that window) — to sweet songs of June;  
While birds' delightful warblings from above —  
(What is the matter with the furnace, love?)

These joys of thine, sweet springtime, fill the breast  
With gladdest ecstasy and bliss divine!  
From valley, hill, and distant mountain-crest,  
The air pours like a draught of un-iced wine,  
As warm, yet sparkling; from the balmy glen —  
(At-chew-w! Oh, must I, must I sneeze again?)

Louise Morgan Smith.

## Cupid hath Wings.

"FAINT heart fair lady never won."  
Thus saith some Gentle Solomon;  
But bravest hearts, since time's beginning,  
Have lost fair ladies after winning.

Kemper Bocock.

## De Jingle ob de Bells on de Cows.

IN spring, when de fields are all kivered wid green,  
An' de clover bloom smells in de a'r,  
An' de wet in de grass kinder tickles yer feet,  
An' de red bugs mek er nigger sw'ar,  
Den am de time dat de darky lubs de mos',  
When dey come erlong home 'hind der plows,  
In de cool ob de day, when dey hears all erroun'  
De jingle ob de bells on de cows.

When de jimpson weed pops up outen de groun'  
An' de dog-fennel runs lit er race,  
An' when de lightnin'-bug do scatter roun' its sparks,  
An' dabs 'em now an' den in yer face,  
Den comes de music dat am sweetes' an' bes' —  
At leasten dat 's how dis darky 'lows,  
As softly dar ripples froo pastures o' green  
De ringin' ob de bells on de cows.

When de bluebird comes wid er straw in its beak  
To de hole whar de woodpecker bored,  
When red-breasted robins hunts erroun' fer der mud,  
When de black swallow swings in de gourd,  
Den f'om de ole meadow 'way down by de crick,  
Or de orchard neaf young apple-houghs,  
Steals gently de musical sound dat we lub —  
De tinkle ob de bells on de cows.

When de sun goes down in er thick clump o' pines,  
When de frawg in de swamp 'gins to croak,  
An' de whippoorwill jines wid er doleful chune,  
While de ole owl hoots in de oak;  
On de sof' breeze dat comes loaded down wid its sweets  
F'om de meadow whar slick cattle browse,  
Dax floats wid er freshness dat nebber gits ole,  
De jingle ob de bells on de cows.

Edward A. Oldham.

## April.

April, April, April,  
You can send a fool where'er you will.  
OLD GERMAN SAYING.

SWEET MARGERY was April,  
And I — I obeyed her will.  
The sight of her made my pulses thrill;  
Before her displeasure my heart stood still;  
For Margery, Margery was April,  
And I — I obeyed her will.

Her eyes of the darkest brown  
Could cloud my day with a frown;  
And the very rustling of her gown  
Could lift my spirit or cast it down.  
Sweet Margery, fairest of all the town,  
With eyes and hair so brown.

Sweet Margery is April,  
And I — I obey her will.  
Her smile with joy makes my pulses thrill;  
Her clouded sky casts o'er mine a chill;  
For Margery, Margery is April,  
And I — I obey her will.

And though with fading sight,  
On the borderland of night,  
We tread with steps whose strength is slight,  
Margery makes the way dull or bright,  
Margery makes my heart heavy or light,  
Sweet wife with hair so white.

William Zachary Gladwin.

## Wampum.

It is only the unlucky who think fortune blind.

A paradox is often a truth serving its apprenticeship.

Children are the coupons on the bonds of marriage.

White lies are the gentlemen ushers of the black ones.

Rarely do we contradict those we love or those we despise.

Scratch a pessimist, and, more often than not, you will find an optimist turned sour.

Many a man forgets his evil deeds so swiftly that he is honestly surprised when any one else recalls them.

Man has a firmer grip on the truths he thinks he has found out for himself, than on those he has been taught.

Many a man would blush for his wisest decisions if only he should reflect on the reasons which moved him to them.

To see a clever man making a fool of himself is a sorry sight; and it is pitiful to discover that he can always give most excellent reasons for his folly.

Some people keep a friend as children have a toy bank into which they drop little coins now and again; and some day they draw out the whole of their savings at once.

Arthur Penn.





## Spring.

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We hail thee! — (quick, my handkerchief, my  
dear!) —

Bright harbinger of kites, up-gazing boys,  
May's smile and April's iridescent tear!  
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*Arthur Penn.*

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE RESULTS SECURED BY POLICY-HOLDERS WHOSE LIVES HAVE BEEN ASSURED, UNDER THE TONTINE SYSTEM, IN THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES, 120 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

SHOWING IN EACH CASE (AT THE END OF THE TONTINE PERIOD) THE CASH VALUE OF THE POLICY PAYABLE TO THE PERSON WHOSE LIFE IS ASSURED; OR THE CASH RETURN WHICH WILL BE MADE TO HIS HEIRS AFTER HIS DEATH.

### ORDINARY LIFE POLICIES.

(15-YEAR TONTINE PERIOD.)

Policy No. 77,877 was issued Feb. 1st, 1873, on the life of G. H. N.

Age, 45. Amount, \$10,000.

Annual Premium, \$379.70.

Premiums paid in 15 years, \$5,695.50

#### RESULT FEB. 1, 1888.

I. CASH VALUE .....\$5,956.00

A return in cash to the policy-holder of \$104.95 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$10,000 for 15 years.

Or, 2. PAID-UP VALUE...\$10,090.00

A return in cash to the policy-holder's heirs, at his death, of \$177 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$10,000 for 15 years.

No more premiums to be paid.

Policy No. 81,926 was issued June 12th, 1873, on the life of H. S. S.

Age, 55. Amount, \$5,000.

Annual Premium, \$299.55.

Premiums paid in 15 years, \$4,493.25

#### RESULT JUNE 12, 1888.

I. CASH VALUE.....\$4,764.40

A return in cash to the policy-holder of \$106 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$5,000 for 15 years.

Or, 2. PAID-UP VALUE....\$6,625.00

A return in cash to the policy-holder's heirs, at his death, of \$147 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$5,000 for 15 years.

No more premiums to be paid.

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

**LIMITED PAYMENT LIFE TONTINE POLICIES.**

(PREMIUMS PAYABLE IN 15 YEARS.)

Policy No. 82,987 was issued July 16th, 1873,  
on the life of C. F. L.

Age, 32. Amount, \$3,000.

Annual Premium, \$112.05.

Premiums paid in 15 years, . . \$1,680.75

**RESULT JULY 16, 1888.****1. CASH VALUE .....\$2,069.31**

A return in cash to the policy-holder of \$123.10 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, *notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$3,000 for 15 years.*

**Or, 2. PAID-UP VALUE.....\$4,767.00**

A return in cash to the policy-holder's heirs, at his death, of \$283.55 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, *notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$3,000 for 15 years.*

No more premiums to be paid.

Policy No. 78,780 was issued Feb. 28th, 1873,  
on the life of R. C. K.

Age, 42. Amount, \$5,000.

Annual Premium, \$239.20.

Premiums paid in 15 years, . . \$3,588.00

**RESULT FEB. 28, 1888.****1. CASH VALUE .....\$4,487.75**

A return in cash to the policy-holder of \$125 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, *notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$5,000 for 15 years.*

**Or, 2. PAID-UP VALUE.....\$8,130.00**

A return in cash to the policy-holder's heirs, at his death, of \$226.60 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, *notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$5,000 for 15 years.*

No more premiums to be paid.

**FIFTEEN-YEAR ENDOWMENT TONTINE POLICIES.**

Policy No. 78,272 was issued Feb. 12th, 1873,  
on the life of C. L.

Age, 25. Amount, \$1,000.

Annual Premium, \$66.02.

Premiums paid in 15 years, . . \$990.30

**RESULT FEB. 12, 1888.****1. CASH VALUE .....\$1,426.61**

A return in cash to the policy-holder of \$144.05 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums (or, in other words, a return of all premiums, with *compound interest*, at the rate of nearly 4½ per cent. per annum), *notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$1,000 for 15 years.*

**Or, 2. PAID-UP VALUE.....\$3,877.00**

A return in cash to the policy-holder's heirs, at his death, of \$391.50 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, *notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$1,000 for 15 years.*

No more premiums to be paid.

Policy No. 88,745 was issued March 5th,  
1874, on the life of G. S.

Age, 34. Amount, \$2,500.

Annual Premium, \$169.00.

Premiums paid in 15 years, . . \$2,535.00

**RESULT MARCH 5, 1889.****1. CASH VALUE .....\$3,622.70**

A return in cash to the policy-holder of \$142.90 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums (or, in other words, a return of all his premiums, with *compound interest*, at the rate of nearly 4¾ per cent. per annum), *notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$2,500 for 15 years.*

**Or, 2. PAID-UP VALUE.....\$7,945.00**

A cash return to the policy-holder's heirs, at his death, of \$313.41 for each \$100 paid by him in premiums, *notwithstanding the fact that his life has been assured for \$2,500 for 15 years.*

No more premiums to be paid.

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



The Equitable Life Assurance Society was organized July 25th, 1859.

The following table shows its progress during the last thirty years, and illustrates its unprecedented growth and prosperity:

Growth in Assets and Surplus.

ASSETS.	SURPLUS, 4%.
1859, \$117,102	
1860, 162,618	
1861, 210,636	
1862, 324,013	
1863, 584,713	
1864, 1,025,381	
1865, 1,586,524	
1866, 3,077,788	
1867, 5,125,423	
1868, 7,721,077	
1869, 10,510,824	\$319,755
1870, 13,236,025	408,434
1871, 16,174,825	787,874
1872, 19,695,053	1,228,529
1873, 22,972,252	1,549,746
1874, 25,981,757	2,003,331
1875, 29,039,090	2,602,305
1876, 31,734,934	3,436,955
1877, 33,530,655	4,105,003
1878, 35,454,092	4,742,531
1879, 37,366,842	5,550,395
1880, 41,108,602	6,957,855
1881, 44,308,542	7,476,729
1882, 48,025,751	8,078,495
1883, 53,030,582	9,115,969
1884, 58,161,926	10,483,617
1885, 66,553,387	13,862,239
1886, 75,510,473	16,355,876
1887, 84,378,905	18,104,255
1888, 95,042,923	20,794,715

During the earlier years the Surplus was not calculated on the 4 per cent. basis.

Growth in

Outstanding Assurance.

Assurance in force Dec. 1859,	\$1,144,000
" " Jan. 1869,	112,558,213
" " " 1879,	157,737,356
" " " 1889,	549,216,126

Statement of Surplus

(on a 4% basis for future Interest),

Over and above all Liabilities,

Dec. 31, 1888.

Surplus Earned in 1888 . . . .	\$5,067,124
Increase in Surplus in 1888 . . .	2,690,460
Total Surplus . . . . .	20,794,715

*A Comparison of the Statements of the Different Companies shows that*

THE EQUITABLE,

*In 1888, exceeded every other Life Assurance Company in the following important respects: It had*

1. The Largest New Business. \$153,933,535
2. The Largest Amount of Assurance in Force . . . 549,216,126
3. The Largest Premium Income . . . . . 22,047,813
4. The Largest Total Income . 26,958,798
5. The Largest Excess of Income over Disbursements 10,129,071
6. The Largest Four per Cent. Surplus . . . . . 20,794,715
7. The Largest Amount of Surplus Earned in 1888 . . 5,067,124
8. The Largest Increase of Assurance in Force . . . 66,186,564
9. The Largest Increase of Premium Income . . . 2,932,038
10. The Largest Increase of Interest, Dividend and Rent Income . . . . 786,090
11. The Largest Increase of Total Income . . . . 3,718,128
12. The Largest Increase in Assets . . . . . 10,664,018
13. The Largest Increase in Surplus . . . . . 2,690,460
14. The Largest Increase in Payments to Policy-holders . 1,821,948

The Equitable, compared with all other life assurance companies, has for nine years transacted the Largest Annual New Business and held the largest 4 per cent. Surplus, while for three years it has held the largest Outstanding Assurance.

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

The successful management of the Society is also shown by the fact that of all the leading companies it has—

1. The Highest Ratio of Assets to Liabilities (128 per cent.); and,

2. The Smallest Ratio of Expenses to New Business (3.22 per cent.).

---

The charter of the Society provides that its business shall be conducted on the *mutual* plan, under which the profits of the business belong to and are divided among policy-holders exclusively.

---

The Tontine policy, which, in its various forms, was devised by the Equitable, has revolutionized the business of life assurance.

Under this system policy-holders have received larger profits than are possible under any other form of assurance, and it is confidently recommended as the best policy ever offered by any life assurance company. The surplus of the Society is divided on the "Contribution plan"; *i. e.*, in proportion as each person has (according to his age on entrance) contributed thereto. Hence the dividends vary at different ages. Full information will be given, when desired, to intending assurers.

Attention is invited to the examples given on the 1st and 2d pages of this article, which show the earnings at the ages given.

The Society issues

TONTINE POLICIES WHICH ARE

"NON-FORFEITING"

(having paid-up value after 3 years)

WITHOUT RESTRICTION

as to

TRAVEL, RESIDENCE OR OCCUPATION

after the 1st year;

ABSOLUTELY INCONTESTABLE

after the 2d year;

PAYABLE IMMEDIATELY

upon the receipt of proofs of death (without the usual delay of 60 or 90 days).

---

Upon application to the Society, or any of its agencies, pamphlets containing the fullest information regarding the various forms of policy issued will be promptly forwarded to any address.

HENRY B. HYDE, President.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, V. P.

W. ALEXANDER, Secy.

# Pears' Soap

Fair white hands.

Bright clear complexion

Soft healthful skin.

**"PEARS'—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."**

PEARS' is the best, most elegant and the most economical of all soaps for general TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the purest and cleanest. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London 100 years as

## A COMPLEXION SOAP,

has obtained 15 International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all druggists in the United States, but be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.



*Ethel.* How strange we all have pianos of the same make. The Soft Stop decided me. I can practice evenings without waking the children or disturbing father, and then it does save the tone so from wear.

*Kate.* I bought mine before that was invented, but it has the "end wood patents." They decided papa the minute he saw them. He understands such things, you know; says those patents are like a chronometer in a watch, if you know what that means. Anyway I never saw such a piano to keep in tune and order.

*Gladys.* Well, I thought I wanted one of the famous old makes, but my father, who is so awfully practical, you know, said that it did increase the price of a piano to hire great artists to play it all over the world and to maintain great Concert Halls, but it did not really add to the merits, and when he suggested that the same money would buy an equally good piano and a fur coat, too, I consented just to try the Ivers & Pond, and I find it is the best I ever saw of any make. And this is the sacque. How do you like it?

We are among the largest manufacturers of first-class pianos in the world. We make grand, square and upright pianos. We have several new patented improvements which make our pianos superior to all others of however famous repute.

If you have any idea of getting a piano write to us, mentioning this magazine, and we will send (free) our 92-page catalogue and valuable information. At whatever distance you live we make it as easy to deal with us as in Boston. We take old instruments in exchange, allowing full value; we arrange terms of payment to suit reasonable convenience; we ship subject to approval after trial, piano if unsatisfactory to come back to us, railway freights both ways at our expense. We refer to Traders' National Bank, Boston.

## IVERS & POND PIANO CO.

181 and 182 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, Mass.

BRANCHES: 1516 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

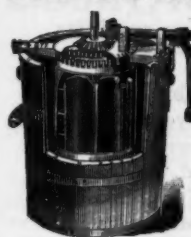
and 332 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

Kohler & Chase, San Francisco, Cal., for Pacific Coast.



# HOUSE FURNISHINGS 27

## ICE CREAM FREEZERS.



### Gooch's Big 4.

#### THE PEERLESS

Are the best. They are a little higher price than others, but are well worth the difference.

#### THE ZERO

is cheaper, not so good as Peerless, but better than any other Freezer in the market.

#### THE PET,

cheaper than Zero, and a very good one.

#### THE BOSS

are very low price. Anybody could afford to buy one. All are good, solid and well made.

**THE GOOCH FREEZER CO. Cincinnati, Ohio.**

MARY.—Why, Sallie dear, I'm so glad you came in. Jenny is just going to make Ice Cream in my new Peerless Freezer, and I want to show you how easy it is to do it, and the cream is just elegant; besides, it don't take a bushel of ice and a crock full of salt like the old one.

SALLIE (fifteen minutes later).—Why, how delicious! I never ate better. I wanted mother to get a Peerless, but some one told her to get another kind, and the cream does not compare to this.

Sold by leading dealers EVERYWHERE.

## Gas Fixtures, Lamps, Electroliers.

Tasteful furnishings in these goods, made from our exclusive designs, may be obtained from us at prices acknowledged to be reasonable. Special attention given to correct execution of Architects' and Decorators' sketches and suggestions.

**New Correct Styles,**

**Workmanship Unsurpassed,**

**Finish not Excelled.**

Correspondence solicited. Estimates given.

MANUFACTORY: } SALESROOMS:

24th & 25th Sts. & 10th Ave. 836 & 838 B'dway & 13th St.

NEW-YORK CITY.

Successor to MITCHELL, VANCE & CO.

## THE MITCHELL VANCE CO.

## Ovington Brothers,

IMPORTERS OF

## ROYAL WORCESTER CHINA,

Paris Bronzes,

English Cut Glass,

Sterling Silver.

Visitors to New-York are invited to their showrooms in Brooklyn, only three minutes from the Bridge terminus.

## OVINGTON BROTHERS,

246 Fulton St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send 2-cent stamp for pamphlet.

## HAVILAND CHINA AT FIRST HANDS.

### NEW DESIGNS

RECEIVED EACH WEEK.

### COMPLETE SETS

OR IN

### COURSES.

Special designs made for

### FRENCH CENTENNIAL

now on exhibition.

INSPECTION OR CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

FRANK HAVILAND,  
14 Barclay Street, N. Y.



**SALAD SET. No. 1476. ROSE.**



Extract from an unsolicited letter written by a prominent lady in Boston, who requests that her name shall not be used.

Let me suggest as a subject for your next illustrated advertisement, a row of young misses washing their feet with Pearline. I have discovered its almost miraculous effects in removing from the feet, almost instantly, the creak and discolorations resulting from the prevalent fashion of wearing black and other dark colored stockings—even black silk stockings creak as they never used to.

**Pearline** is for the toilet—bath—laundry—house-cleaning—washing dishes—in fact for any purpose for which soap is required PEARLINE still stands without a rival. It is as harmless as the finest imported castile soap; but beware of imitations.

140

JAMES PYLE, New York.

## ICE CREAM MADE AT HOME



Cheaply and quickly, by using a Triple Motion

## WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER.

Covered Gearing; Waterproof Tubs; Durable Cans; Malleable Iron Beaters coated with tin, and the Triple Motion, are only a few of the many desirable features of this famous Freezer.

Will freeze in  
**ONE-HALF THE TIME**  
of any other Freezer, and produce  
cream of the finest quality.

For sale by wide-awake, enterprising tradesmen the world over. Inquire for the "White Mountain" of your local dealer in House-furnishing Goods.

**"FROZEN DAINTIES."** A book of choice receipts for Ice Cream, Sherbet, Water Ices, etc., packed with each Freezer this season, or will be mailed upon receipt of ten cents in stamps.

**THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO. 120 Hollis St. Nashua, N. H.**

HOUSE FURNISHINGS 29

**EBONY, MAHOGANY,  
HOLLY, AMARANTH,  
ROSEWOOD, Etc.**

*Worked in Beautiful Design with  
Native Hardwoods.*

Send me outline of rooms, say what style and woods you prefer, and I will illustrate the floor so you can judge how it will look, and make you net cost figures.

Diagram, Illustrations and Estimates free. Address

**S. C. JOHNSON, Racine, Wis.**



## Wilder's Volumetric Regulators AND Governor Burners.



Will control perfectly Argand or other burners. Guided by printed directions, they are put

on and adjusted by the purchaser. The light is perfectly steady and of great brilliance.

Sample Burner, with full directions, sent to any address, by mail, on receipt of 50 cents, or two for \$1.00. Liberal discount for large orders.

**MOSES G. WILDER, Mech. Eng.**

816 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

11 BELLAIRE  
OHIO  
DEAR MR MEYERS  
PLEASE  
SEND ME A TOY  
SIFTED LIKE THE  
ONE IN SCRIBNER  
MAGAZINE. PAPA  
WILL SEND YOU THE  
STAMPS  
HESTER CUMMINS

This letter was written by a little girl, six years old. The Toy Sifter she got was a miniature of the Huntersifter, the most useful kitchen utensil made, being a Mixer, Scoop, Dredger, Measure and Strainer combined. It is for sale at store, hardware and house furnishing stores.

The Toy Sifter which shows how the large Sifter works and which will amuse a child, will be sent free to anyone who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose three 2 cent stamps for postage to

THE FRED. J. MEYERS MFG. CO., COVINGTON, KY.

## HOYT'S TOILET PAPER. REDUCED PRICES.

Our New Cabinet, neatly made of handsome decorated tin, is now ready, and special express contracts enable us to offer it, and also our Nickel-plated Cabinet with Mirror, at these special prices. charges paid to any express point

	East of the Miss. River.	West of the Miss. River.
1 Tin Cabinet and 2 packs Paper.....	\$0.75	\$1.00
1 " " " 12 " " .....	2.00	2.50
1 Nickel-plated Cabinet with Mirror } and 12 packs paper .....	4.00	5.00



# HOUSE FURNISHINGS 30

## "THE GLADSTONE" LAMP



is the finest lamp in the world. It gives a pure, soft, brilliant, white light of 85 candle power—a marvelous light from ordinary kerosene oil!

### Seeing is Believing.

A "wonderful lamp" it is indeed. Never needs trimming; never smokes nor breaks chimneys; never "smells of the oil"; no gumming up, no leaks, no sputtering, no climbing of the flame, no annoyance of any kind and cannot explode. Besides all it gives a clear, white light, 10 to 20 times the size and brilliancy of any ordinary house lamp! Elegant designs. Either Brass, Nickel, Gold or Antique Bronze.

Send for illustrated price-list. Single lamps at wholesale price, carefully boxed and sent by express.

Get our prices. "Seeing is believing." Address **GLADSTONE LAMP CO.** 10 East 14th St. New-York.

### SOLID BRAID



### WINDOW CORD

For hanging Rush Weights.

Send for Sample.

**SAMSON CORDAGE WORKS,** 164 High St. BOSTON, MASS.

## GATE CITY NATURAL STONE WATER-FILTERS.

BEST ON EARTH.

In Use all Over the World.

Fine Decorated China and Gray Stoneware Jars to hold the Water.

A Natural Stone for a Filtering Medium.

FITTED WITH SEPARATE PATENT ICE-CHAMBERS TO COOL THE WATER.

AS EASILY CLEANED AS A WATER-PITCHER.

FOR USE IN

Offices, Homes and Schools.



Open cut shows filter disc used in our filters, and separate patent ice-chambers.

For free descriptive price-list, address

**GATE CITY STONE FILTER COMPANY,** 46 Murray Street, New-York City.

**WALL PAPER** SELECTED BY MAIL. New styles, perfect, full length. **HANDSOME GOLDS,** 12 cents a roll. **DAMASKS,** 18 cts. **FELT or CARTRIDGE PAPER,** 20 cts. Heavy Embossed **GOLDS,** 35c. State price papers wanted, and we will send free to any address in U.S. samples with borders to match. **A. L. DIAMANT & CO.** 1208 Market St. Philada. Pa.

Manufactured by the **AMERICAN MACHINE CO.** Lehigh Av. and American St. PHILADELPHIA.

*The Gem Freezer*  
*The Best in the World.*

For Sale by all the Leading **HOUSEFURNISHING AND HARDWARE STORES** IN THE COUNTRY.

Illustrated Catalogue and Recipes for 80 Ice Creams, etc., sent free on application to the Manufacturers.

## Jewett's New Water Filter.



A Great Invention. Send for Book of Information.

**THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO.,** Buffalo, N. Y.

**BOOK HOLDERS.** THE MOST PERFECT DICTIONARY HOLDER. The Progressive Euchre Table. Send for Catalogue. **R. M. LAMBIE,** 39 E. 19th St., N. Y.

## "HARTMAN FLEXIBLE" STEEL MAT

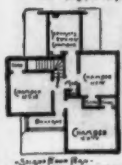
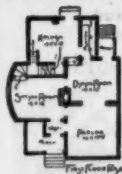
OUR NEW MAT! Have you seen it?



A perfectly flexible Wire Mat, with flexible interwoven spiral border, scraping ridges across the walk. A double Mat. Two Mats for one. Self-cleaning. Lasts for years. Away with all Mats that soak up filth and disease. Ask nearest dealer for circular and Price List, or send to **HARTMAN MFG. CO.** P.O. Box 100, Beaver Falls, Pa. Counterfeits are all over! See that brass plate in border bears our name. For handsome Picture Calendar for 1900, send 2c. stamp.



# ARCHITECTURE & ART DECORATIONS 31



## Beautiful House for \$1800.

This is one of the 33 designs in the new work, "Houses and Cottages." The collection contains designs ranging from \$300 to \$15,000; Seven under \$1000; Seventeen under \$2000; Twenty-three under \$3000.

A full description and price of material given that estimates are made upon.

Price \$1.00, "Cottage Portfolio" (12 designs), and "Houses and Cottages," \$1.25, all post-paid. Address

D. S. HOPKINS, Architect,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.



## "CHAMPION" KEYLESS LOCKS.

TO BUSINESS MEN.



Gentlemen: You have good keyless locks on your fireproofs, why not also upon your Desk, Drawer, Closet or Chest? The "Champion" is about as secure as your safe lock, can be opened in much less time, will outlast a keyed lock, and is as easily put on. We make an assortment, shown in our Illustrated Priced Cat., which please send for, and show to your dealer, who will get the lock you want; or we will forward sample by mail, on receipt of the price. In sending for Cat., if 3 cts. in stamps are inclosed, we will send you our new steel Pocket Tool, bearing our address and always acceptable. MILLER LOCK CO. Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

bearing our address and always acceptable.

MILLER LOCK

## MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOPYCIONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.  
(It's a profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also, Lancers for Home Amusements. 124 page Catalogue free.)  
MCALLISTER, 425, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.

## PARQUET FLOORING

NATIONAL WOOD MFG. CO.

129 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW-YORK.

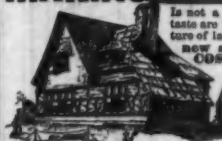
Designs in satinwood, mahogany, oak, cherry, etc., Louis XVI., Moorish, Japanese and other styles to harmonize with wood-work. Wood Carpeting at low cost. THESE FLOORS ARE EASILY LAID BY A GOOD CARPENTER. Full directions and plan with each floor. Send for Book of Designs.

## SENT FREE.

Unitarian publications will be sent free. Address

Miss S. PARKER, 495 Blue Hill Ave. Roxbury, Mass.

## MAKING A HOME BEAUTIFUL



Is not a question of money. Knowledge and taste are the needed prerequisites to the expenditure of large or small sums in house-building. Our new series, entitled "MAKING A HOME BEAUTIFUL," now ready. This contains plans, illustrations, and complete descriptions of 54 New, Beautiful, and Cheap Country Houses, costing from \$500 to \$1500. Shows how you can build a \$5000 house for \$1750, and how to make them handsome, convenient, healthy, light, cool, and airy in summer, warm and cheaply heated in winter. Tells intending builders what to do, and warns them what not to do. Describes houses adapted to all climates. If you intend to build now or twenty years from now, you want this book. Price \$1.00. Ad. National Architect's Union, 927 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

ent, healthy, light, cool, and airy in summer, warm and cheaply heated in winter. Tells intending builders what to do, and warns them what not to do. Describes houses adapted to all climates. If you intend to build now or twenty years from now, you want this book. Price \$1.00. Ad. National Architect's Union, 927 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

## BUILDING DESIGNS:

An owner may now choose from a large number of designs of the same cost, and not waste time on others. Each classification includes about as large a variety of designs that its limit of cost allows; usually the owner need look no further.

Views, floor plans, all dimensions and full descriptions are given. Printed on heavy, supercalendered plate paper—size of page 10 1/2 x 14 inches. Each classification inclosed in handsome cloth portfolio.

### LIST OF CLASSIFICATIONS:

Portfolio of \$41000 Houses: 25 Designs.

\$1500	25
\$2000	25
\$2500	25
\$3000	25
\$3500	25
\$4000	25

Portfolio of \$5000 Houses: 25 Designs.

\$6000	22
\$7500	20
\$10,000	16

Stables & Carriage Houses, various costs: 16 designs.

Prices: One Portfolio, \$2.00; Three Portfolios, \$5.00; Seven Portfolios, \$10.00. Address

THE CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING PLAN ASS'N, Architects,

(or, for a shorter address, R. W. SHOPPELL)

63 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

\* The exact cost of each design is stated and its correctness guaranteed. In some cases the exact costs are slightly over or under the "class" figure. Prices for materials and labor given, on which costs are based.

(Mention this Magazine.)



# ARCHITECTURE & ART DECORATIONS <sup>32</sup>

**JAS. G. WILSON,** Patentee and Manufacturer,  
907 Broadway (near 20th Street), New-York.



English Venetian Blinds.



Rolling Partitions.



Rolling Venetian Blinds.



Rolling Steel Shutters.

**F. W. DEVOE & CO.**  
ESTABLISHED 1852  
OFFICES: COR. FULTON & WILLIAM STS.  
NEW YORK.

**ARTISTS' MATERIALS.**

SKETCHING OUTFITS OF ALL KINDS  
TUBE COLORS · WATER COLORS · CRAYONS  
DRAWING PAPER · CANVAS · BRUSHES · OILS · MEDIUMS  
MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS  
HOUSE PAINTERS' COLORS  
Fresco Colors · FINE VARNISHES  
Correspondence invited · Catalogues of our different departments to responsible parties.  
COFFIN-DEVOE & Co. 176 RANDOLPH ST. CHICAGO

**A REVOLUTION  
In Water Closets.**  
The most natural and safest way  
of disposing of soil matter is to  
**POUR IT OUT.**



**THE TIP SANITARY CO.**  
10 E. 20th Street, New-York.

ELEGANT CABINET, SEAT & CASING \$10.00 EXTRA  
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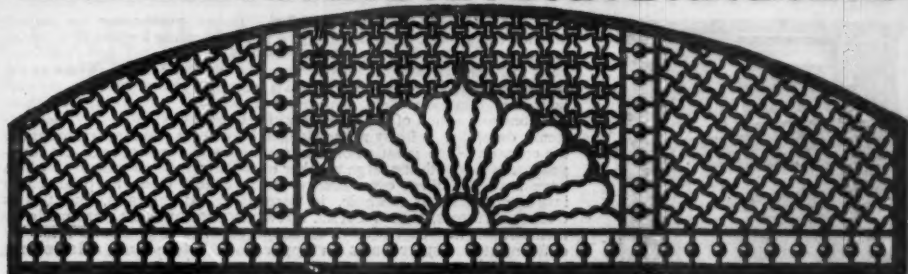
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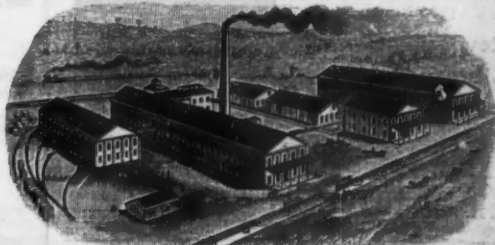
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WILL NOT STAIN  
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April, '89.

# FURNITURE

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pattern. **LOOK  
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be sure you get the  
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These goods are invariably full width, and may be had in a large variety of designs, which for technique and coloring are unequalled, rendering them especially appropriate for artistic homes.

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EXCLUSIVELY.—All Styles and Sizes for use of  
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Frame, cherry color; canopy, fancy stripe awning cloth.



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Never smokes nor breaks chimneys; no leaks,  
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# FURNITURE

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**\$12.85**

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**\$16.50**

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# HEATING APPARATUS 36



Over 10,000 Magee Ranges, 2000 Magee Furnaces and 13,000 Magee Heating Stoves were sold in 1887.

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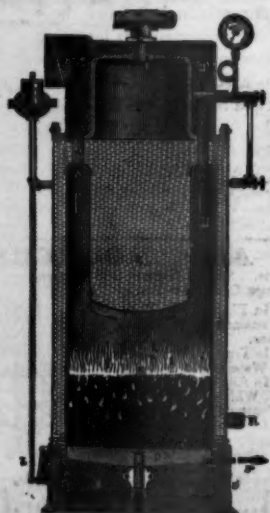
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FOUR POWERFUL BURNERS

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Permanent Laundry Attachment.



A complete substitute for the coal range. Can be used the year round if desired. Takes ordinary stove furniture. Has Seamless Lead Tank. Is Non-explosive and Odorless. One or more Burners can be used at a time. It is the lowest in price of any stove of equal capacity. Sold by dealers throughout the country.

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Manufacturers of Famous Oil Range.

For further description see advertisement in March CENTURY.

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FOR WARMING

DWELLINGS AND OTHER BUILDINGS.

NO DUST. NO NOISE. NO GAS.

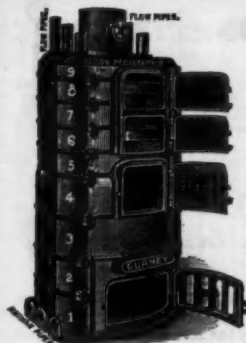
They are simple, cheap, and safe. Require no brick work, are economical in fuel, and absolutely automatic. A servant or child can care for and manage them.

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# HEATING APPARATUS 37



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**Imitated but Never Equaled.**

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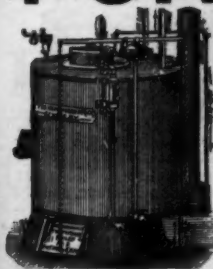
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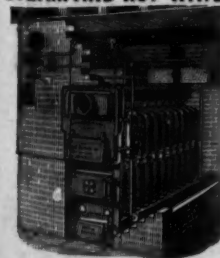


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SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

## THE SPENCE HOT WATER HEATER



SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

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# HEATING APPARATUS 38

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"Perfection in House Heating by Steam."

The GORTON BOILER is a Wrought Iron Sectional Tubular Independent Steam Boiler and needs no brickwork in setting. The GORTON BOILER is made of the best Refined Iron and Steel. Can be used as Self-Feeding or Self-Burning.

It has been many seasons before the public and received the highest praise of "Press, Architects, Builders and Physicians."

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BRANCHES:

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Gorton Boiler, Section View.

Gorton Boiler, Front View.



**THE ALDINE FIRE PLACE**

Before buying a grate write for an illustrated circular of **THE ALDINE FIRE-PLACE.**

It can be piped to common chimneys. The ALDINE produces warm floors, steady fire, constant heat and perfect ventilation night and day. The condition of hot-air about the head and cold air about the feet is obviated. It can be set and operated with less than one-half the expense of any other grate, and where natural or other gas is used for fuel the result is as highly satisfactory as with coal, coke or wood. It is cleanly, economical and artistic.

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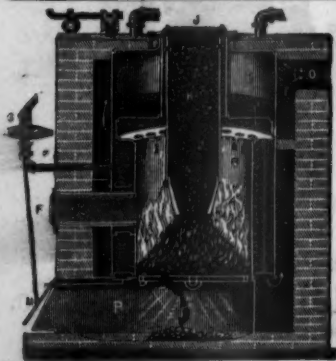
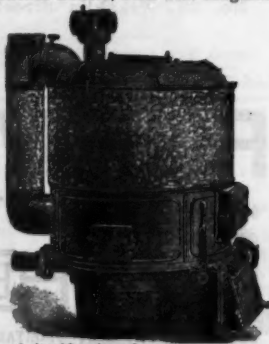
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AFTER some years' experience offer their Pequot Cast Iron Upright Sectional Boilers, built with Magazine Feed and Reversible Flue, either Portable or Brick Set; their New London Direct and Ventilating Radiators; their Inclosed, Self-Feeding, Expansion Tanks, Damper Regulators and Special Thermometers; all made at their own foundry and machine works, as a complete plant and designed to insure successful results.

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Intelligent plans are furnished on application, and the success of all work laid out by them is assured.

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With Self-Feeding Coal Magazine,

IS THE BEST FOR

**Low Pressure**

**Steam or Hot Water Heating,**

AND INSURES A WARM HOUSE NIGHT AND DAY.

Over 14,000 in Use! Keeps Steam Up Constantly.

Also, Steam Engines and Boilers of all kinds, and Machinery Generally.

MANUFACTURED AT THE

**New-York Central Iron Works, Geneva, N. Y.**

The Watrous Engine Works Co. (Limited), Brantford, Ontario, Canada.

Send for Illus. Catalogue with full description and price-list. Mention THE CENTURY.

N. B.—Correspondence solicited from Architects and persons building.



# SPORTING GOODS 39

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Our Specialty, the "Beeckman" Racket.

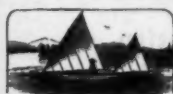
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Pleasure Boats,  
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And everything necessary for a first-class outfit. New Catalogue just out, 80 pages, illustrated; send nickel.

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WE ARE OFFERING to the consumer our fine and elegant  
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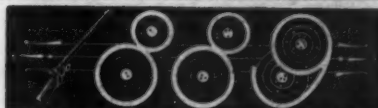
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 (hung on our patent Half-Elliptic Spring).

**PARK PHAETONS,  
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At very low prices. Write for catalogue.

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**LYMAN'S NEW WIND-GAUGE SIGHT.**  
 Send for Catalogue of Sights and Rifle.  
 Address WM. LYMAN, Middlefield, Conn.

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OUR SPECIALTIES:

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**RE-ADOPTED**

BY THE

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**PETTITT SHOE,**

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 TAYLOR'S PATENT POLES.**

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With regular stringing, and \$7 strung with selected English gut. Every racquet warranted.

**OUR STANDARD RACQUET** with frame of selected second-growth ash, strung with good quality domestic gut — a thoroughly good racquet — is delivered free in any part of the United States or Canada for **THREE DOLLARS**. Complete Outfits for Athletic Clubs a specialty. Illustrated Catalogue free.

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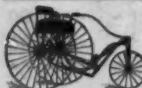


**Racine Automatic Oil Burning Outfits.** Fuel, either **Crude Oil** or **Kerosene**. Automatic Fire, Automatic Steam Regulator, Automatic Water Regulator, Automatic Engineer after starting, Automatic cleanliness and safety; in short, a genuine

#### AUTOMATIC SUCCESS.

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ONE PRICE ONLY

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WE MAKE THE BEST

ELLIPTIC-SPRING AND SIDE-BAR

**TOP ROAD WAGON**

IN THE WORLD.

ALL HAND-WORK, FULLY WARRANTED.

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# SPORTING GOODS 41

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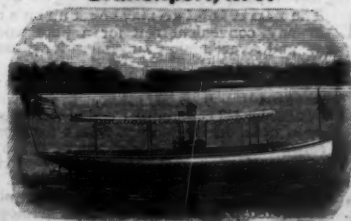
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# SPORTING GOODS 43

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SAFE ARM



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Our illustration represents Mr. Stevens as he will appear in the act of photographing an African potentate.

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Manufacturers,





# SPORTING GOODS 43

## THE PROGRESSIVE GAME CHART.

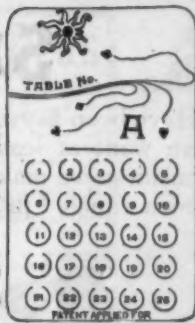
This device provides a simple and correct method of counting in all progressive games, and forms at the end of a sitting a complete "chart" of the players' individual game. It obviates the unpleasant operation of sticking "stars" upon a card. It does away with the annoying interruption and delay caused by the punching process. It provides a certain amount of amusement, which is naturally the result of a demand for tribute in the nature of a penalty.

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**DIRECTIONS.** At the end of every "table game" each winner shall detach a disk from the counter of the corresponding loser.

Each space left by a detached disk counts a game lost; and the player losing the least number of disks is the winner of the series.



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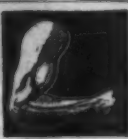
We guarantee these Rifles to shoot as strong and as accurate as any .22, .100 Caliber Rifles made; besides, they are perfectly safe to handle, quick to operate, reliable in every respect, and will bear incessant use without impairing their efficiency in the least degree. The rear sights are adjustable, and the barrel can be instantly removed from the frame, making a handy arm to carry in trunk, valise or package. Each Rifle is tested before leaving our works, and is knocked down as above stated, and neatly packed in a neat, strong box. We also manufacture a full assortment of AIR GUNS, suited to meet the tastes and wants of every one. The quality of our goods has established them in all the principal markets of the world, and their superiority has induced the United States Navy to place them, with success, on their school-ships. Illustrated Price-List sent on application. Address

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THE GEM.

**1st Offer.**—SCOTT'S UNEQUALED COLLECTION OF EIGHT OF THE BEST NEW ROSES for \$1.00 embraces one good, strong plant each of **Madame Agathe Nabonnaud**, a lovely new Rose with immense buds, broad, shell-like petals and large, full flowers, color rosy flesh; **Susanne Blanchet**, flowers large, full, outer petals clear flesh-white with deep flesh center; **Princess de Sagan**, brightest scarlet crimson, the flowers are medium sized, semi-double and fragrant; **Madame Scipio Cochet**, pale rose shaded with clear yellow, forming a charming combination; **The Gem**, creamy white, the outer petals being occasionally tinged with pink; **Luciole**, bright rose carmine, tinted with yellow; **Madame Honore Defresne**, an exquisite Rose of a new color, canary yellow shaded with apricot; **Polyantha George Pernet**, the most beautiful of all the Fairy Roses.

Separately, the **Eight New Roses** just enumerated cannot be bought for less than \$2.00, but we will send one good, strong plant of each for \$1.00, post-paid, or larger plants by express for \$1.50.

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**ORDER NOW.** To all who mention THE CENTURY we will include free the magnificent **New Rose Marie Lambert**. We are determined to introduce Scott's Roses into many new homes this year, where we are sure they will prove welcome visitors. Have you not a friend to whom you would like to make a present of one of these collections? The collections are mailed, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, and guaranteed to arrive in first-class condition.

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Are an important Specialty with us. Scott's cheap Collection of 12 Popular Annuals for 80 cents is cheap only in price; the quality is the best. For 50 CENTS we send, post-paid, a splendid collection of twenty choice varieties, embracing **New Asters**, **Camellia Balsams**, **Chrysanthemums**, **Pansies**, **Foliage Beets**, **Petunias**, **Grandiflora Phlox**, **New Marigold**, **Little Gem Sweet Alyssum**, **Double Portulaca**, **Sweet Peas**, **Verbena hybrida**, etc. **TWENTY PACKETS** of such popular flower seeds as are needed in every garden, mailed for 50 Cts. in stamps.

For other Offers in Plants, Bulbs and FLOWER SEEDS, see SCOTT'S CATALOGUE OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS, with elegant colored plate of NEW FLOWERS FOR 1889, which is sent free to any address.

**ROBERT SCOTT & SON, Penrose Nurseries, Philadelphia.**

# SEEDS AND PLANTS

45



## 1889 BURPEE'S New Sweet Peas

Every one loves and admires the Sweet Pea, but very few are aware of the great improvements recently attained in this favorite flower. From extensive trials at our Fordhook Farm, and our recent visits to the leading growers in Europe, we have obtained The Best New Sweet Peas, including Eckford's Finest New Hybrids and other rare varieties of surpassing beauty. See colored plate and illustrations from nature in Burpee's Farm Annual for 1889. We offer our own mixture of the choicest named varieties at 20 cts. per pkt., 20 cts. per oz., 4 oz. for 75 cts.

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**NEW FIRE-FEATHERED CELOSIA.** Strikingly handsome, with magnificent feathery plumes of an intense fire color of rare beauty.

We are extensive growers as well as importers, of flowers to give our seeds a thorough trial, for **50 Cents** the best flower seeds, all lovers of beautiful we will send by mail, postpaid, to any address, ALL the above FIVE Beautiful New Flowers AND ALSO one packet each of the New Little Gem Sweet Alyssum, Improved Scarlet Ornamental Foliage Beet, Striped and Blotched Petunia Hybrids, New Large-flowering Dwarf Quaker City Mignonette, Double Rose-flowered Portulaca, New Dwarf Double Fuchsia Marigold, Improved Double Mixed Poppy, Giant Perfection Stock, New Miniature Sunflower and Extra Fine Mixed Verbena. Illustration and directions for culture printed on each packet. At regular prices the FIFTEEN PACKETS—all the Choice Flower Seeds named in this advertisement—would cost \$1.50, but we will mail the entire DIAMOND COLLECTION for 50 Cents—only one-third their retail value, or FIVE Complete COLLECTIONS for \$2.00. Try to get up a Club of Five. Postage stamps accepted same as cash. If you do not want all the seeds, give some to a friend, as separately four or five varieties would cost as much as the entire assortment. ORDER NOW, and if you have not already received it, write also for **BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1889.** A handsome book of 166 beautiful colored plates, painted from nature. It tells all about the BEST SEEDS, Bulbs, Plants, &c., including Rare Novelties that cannot be obtained elsewhere. Entirely free from sensational and exaggerated descriptions, is a trustworthy Guide, of great value to every one who cultivates a garden in town or country.

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Variegated.  
Deep Carmine.  
Blush.  
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on the distinct understanding,  
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flowers (some 14 inches) of exquisite beauty  
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Plants by mail to all points of the Continent a specialty.

In replying mention *THE CENTURY* and a copy of *Orchard and Garden* will be sent free.

J. T. LOVETT CO. Little Silver, N. J.

# SEEDS AND PLANTS 48

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## DREER'S RELIABLE SEEDS

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which have been a standard for over 60 years, with the most critical gardeners. Our trial grounds enables us to test all, and offer only varieties of merit. Good new sorts a specialty.

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Rex and Flowering Sorts  
**BEGONIAS**  
\$1.00 dozen.  
Best Collection in the  
Country.

## OR

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THEMUMS**, the prize-winners of the past two seasons—  
(we have the newest sorts), 10 for \$1.00; 6 for 60 cents. Full  
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100 sorts double and single  
**GERANIUMS**  
\$1.00 per dozen; 60 cents ½ dozen.

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10 papers for 60 cents, 20 papers for \$1.00. Enough to grow a supply of vegetables for the family.

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**WE GUARANTEE** the safe arrival of all Plants, Seeds and Bulbs.

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# SEEDS AND PLANTS 49

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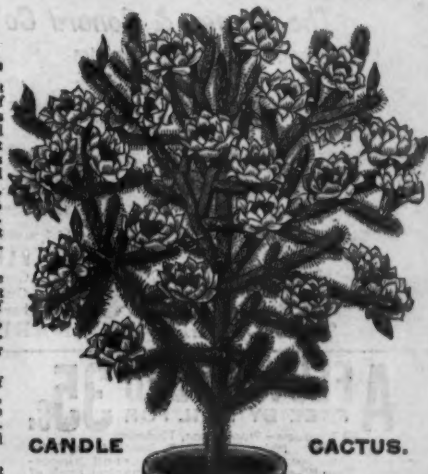
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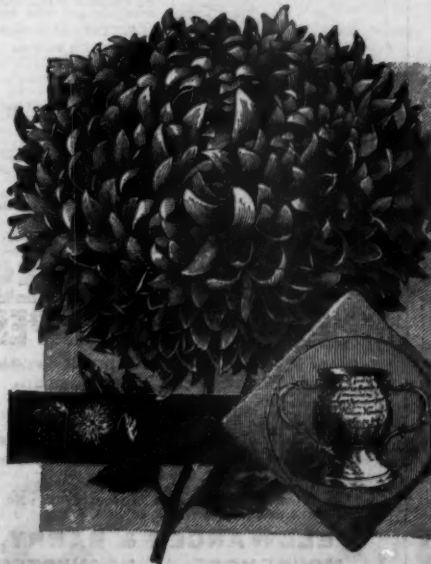
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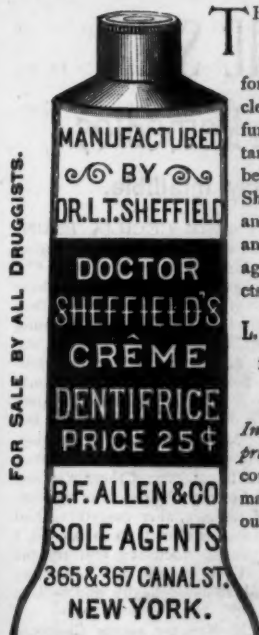
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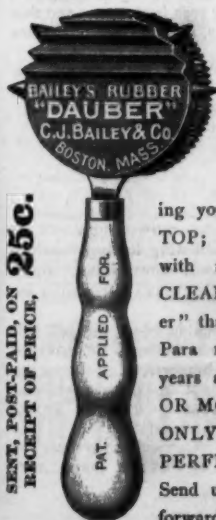
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April, '80.

# MISCELLANEOUS 58



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# MISCELLANEOUS

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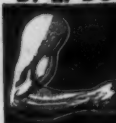


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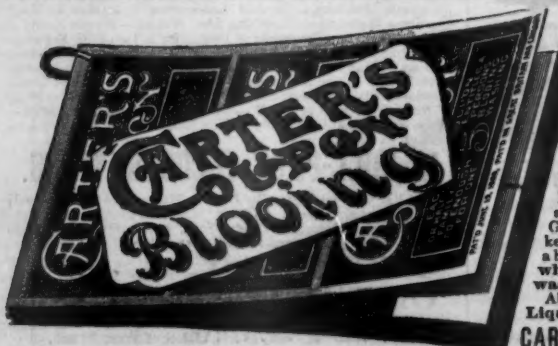
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# NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS 66

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MARION HARLAND.

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## 67

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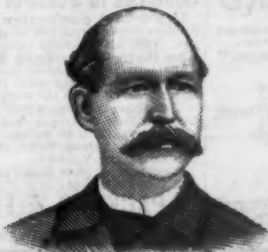
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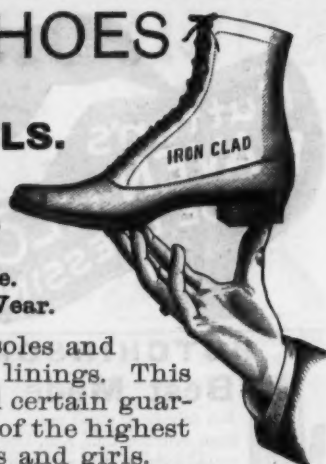
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# SHOES ETC. 68



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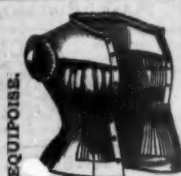
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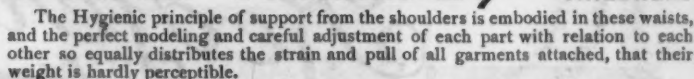
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first send 6 cents, for which we will mail you 30 samples, self-measurement blanks, and linen tape measure, provided you MENTION THE CENTURY, or if you cannot wait for samples, tell us about the color preferred, with waist, inside leg and hip measures, remit \$3.00, together with 35 cents to cover cost of expressage or postage, and we will forward the goods prepaid to any address in the U. S., guaranteeing safe delivery and entire satisfaction or money refunded. Remember, also, that we make to your order, Full Suits, \$13.25; Overcoats, \$12.00, and that for any cause we refund money at buyer's request upon return of goods, or make alterations or new garments free of extra charge.

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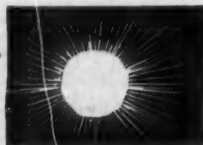
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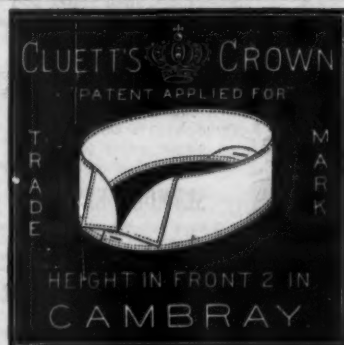
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It is universally indorsed by eminent physicians as the most Scientific Waist or Corset known.

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is the only garment manufactured where the material of which it is made is shrunk before cut, the only one which in its natural construction contains a

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# FOR THE OFFICE

72

## One Hundred Lessons in BUSINESS

**ORDERS** for this book reach me from the Argentine Republic, Jamaica, Trinidad, Sandwich Islands, Japan, India and other foreign countries, as well as over two hundred orders a day from the United States and twenty-five orders a day from Canada. As many as twenty orders have come from one single banking establishment. Thirty-four separate orders were received from Chicago in one mail. Forty-two distinct orders were received from Utah in one day. These are instances of the popularity of one of the most successful books ever published in this country. The price of "**One Hundred Lessons in Business**" (complete) is **One Dollar**. Order direct from me. No discount on single orders to any one. 25 per cent. off on orders for six or more. Cash must accompany every order. Address  
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Extract from "*Sol Pringle's*" Chat in Sunday World, January 27, 1889.

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11,000 words, and in its preparation all the leading authorities have been carefully consulted by competent editors, so that its diction has weight. It is a perfect jewel in appearance.—typography, press-work and binding are exquisite.—**YET IT COSTS ONLY 50 CTS. (OF THE BURROWS BROS. CO. 23 EUCLID AVE., CLEVELAND) BY MAIL.** I have been repeatedly offered a dollar for mine, but I'm not selling; it has set me right too many times during the past week. Why, I've had ten dollars' worth of satisfaction out of it in less than ten days. Every business or professional man, every teacher or pupil, every editor or stenographer should have one; the educated need it to improve and advise themselves, and the illiterate for obvious reasons. If I can be the means of helping about ten thousand letter-writing individuals to make few or no mistakes in spelling and as many more conversationalists to commit fewer solecisms, I shall be very happy to have taken up these lines in acknowledging my indebtedness to the editor and publishers of this gem of references.

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**GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.**

# CARDS & STATIONERY 73

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50 Marcus Ward's, Frang's, and other beautiful Cards, no two alike, for \$1.00, and 8 cents for Postage. Better assortment, \$2.00, and 10 cents for Postage. A very choice selection, no two alike, \$3.00, and 50 cents for Postage and Registering. And for 50 cents, and 4 cents for Postage, 25 Cards, no two alike, and a Calendar for 1889.

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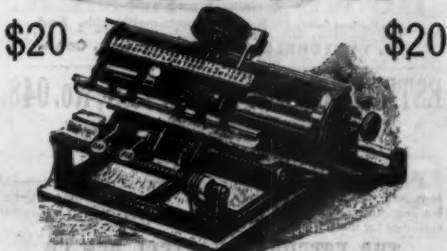
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Does work equal to print. It manifolds perfectly.  
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# WRITING MACHINES 76

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AND ALL CHEAPER MAKES.

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### Ideal Fountain Pen,

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Ask your stationer for it. If he has'n't it, and will not get it for you, do not waste your money on any other, but write for our price-list, with illustrations, testimonials, etc.

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# FOOD PRODUCTS 77

## BUFFALO LITHIA SPRING No. 2

(OR, THE DOLLY SHELTON SPRING),

For Atonic Dyspepsia and Rheumatic Gout.

PHOTOGRAPH OF DOLLY SHELTON, A COLORED WOMAN, TAKEN JANUARY 10, 1888, IN HER 96TH YEAR,



Who at eighty years of age was bedridden from Atonic Dyspepsia and Rheumatic Gout, was marvelously restored by Spring No. 2, and is now living in her 96th year, hale, hearty and fat, and weighs two hundred pounds.

Her case, stated by Dr. James Shelton, residing near the Springs:

"Dolly Shelton, formerly a family servant, resides a mile from BUFFALO SPRINGS. When about eighty years of age she was bedridden, a sufferer from ATONIC DYSPEPSIA and RHEUMATIC GOUT. I advised remedies in the case as palliatives merely, not regarding her recovery as among possibilities. While she was in this condition a Spring was discovered at Buffalo, now known as Spring No. 2. Without suggestion she at once commenced the use of it, and in a few months (I saw her only at long intervals, not feeling that I could be of service to her) I found to my great astonishment that it was proving highly beneficial. There was marked improvement of the DIGESTION and also of the GOUTY SYMPTOMS. Under continued use of the water there was continued improvement, until she was able to substitute a diet of *meat and vegetables* for bread and milk, boiled rice, corn-meal, mush, etc., and there was also entire disappearance of the GOUTY AFFECTION. At the same time there was a gradual increase of flesh and nervous vigor until she could walk without unusual fatigue several miles at a time over the surrounding hills. She is now living, and certainly not under ninety-five years of age—she claims to be a hundred; would weigh, I suppose, two hundred, is in good general health, and walks without difficulty about her house, yard and garden, having had no return of DYSPEPSIA or Gout."

**WATER, IN CASES OF ONE DOZEN HALF-GALLON BOTTLES, \$5.00 PER CASE AT THE SPRINGS.**

**THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor.**

# FOOD PRODUCTS 78



## The Baby.

If you wish your baby to be healthy, bright and active, with rosy cheeks, strong bones, and hard muscles, use **MELLIN'S FOOD**. It will then be thoroughly nourished, and will grow up happy, robust and vigorous.

*Correspondence solicited. Our Book, "THE CARE AND FEEDING OF INFANTS," mailed free to any address upon application.*

**DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., Boston, Mass.**

40, 41, 42 & 43 CENTRAL WHARF.

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GAUNTLET BRAND  
**SPICES**  
& **MUSTARD.**

SOLD ONLY IN FULL-WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.



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*Absolutely Pure*  
Sold by first-class  
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**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.**  
P. O. Box 250. 31 and 33 Vesey St. New-York.



# FOOD PRODUCTS 79

## Flavoring Powders.

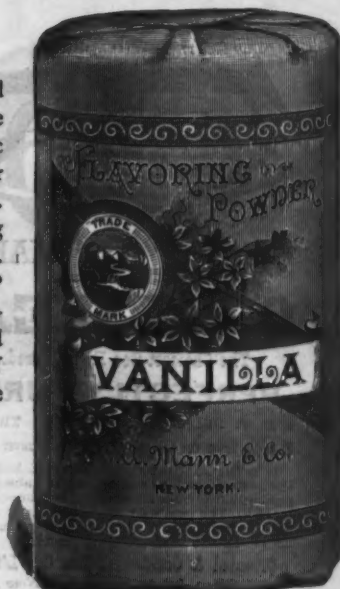
A generation ago the ground Vanilla Beans and grated Lemon rind proved the best flavoring. Why? Because that which is true to nature is the most satisfying. Alcoholic Flavorings have been an experiment. Spirit changes their ethereal characteristics. Temperature and light affect them. Alcohol is expensive. Four-fifths of the cost of Flavoring Extracts stands for alcohol, and adulteration runs rampant. Why not substitute the cost of the spirit in actual flavoring? This is our method. The active principle is put into dissolving powders, which are used the same as the liquid extracts, but unlike them, impart a softness and delicacy of flavor not obtainable by any other method. Descriptive circulars furnished on application.

1 bottle each, 1-ounce size, lemon and vanilla powders sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents.

1 bottle each, 2-ounce size, lemon and vanilla powders sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00.

Other flavors, as well as Jamaica Ginger and Peppermint, at the same prices.

N. B.—One ounce of the Powders equals in bulk two ounces of the Liquid Extracts.



**C. A. MANN & CO. 48 Murray St. New-York.**

**SOLD BY THE LEADING GROCERS**

**FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.**

**CELEBRATED**

**FRENCH CHICKEN SOUPS**

**and**

**PATES**

MADE IN FRANCE

**SERVED ON PULLMAN BUFFET CARS.**

**WE SOLICIT THE FAVOR OF A TRIAL**

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Mulligatawny, Chicken Gumbo, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Consommé, Julienne, Printanier, Peas, Vegetable, French Bonillon, Beef, Clam Broth

1 1/4-Pint Glass Jars, Quart, Pint, and 1/2-Pint Cans

**READY FOR USE. SAVE LABOR AND EXPENSES.**

Require only a few minutes' warming.

Convenient for one, two, or five persons.

A lunch in ten minutes.

**A VALUABLE ADDITION TO A DINNER.**

Their superior quality has caused them to be served on the Palace and Parlor Buffet Cars of the Pullman, Wagner, Union, Monarch, Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis, Hann, Woodruff, Intercolonial R. R. of Canada Companies.

Send us 10 cents in stamps to help pay expressage and receive a sample can, your choice. Address

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These Franco-American Food Co.'s Patés are a real delicacy for Lunch, Supper, Picnic, Yachting, and Travelling.

**TOTALLY DIFFERENT FROM POTTED MEATS.**

10 Varieties in 8-Ounce Cans.

**SERVED ALSO ON THE PULLMAN CARS.**

Samples sent free for 25 cents. Sold by Grocers.

**FOR THE SICK ROOM**

**BIARDOTS**

**SOUPS & BROTHS**

**IN GLASS**

"Nothing purer, better for Invalids, SUPPLYING A LONG-FELT WANT," writes one of the most prominent physicians of New York.

Beef Tea, Chicken Broth, Chicken Soup, Matton Broth, Tapioca, Julienne, Green Turtle, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail.

**SOLD BY LEADING GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS.**

Write to us if you cannot find them.

**WE ASK FOR A TRIAL THE GOODS WILL SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES!**

# FOOD PRODUCTS



TRADE MARK

**O. & O. TEA**

The Choicest Tea Ever Offered.

**PERFECTLY PURE.**

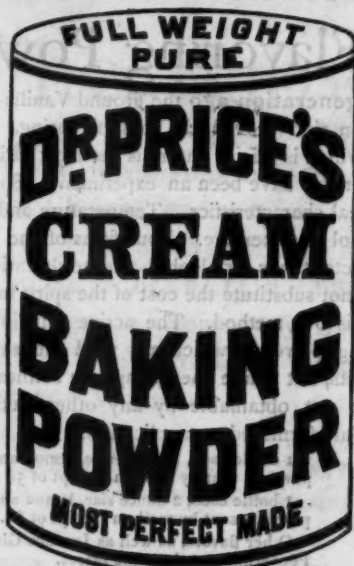
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It is the HIGHEST GRADE LEAF, picked from the best plantations and guaranteed absolutely pure and free from all adulterations or coloring matter. The packages are hermetically sealed and warranted full weight. It is more economical in use than the lower grades.

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Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Indorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.

NEW-YORK.

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Tomato,  
Ox Tail,  
Pea,  
Beef,  
Vermicelli,

Mock Turtle,  
Okra or Gumbo,  
Green Turtle,  
Julienne,  
Chicken,

Terrapin,  
Macaroni,  
Consommé,  
Soup and Bouilli,  
Mullagatawny.

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Require only to be heated, and are then ready to serve. Prepared with great care from only the best materials. Have enjoyed the highest reputation for more than 33 years.

**TEST FREE**

Send us 30 cents, to help pay express, and receive, prepaid, two sample cans of these Soups, your choice (excepting Green Turtle and Terrapin).

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# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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In the October number the name of the author of the paper, "Our National Guard," should read Major Edmund Cone Brush.

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